

AN HONORABLE PROFESSION

I'm out of bed at dawn of day,
 Regardless of the weather,
Since mine is but the humble task
 Of keeping home together.

I sweep and dust and bake and brew
 With strong and steady measure,
Yet, in a home made sweet and clean,
 I find a world of pleasure.

And when my folks come home at night
 To me their secrets bringing,
They beam with joy and keen delight
 Because they find me singing.

Mine is the humble task of life,
 Yet never should I smother,
Through any job, the joy I've found
 In being a good mother.

By Ellen M. Stewart (Alice Whitson Norton)

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