

THE HOUSEWIFE'S LAMENT (3:30) (ELIZA S. TURNER ~1870)

G C
One day I was walking, I heard a complaining,

D7 G
And saw an old woman the picture of gloom.

C
She gazed at the mud on her doorstep ('twas raining),

D7 G
And this is what she cried as she wielded her broom:

Chorus:

B7
Oh, life is a toil, and love is a trouble,

Em D7
Beauty will fade and riches will flee.

G C
Pleasures they dwindle and prices they double,

D7 G
And nothing is as I would wish it to be.

In March it is mud, it is slush in December,
The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust.
In fall the leaves litter, in muddy September
The wallpaper rots and the candlesticks rust.

With grease and with grime from corner to center,
Forever at war and forever alert.
No rest for a day lest the enemy enter,
I spend my whole life in struggle with dirt.

Last night in my dreams I was stationed forever
On a far little rock in the midst of the sea.
My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor,
To sweep off the waves as they swept over me.

Alas! 'Twas no dream; ahead I behold it,
I see I am helpless my fate to avert.
She lay down her broom, her apron she folded,
She lay down and died and was buried in dirt.