

THE CHEMAWA AMERICAN 15

“With the savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end.”

Not in sorrow nor in glee,
Working all day long was she,
As her children, three or four,
Played around her on the floor;
But in monotones the song
She was humming all day long;

“With the Savior for a friend,
He will keep me to the end.”

It's a song I do not sing,
For I scarce believe a thing
Of the stories that are told
Of the miracles of old;
But I know that her belief
Is the anodyne of grief
And will always be a friend
That will keep her to the end.

Just a trifle lonesome she;
Just as poor as poor could be;
But her spirits always rose,
Like the bubbles in the clothes,
And, though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone
Of a savior and a friend
Who will keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds,
Or was paddling in the pools,
With old scissors stuck in spools,