

Grandmother, on a winter's day, milked the cows  
slopped the hogs, saddled the mule  
and got the children off to school,  
Did a washing, mopped the floors  
Washed the windows and did some choree,  
Cooked a dish of homemade fruit  
Pressed her husband's homemade suit,  
Swept the parlor, made the bed,  
Baked a dozen loaves of bread.  
Split some firewood and lugged it in,  
Enough to fill the kitchen bin,  
Cleaned the lamps + put in oil  
Stewed some apples she thought might spoil,  
Churned the butter, baked a cake,  
Then exclaimed, "For Goodness Sake!  
The calves have got out of the pen!"  
And went out + chased them in again.  
Gathered the eggs and closed the stable  
Went back to the house + set the table,  
Cooked a supper that was delicious  
And afterwards washed up all the dishes  
Fed the cat and sprinkled the clothes  
mended a basketfull of hose;  
Then opened the organ and began to play  
"When you come to the end of a Perfect Day".