

A Sweeter Song

By Lauren E. McKinney

October 2004

*There is a sweeter song that's sung,
By women, young and old.
Their hearts are gentle, kindly, warm,
Not meaningless or cold.
In each day's work, this song is sung,
Though their lips never part.
Like all the sweetest songs on earth,
This song is in their heart.
Trilling notes of songs divine,
O heav'nly choir above!
From hearts of kindness, this song doth fall,
A legacy of love.
But who will raise these women fair?
And all their steps uphold?
Does not the task lie here with us,
To teach the song of old?*