

Farm Chores

At 6 o'clock on the farm,
The rooster sounds the alarm.

Mother calls, "Get up, sleepyhead!"
And I roll out of bed.

I must now,
go milk the cow.

The fresh milk is so sweet.

Once you get it out of the teet.

Out of the utter,
milk makes delicious butter.

Now I go up the trail,
with a full milkpail.

It's almost 10:00.

And I'm going back to bed again.

by Sara DeLano