

The Patriot Farmerette

*To do her bit she's ready,
Of work she's not afraid,
She's waiting for the summons,
In fitting garb arrayed;
She'll grasp the tools of labor
And never pine nor fret,
But do her stunt appointed,
The plucky farmerette.
For soldiers sore are needed,
And as to camp they go,
To take the place now vacant
Of the man behind the hoe,
The woman steps out bravely;
She's never failed us yet;
She'll not make a beginning
With the sturdy farmerette.
The toil is hard and novel,
But it is there to do;
This is not play, but earnest,
And the new recruit is true
To country and to duty;
She will have no regret,
And so we hail and bless her,
The patriot farmerette.*

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