

Literature Relevant to the Art and Historical Period



"View of a Town", unidentified artist, 18th century (after 1753) (Painting)

Lucinda Matlock

I went to the dances at Chandlerville,
And played snap-out at Winchester.
One time we changed partners,
Driving home in the moonlight of middle June,
And then I found Davis.
We were married and lived together for
seventy years,
Enjoying, working, raising the twelve children,
Eight of whom we lost
Ere I had reached the age of sixty.
I spun, I wove, I kept the house, I nursed
the sick,
I made the garden, and for holiday
Rambled over the fields where sang the larks,
And by Spoon River gathering many a shell,
And many a flower and medicinal weed—
Shouting to the wooded hills, singing to the
green valleys.
At ninety-six I had lived enough, that is all,
And passed to a sweet repose.
What is this I hear of sorrow and weariness,
Anger, discontent and drooping hopes?
Degenerate sons and daughters,
Life is too strong for you—
It takes life to love Life.

— *Edgar Lee Masters (Poem)*

My Mother Dances

Round the table she goes, knife, fork, spoon.
Dancing with each chair, a Virginia Reel plays.
Radiant reflects her face, flowers fresh
with bloom.
Round the table she goes, knife, fork, spoon.
Do-si-do, forward and turn, nimble feet,
rising moon.
Setting the table for another meal, her love
fills our days.
Round the table she goes, knife, fork, spoon.
Dancing with each chair, a Virginia Reel plays.

— *B. R. Culbertson (Mother)*

