

# 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)*

