

Two Women

Nora Jane Struthers

John Masters lives in that big white house
Tobacco is his trade
They say when he married his pretty Emaline
Even the horses drank champagne
In the cool of the morning he walks his fields
With a pistol and a blade
Takes his supper across from pretty Emaline
Then pays his nightly visit to his slaves
Two women crying tonight
Two women drying their eyes
Each one's sorrow is the other one's demise
Two women crying tonight
Two women crying tonight
Emaline tried everything she could
Still the babies never stayed
She doesn't tell John how much it hurts
Each time, each time one goes away
Two women crying tonight
Two women drying their eyes
Each one's sorrow is the other one's demise
Two women crying tonight
Two women crying tonight
Hatti lives in fear of his knock on her door
Happens almost every night
Then her terror becomes something more
She's grieving for her unborn child's life
Two women crying tonight
Two women drying their eyes
Each one's sorrow is the other one's demise
Two women crying tonight
Two women crying tonight

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