

## The Skivvy

Greta ruled the kitchen, she'd been the cook for years  
Anna grew accustomed to her tantrums and her tears  
She started work so very young, her mother took her there  
And left her in the kitchen, in Greta's tender care

A lackey she was after, a skivvy some might say  
To run and fetch, to scrub and clean, all the live long day  
Then, Greta's heart was broken by the butcher down the lane  
She discovered he was married and would not see him again

Greta took to drinking from a jug of ale  
Meals were often spoiled or late and she grew thin and pale  
Anna did her best to help, she made some soup and bread  
This simple meal was very good, or so the mistress said

In time Greta recovered, was impressed by Anna's skill  
A kitchen boy was taken on, his feet were never still  
He carried heavy baskets and cleaned as best he could  
He ran all the errands and he chopped all the wood

Anna learned from Greta how to roast and poach and bake  
Before too long there wasn't very much she couldn't make  
The family liked to entertain, there was a lot to do  
The women worked together and a friendship slowly grew

Greta felt more weary as months and years went by  
A long day in the kitchen was too much for her to try  
So Anna took the lead and Greta did her very best  
And later in the evenings, they'd sit by the fire and rest

They remembered all the splendid meals they'd made over the  
years  
The memories brought laughter and yes there were some tears  
Greta had survived all the good times and the bad  
And Anna had become, for her, the child she'd never had