

**Margaret**  
*by John Herm*

We all came here to honor God's best,  
A tough young lady who's laid to rest.  
She fought the good fight, 'n we all kin see,  
She saved the land for you and for me.

She taught 'n she taught 'n she farmed 'n she farmed,  
'N she always made sure the land wasn't harmed.  
She's always outspoken, in fact, she'd holler!  
This wonderful woman... the icon Margaret Lalor.

Summers, she'd love 'n tend her flowers,  
She'd work those hands for hours 'n hours.  
She'd feed all her birds in a long winter coat,  
'Round come spring, she'd make us all vote!

She raised handsome horses with 'ol brother Phil,  
They raced em up ' down 'ol Lalor hill.  
'N When the horse era passed, she bought 'lil car  
To keep folks in line who lived too far.

Yep, here she comes now down rustic road,  
'N I'd scurry to tidy my Lalor abode.  
'N as she approached I'm tight in the collar,  
But proud as heck that I knew Margaret Lalor.

'N as she passed by, she'd smile and she'd wave,  
(I surely felt like one of her knaves.)  
'N then I'd chuckle as I walked to the shed,  
I could see that wave, but I couldn't see her head!

She had a male friend, you mustn't forgit,  
His name you ask, why its... one Cal DeWitt.  
They worked to save the green Town of Dunn,  
'N 'course on the way they had 'little fun.

She loved all the critters (except maybe deer).  
I kin still hear her voice so crisp and so clear.  
She talked of the land, a home to the cranes,  
It's there now forever, and Margaret's to blame!

She'd teach her disciples with many a yarn,  
'N cherish those trees that surrounded her barn.  
When it came to the land, she'd fall on her sword.  
And if folks ran afoul, she'd cry, 'Oh my Lord!'

So we all owe a lot to this feisty gal,  
'N we all worked hard to be her pal.  
The respect we have is full to the brim.  
Just thinking of her... I quit all my sins.

I knew she's special the day that I met her,  
'N I wish I'd known her just a 'lil better.  
See, we could've learned more rightful things,  
But let's listen close... her song still sings!

I can truly say we all love her dear,  
'N I can also tell she's a' listenin' here.  
So let us not forget this brave woman scholar.  
She gave us so much... this one Margaret Lalor

**Margaret** (continued)  
J.W.Herm