

## **Richard Dobson**

### **"Useful Girl"**

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The wind blew off the mountain, the clouds were  
sweeping low  
When a ragged band of Cheyenne Indians stopped  
along the road  
Among them was a young girl who lay dying of fever  
Just about a hundred years ago.  
The light was swiftly fading, the night it promised snow  
They laid her in an army coat to keep her from the cold  
Placed silver thimbles on her fingers so someone's god  
would know  
She was a useful girl who could sew.  
Darkness swirled around them like a curtain on a stage  
The closing of a door, the turning of a page.  
They say a lifetime's over in the twinkling of an eye  
It hardly counts for nothing as the ages roll on by  
While kings and queens and princes have left mighty  
works in stone  
Just to let somebody know.  
That's how the workmen found her, widening the road  
Wrapped up in an army coat where they laid her long  
ago  
With silver thimbles on her fingers she slept beneath  
the snow  
A useful girl who could sew

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