

Latin Quarter

"Cora"

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It's a snow-wind

She's felt it blow for sixty years and more.

Cora and the snow-wind

Like the row-lock and the oar

Cutting through these icy waters

To find shelter and perfection and the shore.

Cora's lived a kind of life

From downstairs maid to miner's wife

Making sure she shined a floor

In Surrey homes before the war

She feels that snow-wind blowing.

She's not sure where we're going, anymore.

For years past 1926

They dug the hill-sides out with picks

While still behind the iron gate

Those winding-wheels she'd come to hate

She feels that snow-wind blowing.

She thinks we might be getting there too late.

It's a snow-wind

It blows so hard it cuts her to the bone.

Cora and the snow-wind

A women's life is not her own
As she dives in icy waters
To find passion and survival, all alone.
Coro and the sisterhood
Less sisters now in Prims.
And it doesn't sound the same
Without the voices for the hymns

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