

## **OH MERCY ME!**

*by Robert Fitt*

How wondrous is a woman's love  
A gentle mother's touch.  
When knees are scarred and life is hard  
And luck don't count for much.

How wondrous is a woman's smile  
A soul-mate's gentle grin  
When storm clouds cry and gale winds try  
To blow one out--within.

How wondrous is a woman's heart  
Compassion is her creed  
Steadfastly teaching, always reaching  
To fill my every need.

But . . . says he:

It's known that as a peaceful, man.  
I won't endure commotion  
So put the skids on all the kids  
Whene'er I take the notion  
To watch a soccer game, or . . . .  
Set my plans in motion.

And as a plain and simple man  
I honor no excuses.  
So see my food is extra good;  
For those who cross me . . . loses.

Yet . . . says he:

Here lately, all my careful plans  
Went sour, despite my plea.  
At times the food, though very good,  
Was never meant for me.

For with her kindly heart aflame,  
Meals once prepared for me  
Are at the tender mercy  
Of Relief Society