

# Carlos Lyra, Maria-shut-mouth (Maria Moita)

My father was a foreman  
And my mother  
Slave from birth  
My father slept  
On double bed  
And she on beaten earth  
When my father yelled  
Come here! Im afraid  
She would only  
Shut her mouth and obey  
A silent woman  
Never fears  
Her man will go away

God made man first  
And then he just  
Made woman out of man  
And that is why the woman  
Always works  
For both of them  
When a man comes home  
He wants to be fed  
So the woman sets  
His table and bed  
And on her feet  
Or on her back  
Shell work until shes dead

The rich man wakes up late  
And will do nothing  
But complain  
The poor man  
Wakes up early just in time  
To catch his train  
So Ill pray  
To all the saints that I know  
And well ask Xang  
To come down on earth  
And get his hands  
On every jerk  
Who never tried to work!