

# Latin Quarter, Cora

It's a snow-wind  
She's felt it blow for sixty years or 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 bones.  
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.

Cora and the sisterhood  
Less sisters now in Prims.  
And it doesn't sound the same  
Without the voices for the hymns.