

# Weddings Parties Anything, The Infanticide Of Ma

Marie Farrar. Orphaned minor  
Rickets. Birthmarks none.  
Admits that she did kill her child  
As follows here in summary

She visited a woman in a basement  
When she was two months gone, as she reports it  
And she had two injections there  
Which hurt so bad but they did not abort it

AND you I beg make not your anger manifest  
For all that live need help from all the rest

Nonetheless she paid her bill  
Returned to work to scrub the floor and wash the plates  
She knew that she would soon begin to show  
She prayed to Mary, her hopes were great  
Then on that morning six months later  
As she began to scrub the stairs  
A pain came clawing into her guts  
She knew the thing would soon be there

She worked until after ten  
She could not give birth in peace until the household slept  
Then she bore a son like any mother's son  
While she, now a mother, wept

For she was not like other mothers are  
But there are no valid grounds why we should mock her  
Then the child began to cry  
Which vexed her, so she said  
She beat it with her fists both blind and wild  
Til it was quiet and it was dead  
She took the body into bed  
Slept with it for the rest of the night  
And in the morning when the household was out  
She hid it in the laundry shed where it was out of sight

Marie Farrar died in a penitentiary  
An unwed mother judged by law  
And she will show how all that lives, lives frailly  
And you who bear your sons in laundered linen sheets  
And speak of your pregnancies as a blessed state  
She never damned the outcast and the weak  
Her sin was heavy, her sorrow great  
Her sin was heavy, her sorrow great