

A Woman never knows when Her Day's Work's Done.

Bebbington, Printer, 26, Goulden-street, Oldham Road, Manchester; sold by J. Beaumont, 176, York Street, Leeds.

Now just attend to me,
Married men of each degree,
While I tell to you the vicissitudes of life;
There is nothing understand,
Half so pleasing unto man,
As a good tempered, kind, loving wife,
She is always at her work,
Tho' sometimes used like a Turk,
Here and every where compelled she is to run;
While a man can banish care,
Drown sorrow and dull care,
A woman never knows when her day's work's done.
Then just attend to me,
To your wives be kind and free,
And never mind the clatter of their tongue.
If you the truth will speak,
You know the live long week,
A woman never knows when her day's work's done.
That man must be a fool,
Who will strive his wife to rule,
Or drive her like an Elephant about;
You will find ere you begin,
You may knock nine devils in,
But you cannot knock one devil out!
We nothing ought to hear,
But "darling" or "me dear"
And to please his wife a man should ten times run;
Her all indulgence give,
Then happy will he live,
For a woman never knows when her day's work's done.
Then just, &c.

Every man should know,
They now have made a law,
That if any man should dare ill-use his wife,
Three months he will bewail,
In a dark and dismal jail,
With heavy irons upon him day and night,
Men be advised by me,
Use the woman tenderly,
And to please them you must always cheerful run,
For you all must know full well,
If the truth you will but tell,
That a woman never knows when her day's work's done.
Then just, &c.

They must wash, and iron too,
They must mangle, starch and blue,
They must get your victuals ready in a crack,
They must get you tea and toast,
They must frizzle fry and roast,
And wash the dirty shirt upon your back;
They must clean the quilts and rugs,
They must hunt the fleas and bugs,
They must nurse your little daughter and your son,
And like a poor old goose,
Get nothing but abuse,
A woman never knows when her day's work's done.
Then just &c.

Married women take advice,
Get you every thing that's nice,
And a little drop of brandy, rum, or gin,
And if your husband should complain,
Give the compliment again,
And wack him with a wooden rolling pin,
When some women well behave,
They are treated worse than any slave,

TRUE BORN ENGLISHMAN.

There's a land that bears a well known name
Though 'tis but a little spot;
'Tis the first on the blazing scroll of fame,
And who shall say it is not?
Of the deathless ones who shine and live,
In arms, in arts, in song,
The brightest the whole wide world can give,
To that little land belong;
'Tis the star of the earth deny it who can,
The island home of an Englishman.
'Tis the star of the earth, &c.

There's a flag that waves o'er every sea,
No matter when or where;
And to treat flag as aught but the free,
Is more than the strongest dare,
For the lion spirits that tread the deck,
Have carried the palm of the brave,
And that flag may sink with a shot torn wreck
But never float o'er a slave;
Its honour is stainless, deny it who can,
The flag of a true-born Englishman.
Its honour is stainless, &c.

The Briton may traverse the pole or zone,
And boldly claim his right,
For he calls such a vast domain his own,
That the sun never sets on his might;
Let the haughty stranger seek to know,
The place of his home and birth,
And a flush will pour from cheek or brow,
While he tells of his native earth,
'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
That's breath'd in the words I'm an Englishman
'Tis a glorious charter, &c.

And must not dare to use their pretty tongue,
Let the world say what they will,
I will say and prove it still,
That a woman never knows when her day's work's done.

Men to your wives be kind,
Thus pleasure you will find,
And happy through the world you'll always run;
You must surely tell a lie,
If this statement you deny,
A woman never knows when her day's work's done.

