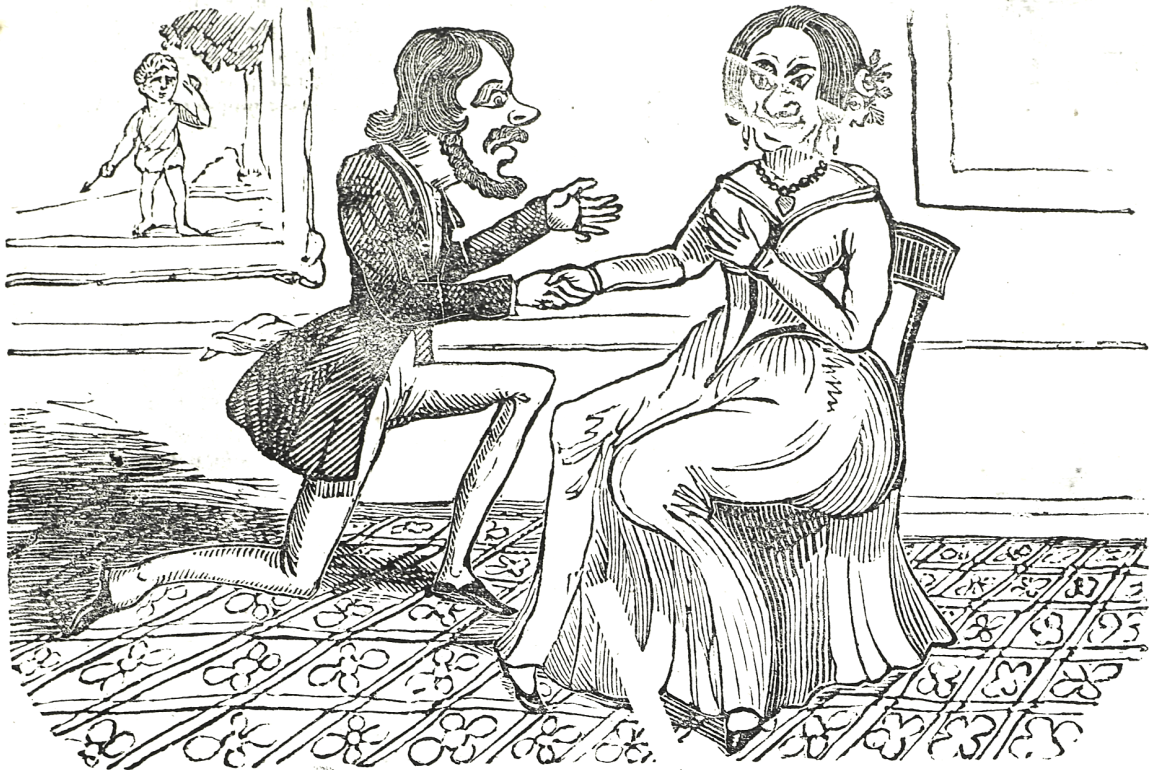


# ENGLISH WOMEN AND GLOBY.



Our Queen she is a woman bright,  
The pride of Britains land,  
And for her country woman's right  
She boldly means to stand,  
There is a bill in Parliament  
Each female fills with joy;  
Brought all the way from Lewes, by  
Kind Henry Fitzroy.

CHORUS.

The women are rejoicing,  
And the maidens jump with joy,  
Jolly good luck shouts every one,  
To Henry Fitzroy.

He says no man shall scold his wife  
Let it be late, or soon,  
But a woman shall her husband beat,  
With rolling pin or broom,  
Some men has acted worse than brutes,  
But, ladies now hurrah!  
Their bullying days are at an end,  
And the women has the sway.

If at his wife a man looks cross—  
Oh, then so help me never,  
They will tis him to a brewer's hosse,  
And drag him through the river,—  
And in the fifty-seventh clause,  
It shrudly does propose  
To lay him on his back, and cut  
Three inches off his nose.

If a man should nearly kill his wife,  
And use her most unkind,  
A magistrate no power had, at all,  
But him to fine.

To all such cruel treatment this  
New Act will put a stop:  
The men will all be under, and  
The women on the top.

All cruel men may grumble  
And think it very strange:  
They long enough have ruled the roast,  
It is time there was a change;  
And this New Act, it is a fact,  
All cruelty will end.  
Success to Henry Fitzroy,  
The English women's friend.

When from his work a man returns,  
He must as home draws near,  
'Take off his hat and make a bow,  
Saying I'm come home—"my dear."  
And if she has been gossiping,  
Or drinking all the day,  
He must not say a word, because  
The women has the sway.

By the act of Henry Fitzroy,  
The ladies kind M.P.,  
All husbands to their wives must avail,  
And obliging be.  
Light the fire and make the toast,  
While she lays down in bed,—  
And if she does require a drop of gin,  
To cure her head.

A woman rules the nation, and  
A woman owns the throne,  
And every woman now will be  
The ruler of their Homes.—  
Except the coat and breeches,  
Which no female could enjoy,  
Petticoats is master now  
Says Henry Fitzroy.

CHORUS.

All men throughout Great Britain will  
Feel comical and sad—  
Since Fitzroy's act, it is a fact,  
Will drive them raving mad.

C. Paul, Printer, 18, Great St Andrew Street, Seven Dials.

