

# Pop him into Limbo.



**O**ur Queen woke up the other night, and filled the room with laughter, She sang aloud, in sweet delight, now petticoats is master!

The married women rule the roast, most excellent, by jingo,

Give him six long months in quod, and pop him into limbo.

Now if a man offends his wife, he must pay twenty pounds, by jingo,

Or else for six very long months, they'll pop him into limbo.

Wop him with the rolling pin, and whack him with the ladle,

Pop your husband in the eye, and smash him with the table;

He must not fight, or dare to strike, or he will be a croker,

Wop him with the bellows well, and pop him with the poker.

A woman went the other day, to Clerkenwell so neat, sir,

And there she told the magistrate her husband did her beat, sir;

The magistrate called him a brute, and said he would repent him,

Before he'd done, so off like fun for six long months he sent him.

Pop went the prison van, which gave the fellow stingo,

Pop went the wicked man for six long months to limbo.

All married men must use their wives so lovingly and tender,

Or on their head, mark what is said pop goes the fender;

He must not even dare to look, cross at his wife, by jingo,

Or so help me bob, six months to quod, he pop goes into limbo.

Every married man must be, both upright and steadfast,

Take his wife hot rolls and tea to her bedside for breakfast;

Wash her shift and stockings too, and lace her stavs by jingo.

Or else in jail he must bewail—pop him into limbo.

He must buy her lollipops and gin, and never dare be snarling.

He must not use no other words, than duckey, dear, and darling!

Pop goes the pots and pans—the law will give him stingo,

Pop goes the spiteful man, for six long months to limbo.

Women you have gain'd the day, and triumph'd o'er each noodle,

Stick a feather in your cap and whistle Yankee Doodle!

Polly put the kettle on and make a cup of stingo,

And if your husband says a word, then pop him into limbo.

This glorious act, it a fact, is stunning, says Moll Dawcey,

All married women may flare up, and be tremendous saucy,

Their husbands must not dare to strike or give them any lingō,

Or so help me bob, six months to quod they'll pop him into limbo.

Pop goes the prison van to Coldbath Fields by jingo,

Pop goes the fighting for six long months to limbo.