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Don't Keep Your Wives at Home

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DON'T KEEP YOUR WIVES

AT HOME.

Some married ladies I declare
Go here, there, and every where,
While some they're forced to stay at home,
While their lord and master he can roam.
While their wives are scrubbing,
Their shirts and socks are rubbing,
There's no comfort for a woman
When she's forced to stay at home.

CHORUS.

A good wife she's a treasure,
She ought to see all pleasure,
There's no comfort for a woman
When she's forced to stay at home.

I don't wish to scold you married men,
But then you know—nine out of ten,
They beat their wives, and come home tight,
Now ladies, I don't think that's right;
Some swear that they could eat us,
And they call us charming creatures,
Then "lardy da" with other gals,
And leave their wives at home.

Some gents you know, now—this is true,
They swear without us they could do,
But ladies, that is all my eye,
If I had my way all men should try;
They'd have to molly-coddle,
About the house they'd waddle,
And then—they'd miss their comfort, gals,
At night when they got home.

A man that's got a loving wife,
He ought to guard her with his life;
I love the ladies old and young,
For there's music in a woman's tongue
A true wife she knows her duties,
That man I say a brute is,
Who strikes his wife and causes strife,
And locks her up at home.

Some ladies show their temper, boys,
They laugh, cry, and make a noise
Chaps, be like me a quiet man,
Look on and bear it while you can,
Then say "My dear, my honey,"
Then give her all your money,
Then try a kiss so funny, boys,
Don't keep your wives at home.

I like to see two loving hearts—
A happy couple ne'er should part;
Contented live and make no noise,
So try and pull together, boys.
Be jolly, chaps, and willing,
Contented with a shilling,
And always try and please your wives,
And never stop from home.