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# The Labouring Woman

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THE  
**LABOURING WOMAN.**

M. P. SUCH, Printer, 177, Union Street, Boro',

**Y**OU married men and women too,  
Give ear unto my song,  
I'll tell you of a circumstance,  
That will not keep you long,  
I heard a man the other day,  
And as savage as a Turk,  
He was grumbling at his wife,  
Saying, she never did any work.

So men don't grumble at your wives,  
For I am sure there is none of you,  
Can tell the daily labour,  
That a woman has to do.

Says he, you lazy hussy,  
Now I really must confess,  
I am weary and tired of keeping you,  
In nasty idleness.  
Indeed, the wife made answer,  
I work as hard as you,  
So I'll just run over a list of all  
That a woman has to do.

At six o'clock each morning,  
When you to work do go,  
I've to rise and light the fire,  
And the bellows for to blow,  
I have to set the tea things,  
And get the kettle boiled,  
Besides you know I have to wash  
And dress the youngest child.

When breakfast things are sided,  
You know I make a rule,  
To get the children ready,  
And send them off to school,  
I have to shake and make the beds,  
And sweep the rooms also,  
Then I have to clean the windows,  
And empty the chamber po.

Four times a day I have to cook,  
Your wants for to supply,  
Breakfast, dinner, tea and supper,  
I have to stew and fry.  
I scarcely get a moment's rest,  
I have to run here and there,  
Then have to scrub the table down,  
Likewise the stools and chairs.

I've to wash the sheets and blankets,  
The pinafores and frocks,  
Gowns, petticoats, and pillow slips,  
Shirts, handkerchiefs, and smocks.  
I've to nurse the little infant,  
And rock the cradle too,  
There's no man can imagine,  
What a woman has to do.

A woman's work is never done,  
Let her do and try her best,  
From morning until bed time,  
Their hands are never at rest,

# RAGGED COAT.

What a world of flummery, there's nothing but deceit in it.  
So you'll find all through life as you travel on,  
High and low, rich and poor, every one you meet in it,  
'Tis the same, I will remain and prove it in my song.  
When I was poor I found friends did very seldom heed me,  
'Till a true one died, and left me cash that set me all afloat,  
So I thought among my friends I'd try who would relieve me,  
And to fathom out deception I put on a ragged coat.  
(To be repeated after every verse.) But what a world, &c.

I thought my friends I'd try the first, for I had got so many,  
At least they profess'd to be—at Kew was Mr. Ford—  
So I thought a trip by steam would be as cheap as any,  
Went down to London Bridge, and set my foot on board.  
I heard a puppy say, though he lowly did breathe it,  
"It's a shame to let such ragged people board a steam boat,"  
But, says I, my foolish fellow, there's a good heart beats beneath  
So don't despise a man because he wears a ragged coat,  
The journey o'er and safe arrived, I sat my foot on board, sir,  
Glad enough from such a crew was I to get relief,  
So I walked up to the house and knock'd loud at the door, sir,  
All the people eyeing me as if I was a thief.  
But the door was slammed in my face, with many a bitter snarl sir,  
So I shouted out, "Good Mr. Ford I've come to pay that note,"  
"Oh, dear!" says Ford, "pray step this way," and show'd me to  
the parlour, sir,  
We thought you came a begging in that ragged coat.

A chair was quickly placed for me, and down I sat instantly,  
You come from town, you must be tired, pray stop here & dine.  
Jane bring the glasses, and likewise the decanter.  
Ah, sir, you'll find this some excellent port wine:  
Your wine sir, you may keep, although I have no dress on,  
I have changed my mind and mean to keep my note,  
And put it to some better use, so let it be a lesson,  
Don't despise a man because he's got a ragged coat.

Next I went courting the brisk widow Moore, sirs,  
Reach'd the house, gave a tap and boldly in I goes,  
My suit I press'd, but she exclaimed, "Here show the knave the  
door, sir,"

For at the sight of my appearance she turned up her nose,  
But when I show'd a bag of gold, she wish'd to be a talker,  
At the sound of the rhino she quickly changed her note!  
"But," said I, "I'm off, dear madam, it's time my name was  
walker!"

So don't despise a man because he's got a ragged coat.  
So never trust appearances, they often will deceive ye,  
'Tis not the gaudy peacock you'll find the most faithful bird,  
'Tis not the wealthy relative stands forward to relieve ye,  
Trust not to those who raise their nose, the thought would be  
absurd,  
When of such deceitful friends old England has a clearance,  
'Thro' life's stream there's many a bark will once more safely  
float,  
Bear well in mind the moral meant—never trust to appearance,  
For there's many a honest heart beats beneath a ragged coat.

## Labouring Woman (Continued).

But their is a law a coming out,  
And the men will find 'tis true,  
If you only cross look at a woman,  
You'll be flogged till black and blue.

Some men will rail at women,  
And kick them about 'tis true,  
But without a woman I wonder,  
Whatever the men will do;  
But now the act is passing,  
The men will find 'tis true,  
A little less they'll get in quod,  
And be flogg'd till black and blue.

So the women may go on the spree,  
And sing, red, white, and blue,  
And not a word a man must say,  
Or he'll be flogged till black and blue.

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