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Dear Woman is the Joy of a Woman's life

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Dear Woman is the Joy of an Englishman's Life.

COME, all you young men and young maidens around,
I'll tell you where pleasures are to be found ;
'Tis woman, dear woman, her praise I will sing,
For they to a man every comfort do bring.
A man that is married, his home is his pride,
He sits at his ease by his own fire side,
While others that's single may ramble all day,
And when they go home no such pleasures have they.

A man that is married, may rise in the morn,
And all things are ready, when he does return ;
A man that is single, the truth I will say,
Is just like a tree with each branch cut away.
For when out upon pleasure he mopes like a goose,
He seems like a poor tool that is of no use,
There's something that's wanting, why, that's a good wife,
For woman's the joy of an Englishman's life.

The man that is married, his pipe smokes at home,
While those that are single, to alehouses roam.
He calls for strong liquor his mind to give ease,
Perhaps he may say, I've no wife for to please,
But when with the landlord he has spent all his store,
The landlord will rudely shew him the door,
Then rolling for homeward he meets with some strife—
Dear woman's the joy of an Englishman's life.

The man that is married, if happy would be,
Should do well his duty in every degree,
But one thing no pleasure you ever can find,
When once that curst jealousy enters your mind.
If quarrels arise, which sometimes they will,
Why let her keep talking, but hold your tongue still,
For words are but wind, she may make a good wife.
Dear woman's the joy of an Englishman's life.

And if on a Sunday by chance you go out,
To keep the child decent you'll carry the clout,
And never mind trifles, but do all you can,
To gain the blest name of a good-temper'd man
For woman, you know, is the weakest, and so
Ne'er run from your bargain whatever you do,
'Tis seldom a woman will cause the first strife,
Dear woman's the joy of an Englishman's life.

If home you go tipsy, and at her do bawl,
It will make her unhappy, no wonder at all,
And think that a woman is right for to speak,
She knows the bread must go short the next week.
But early next morning there's toast and the tea,
To make a man happy in every degree ;
While those that are single may lay down and die,
His head aches thro' drink, and no wife to come nigh.

So still 'tis dear woman her praises I'll sing,
A man with a home can appear like a king,
For 'tis not in riches where pleasures are found,
Dear woman's a star upon Old England's ground.
Take warning, each crusty old maid if you can,
You'll find that a woman is blest with a man,
And young men for goodness pray splice to a wife,
Dear woman's the joy of an Englishman's life.