



Venomous Woman.

Since the day the world was finished
 And they manufactured Eve,
 Who was only a side-issue,
 Mortal man's done naught but grieve—
 Woman's spoiled his best illusions,
 Caused him sorrowing and strife,
 And I think a man's a jackass
 And a fool to take a wife.
 Eve got Adam through an apple—
 Or it may have been a quince—
 And they've tempted him with divers
 Flesh attractions ever since.
 They are schemers, fell and evil,
 Pointed thorns within his side,
 They are brainless willy-nillies
 Full of jealousy and pride.
 They are leeches—they're viragos
 Termagants, and even worse,
 They are warts upon this planet
 Barnacles upon his purse;
 They will bleed him to a finish,
 They will milk him—milk him dry,
 And they'll look when he is bankrupt
 For some other fish to fry.
 They will gamble all his lucre
 On their foppish games of whist,
 Through his pantaloons and wallet
 They will search with clutching fist;
 There is nothing on the calendar
 Of crime they ever miss,
 And like far-famed lying Judas
 They'll betray him with a kiss.
 They will feed him on their cooking—
 Bad enough to kill a cow—
 From the break of dawn till twilight
 They do naught but raise a row;
 They compell him to meander

On the bankrupt's fatal brink,
 With their "serpents tongues" and nag-
 gings
 They'd drive Gabriel to drink.
 They're a lot of plaster angels,
 Each one is a vapid Gnu,
 And the poor weak fool who gets one
 All his life has cause to rue;
 They should be out on an island
 Where no steamship ever ran—
 Forty seven million skillion
 Miles beyond the Isle of Man.
 Every husband in the country's
 Treading forty seven racks,
 He sees his total earnings placed
 Upon their ill-shaped backs;
 He is treated like a dummy
 And his lot's a Hell on E,
 How I thank the Stars above us
 I'm unfettered and I'm free.
 Let me warn you gentle brothers
 Of the swish of petty-coats;
 That the man who keeps a wife is
 Forty seven kinds of goats;
 If you're bent on suicide at all
 And want to end your life
 In agony and torture,
 Go and find yourself a wife.
 Scheming woman: why God wasted
 Adam's rib on you, to me
 Is a source of daily wonderment
 A perfect mystery.
 You're a scourge most pestilential—
 A waste of useful bone—
 And as long as you infest this globe—
 We'll groan—and groan—and groan.