LET HER COME.

Ef women had the right to vote they'd down the Demon Rum,
An' shut up every gamblin' place 'twixt here an' kingdom come;
They'd sterilize the city streets an' elevate the polls,
Till vice an' crime would have to hide in their respective holes.
Then when these cruel monsters got their ugly features hid
The Nation's womanhood would go an' set upon the lid;
For woman is commissioned to reform the world, although,
Jest by casually observin', you might never think 'twas so.

Ef women had the right to vote we fellers couldn't chaw,
An' smokin' vile tobacco would be plumb agin the law;
We'd never smell the fragrant weed in street er train er room.
We'd have to use patchouli er some feminine perfume.
But civic right an' righteousness in mighty streams would run—
We'd never see another spot, not even on the sun;
The great millennium would dawn, them suffrage leaders say,
An' sorrow, sin, an' sickness would forever flee away.

Now by her ever-changing form, diviner than of yore,
An' by her superstructure, which she cal's her pompydore,
By all her charmin' arts an' wiles, an' by the great Horn Spoon,
She ought to have the ballot, an' she ought to have it soon.
Her husband an' her father, an' the other powers of sin
Are hold'n' back the golden age—
that's why it don't begin;
Let loose them tides of goodness that are waitin' to be hurled
By the power of Votin' Women on a poor defenseless world.