

# The Woman With a Country

*With Apologies to the Author of  
"The Man Without a Country."*

By Helen Rowland

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ALWAYS,

**A** They have said of her,  
"Why shall she vote?  
"In time of war, what could SHE do to defend her Country—if she had one?  
"Poor, foolish, tender, clinging, helpless little thing!  
"How she babbles of 'Equality!'  
"SHE—who trembles in a thunderstorm,  
And shudders at the booming of a sunset gun!  
"Why shall she vote? SHE cannot fight, and kill and die, if need be, for  
her Country!"

Well,

It has come—HER Hour!

And, with her "tender, clinging, helpless" hands,

She is making munitions—for England.

With her soft, white, useless fingers she is fashioning shells—

A hundred deaths in every one of them!

Everywhere, she is ploughing, planting, gathering,

Sowing, reaping, harvesting,

And thus saving thousands of lives

For Her Country.