

Unsexing the Woman

It doesn't unsex her to toil in a factory,
Minding the looms from the dawn till the night;
To deal with a school full of children refractory
Doesn't unsex her in anyone's sight;
Work in a store—where her back aches inhumanly—
Doesn't unsex her at all, you will note;
But think how exceedingly rough and unwomanly
Woman would be if she happened to vote!

To sweat in a laundry that's torrid and torrider
Doesn't subtract from her womanly charm;
And scrubbing the flags in an echoing corridor
Doesn't unsex her—so where is the harm?
It doesn't unsex her to nurse us with bravery,
Loosing death's hand from its grip on the throat;
But, ah, how the voices grow quivery, quavery,
Wailing, "Alas, 'twill unsex her to vote!"

She's feminine still when she juggles the crockery,
Bringing you blithely the order you give;
Toil in a sweatshop, where life is a mockery,
Just for the pittance on which she can live—
That doesn't seem to unsex her a particle.
"Labor is noble"—so somebody wrote—
But ballots are known as a dangerous article,
Woman's unsexed if you give her the vote!