



The poem below entitled “War Girls” was published in England in 1916.

There’s the girl who clips your ticket for the train,
 And the girl who speeds the lift [elevator] from floor to floor,
 There’s the girl who does a milk-round in the rain,
 And the girl who calls for orders at your door.
 Strong, sensible, and fit,
 They’re out to show their grit,
 And tackle jobs with energy and knack.
 No longer caged and penned up,
 They’re going to keep their end up
 Till the khaki soldier boys come marching back.

There’s the motor girl who drives a heavy van,
 There’s the butcher girl who brings your joint of meat
 There’s the girl who cries ‘All fares, please!’ like a man,
 And the girl who whistles taxis up the street.
 Beneath each uniform
 Beats a heart that’s soft and warm,
 Though of canny mother-wit [common sense] they show no lack;
 But a solemn statement that is,
 They’ve no time for love and kisses
 Till the khaki soldier-boys come marching back.

Source: Jessie Pope, “War Girls,” Poetry Foundation, 1916



Emmeline Pankhurst

