THE

OME, dear, don't fear try and cut a shine, And wear a hat and feathers in the fashionable line,

Lovers you'll have plenty, of that you may depend,

If you wear the Dolly Varden hat, and do the Grecian Bend.

Chorns.

Come, dear, don't fear, have your ringlets curled, If you're out of fashion, you had better leave the world,

Your sweet and pretty faces will wear a winning smile,

If you get a hat and feather in the Dolly Varden style.

There's little Polly Puddidg chops, don't she do the grand,

With a tiny hat upon her heed, no biggar than your hand,

And this Grecian Bend toddling on her toes, With a hat like a cockle shell stuck upon her

Our grandmother years ago were comfortable souls.

They used to wear a bonnet like scattle for the coals,

But bonnes are so altered now by woman one and all,

They made them smaller every day till now there's none at all.

I know a jolly carpenter is name is Peter Platt He courted a girl with a Dolly Varden Hat, And while they were a courting he proved so very

kind. He rumpled all the muslin in her pauniers behind.

Some of them are rather large, some are rather small.

Some with very wide brims and some with none at all.

I know a girl that wears one, oh! aint she nice aud fat,

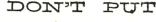
You could drive a dozen donkeys round her Dolly Varden hat.

Miss Jemima Jenkins-what a precious flat, Pawned her mother's breeches for a Dolly Varden bat.

She could'nt get a chignon, 'tis true I do de. clare,

So she stole a lot shavings and rolled them her hair.







OCIETY'S ways, in these curious days, Need much alteration, I am sure, For seldom you'll see, that rich folk agree, With those whom misfortune's made poor.

Now this must be wrong if there's truth in my For a man may be worthy tho' poor, song, So give him, that he may make a shift, To keep off the wolf from his door.



Chorus. So I give this advice, entreating you won t, Turn away on your heel with a frown,

When a poor fellow needs it essist him, But don't put your foot on a man when "he's



The poor labouring man, who tries all he can, To battles his way thro' lifes throng,

Oft finds to his cost, that cold winter's frost, Impedes much in getting along, Thive. The workmen may, strive in the Industrial Something to put from trade, [ion, Commercial depression brings strong retregress-

And swallows the little he's made.



569.

How many good men have again and again, Given way to the worlds heavy cares, For went of a start from some generous heart, Whose fortune was brigher than theirs,

Time after time we hear of some crime, Induced by sad poverty keen, Theen made, Which might have been stayed, had an effort



Before he'd such misery seen.



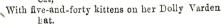
Misfortune's cold shade visits every grade, The rich man as well as the poor, Then hesitate not, while wealth you've got, To help all you can from your store. Ere long it be fate's cruel decree,

You hope's fairest prospects to smotner, You'll surely find then, kind good-hearted men, To helf you as you've helped others.



Sally now, indeed it's true is crying in distress, She was going to a ball but she found an awful mess.

She has just been and found out a nasty tubby





If the men want to wear them, the woman won't complain.

They'll do for umbrellas to save them from the rain,

While the soldiers are drilling upon Salisbury flats,

They are dressing all the Volunteers in Dolly Vardan hats.



