

A NEW SONG ON THE

Downfall of the Chignons

Good people all now pay attention while I unto you relate,
All the curious fashions the ladies has to decorate their pate,
They have got another fashion since the crinolines are gone
A great big thing all full of hair on their poles called a chignon.

CHORUS

So old and young both lame and lasy, ladies they must everyone,
No matter whether crooked or easy have a thundering big
chignon.

The other day as I was walking just by chance I did meet,
With two old women and they were talking going down the
street,
One of them was really gummy the other about ninety one
And each did wear I do declare a grenadiers hat for a chignon.

You'd think they were recruiting parties all that you would
meet
Going promenading at half-past seven down the street,
They have so many ribbons flying to decorate their head,
And for a chignon they have folded the bolsters on their head.

I saw upon a dairyman's daughter the other day on the ecombe,
A big chignon and help me bob it looked just looked an air
balloon,
It was such a weight on her pate that all the hair pins gave
way,
When out did drop a hatters block, and just about a stone of
hay.

They have those chignons in every form the skull crackers
can invent,
From a bee-hive to a barrel knitty pole to ornament,
It makes no differ about ages old or ugly, short or long,
Humpy-backed, or fiddle-faced, all must have a big chignon.

You'd really think these dandy asses by their looks were all
serene
Since they dropped wearing whiskers, bussel'd, and hooped
crinoline,
But since they got the saucer bonnets, light dresses, and big
chignon,
They look like things to frighten crows the same shape as the
kitchen tongs,

Now I wonder the next new fashion the girls intend to wear,
To entice the boys it is their study night and day, I do declare
Each one is vicing with the other trying which will take the
lead,
And form a plan to get a man, for fear of dying an old maid.

