



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 lazy, ladies they must everyone
 No matter whether crooked or crazy have a thundering big
 chignon.

Tho ther day as I was walking just by chance I di d meet,
 Withtwo old women and they were ta iking going down the
 street,
 One of them was really gummy the othe 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 fora chignon they have folded the bolsters on ther head

I saw upon a dairyman's daughter the other day on the coombe.
 A big chignon and help me bob it looked just looked an air
 baloon,

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 those 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 vieing with the other trying which will take the
 lead,

And form a plan to get a man, for fear of dying an old maid.

