

THE NEW FASHIONS.

GOOD people give ear to my story,
To what I tell you all round,
Concerning the pride and ambition,
That's now carried on in each town,
For pride is a kin to the Devil,
You very well know it is true,
And if that the times they don't alter,
What will poor England do?

When they go to a ball or a play,
To learn new fashions and pride,
And as soon as they home do return,
The same they will quickly provide,
Then Kitty she says to her mama,
A new fashion gown I must have,
With a straw bonnet deck'd out with ribbons,
That I may look gallant and brave.

Three ladies were walking together,
One morning for to take the air,
They surely did cut such a figure,
Which made many people to stare,
One had a face like a monkey,
Another a pate like a bull,
The other a carrotty nob,
But the D—l a cap on the skull.

The next was a young farmer's daughter,
Her hair was as red as a fox,
I'll send for a barber directly,
And cut off my carrotty locks,
But when the barber had shav'd her,
And put on a new fashion'd wig,
She was such a figure to pass,
That she frightend a sow and nine pigs.

There's the street-walking girls of the city,
Belonging to fair London town,
They dress up like ladies of honour,
And strut in the streets up and down,
With an umbrella in their hands,
If it rains to cover their gown,
You'd take them for ladies of fortune,
Altho' they are girls of the town.

