

# THE FASHIONS AND FOLLIES OF THE YEAR 1872.



I'll sing you a ditty, I hope it will please.  
In town or in city to suit all degrees,  
To have a good shy the time I will seize,  
At the fashions of these modern days :  
The people I'm sure they are all going mad,  
To find out some new thing to wear,  
No matter the cost, it's bound to be had,  
Or else they will die in despair.

Then look at the ladies, they're coming it  
strong,  
Bidbity, bobbity, hobble along,  
Ankle-jacks, Dolly Vardens, and whacking  
chignons,  
Are the fashions in these modern days.

In the days that are gone when Adam was  
young,  
When old mother Eve wearing clothes had  
begun,  
A lot of green leaves round the middle was  
slung,  
That was the fashion those days ;  
But the women soon after altered the style,  
And turned out so awfully gay,  
They took to wear breeches and stop out all  
night,  
To go to the ball or the play.

Most people we know by the fashions are led,  
Some wear chignons as big as a bed,  
And if 'twas the fashion to have a bald head,  
They'd all be like bladders of lard ;  
The thing they call panniers, that stick out  
behind,  
The old fashioned bustle don't mend,  
They bob in and out, and wobble about  
When doing the Grecian bend.

Then look at the men as they're passing by,  
With new paper collars half a yard high,  
To do the genteel they all of them try,  
The Regent-street swell of the day !  
On Saturday night their best Sunday clothes,  
Has to come from the pawnbroker's shop  
And on Monday morning again off it goes,  
And in limbo it has for to stop.

The new Dolly Vardens they are a great hit,  
The women all say they're a beautiful fit,  
If you got an old bonnet and on it did sit,  
It would look quite as well as they do ;  
Then look at the curls that hang down their  
backs,  
Like a horse's tail swinging behind,  
And a streamer of ribbon, red, black, or blue,  
To flutter about in the wind.

If you want to shake hands, indeed it is true,  
Touch the tip of the fingers, and say how d'ye  
do ?

You must bend in your knees when you walk  
in the Zoo,

And tread in your toes all the way ;  
You must hold up your head, cock your nose  
in the air,

The goddess of fashion to please,  
Make your chignon bob up and down,  
Like an old turkey picking up peas.

—o:—o—

H. P. SUCH, Machine Printer and Publisher,  
177, Union Street, Borough, S.E.

