

# I'LL BE A BLOOMER.



**LISTEN** females all,  
 No matter what your trade is,  
 Old nick is in the girls,  
 The d ——— 's in the ladies;  
 Married men may weep,  
 And tumble in the ditches,  
 Since women are resolved,  
 To wear the shirt and breeches.  
 Ladies do declare,  
 A change should have been sooner,  
 The women one and all  
 Are going to join the Bloomers.  
 Prince Albert and the Queen,  
 Had such a jolly row sirs,  
 She threw off the stays and put,  
 On waistcoat coat and trousers,  
 It will be fun to see,  
 Ladies possessed of riches,  
 Strutting up and down,  
 In wellingtons and breeches.  
 Bloomers are funny folks,  
 No ladies can be faster,  
 They say 'tis almost time,  
 That petticoats were master,  
 They will not governed be,  
 By peelers snobs or proctors,  
 But take up their degrees,  
 As councillors and doctors.  
 No bustles will they wear,  
 Nor stocks depend upon it,  
 But jerry hats and caps,  
 Instead of dandy bonnet,  
 Trousers to their knees,  
 And whiskers round their faces,  
 A watch chain in their fob,  
 And a pair of leather braces

The tailors must be sharp,  
 In making noble stitches,  
 And clap their burning goose,  
 Upon the ladies breeches,  
 Their pretty fingers will,  
 Be just as sore as mutton,  
 Till they have found the way,  
 Their trowsers to unbutton.  
 The Bloomers all declare,  
 That men are sad deceivers,  
 They will take a turn and be,  
 Prigs dustmen and coalheavers,  
 Members of parliament,  
 And make such jolly fusses,  
 Cobble up old ladies shoes,  
 Drive cabs and omnibusses.  
 Their husbands they will wop,  
 And squander all their riches;  
 Make them nurse the kids,  
 And wash their shirts and breeches;  
 If the men should say a word,  
 Ther'll be such a jolly row sir,  
 Their wives will mak them sweat,  
 And beat them with their trowsers.  
 The world is turn'd upside down,  
 The ladies will be tailors.  
 And serve Old England's Queen,  
 And be soldiers and sailors  
 Won't they look funny when,  
 They happen to get lumpy,  
 Or when they ride astride,  
 Upon an Irish donkey.  
 The ladies will be right,  
 Their husbands will be undone,  
 Since the Bloomers have arrived,  
 To teach the folks of London,  
 The females all I mean,  
 How to lay out their riches.  
 In Yankee Doodle doo's,  
 And a stunning pair of breeches.  
 Female apparel now,  
 Is gone to pot I vow sirs,  
 And the ladies will be fined,  
 That don't wear Coat & breeches,  
 Blucher boots and hats—  
 And shirts with handsome stitches,  
 Oh dear what shall we do,  
 When women wear the breeches.  
 Now some will wear smock frocks  
 And hobnail shoes I vow sirs,  
 Jenny, Bet, and Sal,  
 Cock'd hat and woolen trousers,  
 Yankee Doodle doo,  
 Rolling in the ditches;  
 Married men prepare,  
 To buy your women the breeches.

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