

# A NEW SONG & DIALOGUE ON BLOOMERISM

The Men wrong, and the Women right.

Oh Bill, this dreadful piece of work will make me shed a tear,  
My wife declares & solemn swears she will the breeches wear;  
She burned her shift, her shawl, and stays, and spent it all in  
gin,  
Then she come and cracked my head all with the rolling pin.  
As here I pen, I know all men this bloomer job will rue,  
May the d— take the bloomers, and their Yankee Doodle  
doos.

Well, here's a pretty kettle of fish! I'm blowed if the men  
is not got into a fine mess through this cursed bloomerism.  
When I got up to go to work this morning I could not find  
my trousers nor my hat, so I had to go to shop with a flannel  
petticoat wrapped around me, and an old straw bonnet; and  
they took me for a Guy Fawkes. And when going home to  
breakfast, who should I see but my old woman, with my hat  
and trousers on, and a short pipe stuck in her mouth. Holloa,  
says I, take that says she, and she gave me such a sender under  
the mug, which sent me sprawling; and the boys tore my pet-  
ticoat, and the girls threwed stones at me. I am a bloomer,  
says my wife; yes love, says I; but I want my trousers. I  
wish you may get them, says she. That's not all, wait a bit.

The men must wash the women's shirts, their coats, and trou-  
sers too,

Nurse the children, make the toast, singing Yankee Doodle doo,  
Sand the passage, wash the rooms, mind what to them is said,  
And take the women's breakfast every morning up to bed.

So bloomers we will be, will be, all bloomers we will be,  
In a little time we women all will make our husband's see.

Sam; yes, my dear! I want a new coat, yes love; I want  
a pair of trousers, a new hat, a pair water tights, a new linen  
shirt, and a dashing handkerchief to tie round my neck; very  
well love. And Sam, I shall want a donkey to ride on; and  
mind Sam, fetch me a half an ounce of the best shag, and a  
short pipe. And Sam, make haste and wash the dishes, make  
the beds, clean the fire-irons, wash my shirt and trousers, look  
after the children, and Sam, recollect that I am a bloomer.  
Yes, you are a blooming ———. Mind what you say, or by  
the coat I wear I will make you. Make haste Sam and go and  
tell Mrs. Wriggle-and-twist I will meet her at ten o'clock, to  
go to battersea hunting frogs. See who that is at the door,  
Sam; tell them I am engaged, and can't come.

When men from work at night come home, they will have to  
face the tub,

The trousers, shirts, and stockings they'll have to rub & scrub,  
Rock the cradle, light the fire, and put to rights the room,  
Or get a whack upon the back with the handle of the broom.

Instead of shift and cap, the women wear hat and shirt,  
And trousers too, instead of gowns that draggle in the dirt.

These bloomers are a choker, Ned; what do you think my  
old Sal said to me last night. Jem, says she, I am going out  
to the Scientific Constitution, and when you have had a warm  
you must clean the knives and forks, then iron me a shirt and  
trousers; so you see I began to clean the knives and cut my  
finger, then I put the iron on the fire, and it got red hot, and  
then I took it off without a holder and burnt my hand all to a

cinder. Well, I began to iron, and scorched my wife's shirt  
and trousers; I am in for it now, I said. Ten minutes before  
twelve my wife comes to the door drunk as the devil, brought  
home by a coalheaver, with the back and front part of her  
trousers all split, the buttons pulled off, the tail of her shirt  
hanging out, and it smelt horrible. She lay down on the floor  
bawling, give me my breeches, my bloomer breeches, and a  
hunting we will go.

I would in a prison end my life, I would so help my bob,  
Than marry a finniking bloomer wife, give me six months in  
quod;

I scorched my fingers, burnt my hand, while Sally out did  
flirt,  
Because I had to starch and iron her trousers and her shirt.

William, yes love; when you have washed the tea things  
and mended my stockings, and put the children to bed, take  
the market basket, and here's eightpence, buy everything  
that is wanted, and make haste for, I am a bloomer William,  
and I will not be played with any longer. The men have had  
their way long enough, and I think it is high time the women  
had theirs. And William, there is an Act of Parliament called  
the bloomers Act. The 93rd clause of which says, that any  
man who contradicts, or dares to contradict his lawful wife in  
way, shape, or form, see page 43, chapter 76, he shall be liable  
to be stoned to death by bloomers without mercy. Recollect  
that William.

Bad luck I say both night and day to all their blooming jobs.  
They had better chain us by the legs, and shove us into quod.  
The blooming act has placed the men all in a sad condition,  
They never thought of this until they saw the Exhibition.

Hang us, hill us, what a shame, I wish we had known it sooner  
I wish old Harry had the lot, that made the women bloomers.

Now William, let me see what you have bought me for  
eightpence. well. here's two half-quartern loaves, four-  
pence halfpenny; a quarter of a pound of ninepenny batter,  
twopence three farthings; half an ounce of mixed tea, three  
halfpence; a quarter of sugar, one penny; two farthing's  
worth of loose wood, halfpenny; a farthing's worth of mas-  
tard, a farthing's worth of pepper, and a farthing's worth of  
salt, three farthings; half-an-ounce of the very best shag and  
a pipe, for you, twopence; a three farthing ball of worsted, a  
farthing ball of white, and a farthing ball of black cotton;  
two penny-worth of potatoes, and two penny-worth of fresh  
herrings and fat. well, let me see, that is one shilling and  
fivepence farthing; where's the other three farthings? well,  
Sally, I was thirsty, and I had a pint of small beer. Oh, you  
rogue, you villain; you spendthrift, I'll learn you to go to mar-  
ket and spend the money; you shall go to bed directly without  
supper. I am a bloomer, as I told you before; so you had  
better mind in future.

She gave me eightpence said Bill, and ordered me the rout.  
And then she made me shew how the money was laid out;  
She with her fist gave me a twist, right underneath the ear,  
'Twas because I spent three farthings in a pint of table beer.

I will run away and go to sea, on board a brig or schooner,  
I cannot live at home, among the proud infernal bloomers.

