



OYSTER-SHELL BONNET
AND
DANDY CHIGNON

Of all the queer fashions you ever did see
You'd soon be glad to hear if you listen to me
Of the proud lasses who ramble along,
With a bundle of hair which they call a Chignon,

CHORUS—

Just twig the young lasses as they walk a-cuz,
With an oyster-shell bonnet & dandy Chignon,

Of such comical dresses & comical ways,
They'd no such idea in my Grandmother's days,
They were homely & comely went cleanly along,
With bonnets to hide their sweet faces from sun,

Billy Snip went to walk with his sister-in-law,
At the back of her head she'd a great bunch of straw
Set in it up neatly but it came undone,
And a young fellow cried Miss you've drop'd your
Chignon,

My wife wears a Chignon says Liverpool Jack,
I'll swear it's as big as a soldier's knapsack.
She gave birth to a daughter last Sunday but one,
That was mark'd on the head with a laides Chignon.

I know a young damsel named Mary McCall,
The other night I was invited to go to a ball,
So in order to make her look handsome & fine,
She'd a Chignon before & another behind,

There's an old cobbler's daughter lives over the way,
Said she'd have a Chignon to make her look gay,
She torment'd her father & did him so vex,
He made her a Chignon with bristles & wax,

On a Friday morning young c. r. r. Peg,
Fell into the gutter & fractured her leg,
She dirtied her dress & some cow dung got on
Her oyster-shell bonnet & dandy Chignon,

Old Mrs Goeasy it's true on my life
The bridge of her nose is as sharp as a knife
She's two bony legs & she's turn'd 81,
Her oyster-shell bonnets & Chignon

Mr. Flash in a dream't other night left her bed,
And in a mistake put the pot on her head
O what are you at says her poor husband Paul,
Why says sue I am trying my new waterfall,

P. Breton 1 Le Exchange Street Dublin

