

THE
DOLLY VARDEN
HATS.

COME, dear, don't fear try and cut a shine,
 And wear a hat and feathers in the fashion-
 ionable line,
 Lovers you'll have plenty, of that you may
 depend,
 If you wear the Dolly Varden hat, and do the
Grecian Bend.

Chorus.

Come, dear, don't fear, have your ringlets curled,
 If you're out of fashion, you had better leave the
 world,
 Your sweet and pretty faces will wear a winning
 smile,
 If you get a hat and feather in the Dolly Varden
 style.

There's little Polly Pudding chops, don't she do
 the grand,
 With a tiny hat upon her heed, no bigger than
 your hand,
 And this *Grecian Bend* toddling on her toes,
 With a hat like a cockle shell stuck upon her
 nose.

Our grandmother years ago were comfortable
 souls,
 They used to wear a bonnet like scuttle for the
 coals,
 But bonnes are so altered now by woman one
 and all,
 They made them smaller every day till now
 there's none at all.

I know a jolly carpenter is name is Peter Platt
 He courted a girl with a Dolly Varden Hat,
 And while they were a courting he proved so very
 kind,
 He rumpled all the muslin in her pauniers be-
 hind.

Some of them are rather large, some are rather
 small,
 Some with very wide brims and some with none
 at all,
 I know a girl that wears one, oh! aint she nice
 aud fat,
 You could drive a dozen donkeys round her Dolly
 Varden hat.

Miss Jemima Jenkins—what a precious flat,
 Pawned her mother's breeches for a Dolly Varden
 hat,
 She couldn't get a chignon, 'tis true I do de-
 clare,
 So she stole a lot shavings and rolled their
 her hair.

DON'T PUT
YOUR FOOT
 ON A
MAN
 WHEN HE'S
DOWN.

SOCIETY'S ways, in these curious days,
 Need much alteration, I am sure,
 For seldom you'll see, that rich folk agree,
 With those whom misfortune's made poor.
 Now this must be wrong if there's truth in it,
 For a man may be worthy tho' poor, [song,
 So give him, that he may make a shift,
 To keep off the wolf from his door.

Chorus.

So I give this advice, entreating you won't,
 Turn away on your heel with a frown,
 When a poor fellow needs it essist him, [down.
 But don't put your foot on a man when he's

The poor labouring man, who tries all he can,
 To battles his way thro' lives throng,
 Oft finds to his cost, that cold wiuter's frost,
 Impedes much in getting along, [hive,
 The workmen may, strive in the Industrial
 Something to put from trade, [ion,
 Commercial depression brings strong retregress-
 And swallows the little he's made.

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How many good men have again and again,
 Given way to the worlds heavy cares,
 For went of a start from some generous heart,
 Whose fortune was brighter than theirs,
 Time after time we hear of some crime,
 Induced by sad poverty keen, [been made,
 Which might have been stayed, had an effort
 Before he'd such misery seen.

Misfortune's cold shade visits every grade,
 The rich man as well as the poor,
 Then hesitate not, while wealth you've got,
 To help all you can from your store.
 Ere long it be fate's cruel decree,
 You hope's fairest prospects to smotner,
 You'll surely find then, kind good-hearted men,
 To help you as you've helped others.

Sally now, indeed it's true is crying in distress,
 She was going to a ball but she found an awful
 mess,
 She has just been and found out a nasty tubby
 cat,
 With five-and-forty kittens on her Dolly Varden
 hat.

If the men want to wear them, the woman won't
 complain,
 They'll do for umbrellas to save them from the
 rain,
 While the soldiers are drilling upon Salisbury
 flats,
 They are dressing all the Volunteers in Dolly
 Varden hats.

