## INTECH (1984) associates

1025 Hargrieve Rd., Unit 3, London, Ontario N6E 1P7

Phone: (519) 686-1970 After Hours: 657-0390

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## OUR BARBER'S LAMENT.

Come all you jolly barbers And listen to my song, And I shall tell you truly How I committed wrong.

I courted a fair maiden,
Of loving heart and true,
Expecting she would pad out well
In money matters too.

But oh, my heart is breaking,
When I confess to you,
How cruelly she's tortured me
With pangs I never knew.

My heart she mashed completely
With the witchery of her eyes;
I never dreamed that such fond looks
Could ever tell white lies.

But now I see it plainly,
"Tis all as clear as day,
The little pile I lenged so for
Has vanished quite away.
The deep all."

The dear old girl I loved so well,
With the heap of chink in view,
Has put her cash far out of sight
And that's what makes me stew.

And now I ply my scissors
All wretched and forlorn,
And think of her who fooled me so
Till I wish I'd ne'er been born.

And as I lay on lather
And smooth the chins of men,
I think of her with peachy cheek,
And all "that might have been."

So dear and trusty barbers— Knights of the sounding shears— Take warning from a brother's fate And I will dry my tears.

Oh, do not court for money,
That was my grievous sin,
And now you see, dear brothers,
How I've been taken in.

But when you go a courting
Keep money out of sight,
And only talk about her charms
Until the knot is tight.

Then, when the day is over,
And she is all your own,
You quietly may rob the nest
From which the bird has flown.

Ah! yes, my jolly fellows,
That's where I blundered so,
I put my hand into the nest
While she was on, you know.

And the old bird pecked so cruelly,
My hands are bound up now,
And I am so very lonely,
I want to have a row.

So, brothers, dear and loving, Take warning from my fate, Should you e'er wish to enter The matrimonial state.

Be honest in your courtship, Leep only love in view, And never think of money Unless your bills are due.