

INTECH (1984) associates

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THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION

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 longed so for
Has vanished quite away.

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,
Keep only *love* in view,
And never think of *money*
Unless your bills are due.