

# The Village Barber - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

THE VILLAGE BARBER.

By Thus. J. Ham.

A mournful throng drifts past my door as sadly tolls the bell:  
The village-barber is no more! Good man I knew him well.

His heart was light; his mind was free, and noble was his soul.  
His like we ne'er shall find, though we may search from pole to pole.

A rustic born, here did he dwell until his sad release;  
Yet, strange to say, it so befell, he passed his life in grease.

He was no Pharisee in thought, with heart 'gainst pity shut;  
Those who his humble friendship sought from choice he never cut.

He played no sycophantic part; nor flattered, we may hope;  
Yet, truth to tell, he knew the art of laying on the soap.

In him were found those virtues, rare, which in the Christian blend;  
He always dealt upon the square, yet often shaved a friend.

Artistic were his tastes. 'Twas said he made the fair more fair;  
His studies were the human head; his brush immense on hair.

Modest, withal, as violets are, when Spring retints their bloom;  
He climbed at night his attic-stair, and there he shed perfume.

He studied little, yet was wise; his days were given to toil;  
To read by lamp-light hurt his eyes, yet used he lots of oil.

A Democrat was he, and shared the poor man's joys and woes;  
Anointed oft the pauper's beard, and pulled the nabob's nose.

He scorned the right to vote away, nor cared who reached the goals;  
Yet, hour by hour, election day he lingered 'round the polls.

Content he ate his honest bread-nor craved the miser's box;  
Yet oft, alas, he got ahead by handling others locks.

He was a man of peaceful name, though not a whit afraid;  
He seldom spoke of blood or fame, yet often drew his blade.

What though his chosen calling brought a score of scrapes a day;  
No blows he struck, no tight he fought, no foe he turned away.

Let who that would invade his place to smite him thigh and hip;  
'Twas his to give the "corp de grace" by one artistic clip.

His harshest acts begot no pangs-no pains for poor or rich;  
The tend'rest maid would seek his bangs, the proudest Miss his switch.

Down on his proud boy's chin he spied Imperial shadows dim;  
Yet, "Here's a heart content," he cried, "to razor part with him!"

But when his daughter died, pomade, then asked he in his gloom:  
"Mustaches" sweet as these be laid to moulder in the tomb?

Still, when his days were nearly flown, he felt no craven fears;  
And bravely yet he held his hone-defiant, spite his shears.

But now he's dead and gone to rest, why should we weep or sigh?  
He met the foe with standing crest; he rather liked to dye.

E'en as he scraped and cut and curled, his brush with cowlick vexed;  
Clear-spoken from the unseen world, he heard his summons: "Next!"

Such joys he felt; such griefs he bore; such luck his cup to fill;  
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The village-barber is no more-I knew him well and ill.