



THE BARBER OF SEVILLE.

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“ I could a tail unfold.”

By P. G.

A COMELY young lad liv'd, a few years ago,
In a street in the city of Seville,
Who took by the nostrils full many a beau,
And soon brought their chins to a level.

But alas! tho' he lather'd each don who appear'd
So quick, that he gain'd mighty favor,
A donzella, one morn, as he took off a beard,
As she pass'd, took the heart of this shaver.

The hidalgos he left in his shop all alone,
And follow'd the maid to an arbour;
Tho' he fear'd that he never should call her his hone
For she barbar-ous seem'd to the barber.

By his whiskers he swore his life hung on a hair,
That nought from his breast could e-razor;
That his plight was so bad, he was quite in despair,
And, in short, he contriv'd—to amaze her.

Says he, “ I'm not poor, I've one penny to shave,
And I've two-pence to bleed for the vapours;
To draw out a tooth it is three-pence I crave,
And charge nothing for reading the papers.”

And a kiss he adventur'd as thus he did speak,
But was check'd by a terrible bristle—
“ Tho' a flower call'd a rose,” says he, “ blooms on your cheek,
On your chin blooms a weed call'd a thistle.

So no longer object—all objections I'll stop,
If you wed me, consider the saving;
For each morning, before that I open my shop,
I'll give you for nothing a shaving.”

His reasons convinc'd her, and gain'd her consent,
Refusal so well had he parried—
And when she was shav'd to a convent they went,
And when they got there, they were married.

But the honeymoon o'er, and his love on the slope,
She perceiv'd how he'd plann'd to entrap her;
For each morning he now forgot razor and soap,
And only remember'd to strap her.

And thus he consol'd her—“ Your fate you must bear,
Since Nature so bountiful gave it,
Had she sent you a beard she'd not meant you to wear,
She'd have sent you a razor to shave it.”

