The Monkey Turned Barber (2)

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There was a bold Irishman,
From Liverpool he came;
He stepped into a barber shop,
Saving, "Can you crop me mane?"

cho: To my ri fol de rol,
To my ri fol de re.

The barber was not to home
Nor the lady not within;
There set a big monkey,
He looked so very grim.

"Can you shave an Irishman
Just from the sod ?"
The monkey turned around,
Gave a wink and a nod.

He first took up the lather box
In his paw,
And so very ingeniously
He lathered Paddy's jaw.

He next took up the razor
And very much up-posed;
And the very first swipe
Off came Paddy's nose!

The barber coming home,
He was very much scared
To hear Paddy's story,
For he raved and he sweared.

"O Paddy", what's the matter?
"What's the matter?" says he.
"Your danged ugly son
Has maimed me, don't you see!'

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