

L. C. Whiting.

SONGS & GLEES
of the
BAKER FAMILY

OF
NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Composed and arranged by

JOHN C. BAKER,

*And sung at their CONCERTS in more than half the
STATES of the UNION.*

BY JOHN C. GEO E. HENRY F. JASPER A. SOPHIA M. & EMILY E.

BAKER.

The Happiest time is now. — GLEE
The Parting Requiem. —
The Funeral of an Odd Fellow. —
The Incubator's Lament. —
Hurra for the Sea Boys. —
The Bakers' Farewell. —
The Burman-Lover. —
The Barber's Shop. — SOLO & TRIO
The Bakers' Quick March. —

The Little Sailor Boy's Lament. — SONG
The Indian Girl. —
The Suller's Grave. —
Where Can the Soul find Rest. — SOLO & CHORUS
Mary's Last words. — DUETT
The Mountaineer's Farewell. —
The Crimson Banner. —
Years Ago. —

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THE BARBER'S SHOP.

TRIO.

Composed and arranged by JOHN C. BAKER, of the BAKERS.

MODERATO.

1st Tenor.

Our

no - tions right - ly ket - tled up No one a doubt can harbour..... That

p

all the world's a Bar - ber's shop, And ev' - ry man a Bar - - ber, And

2d Tenor.

mf

ev' - - ry man a Bar - - ber, And ev' - - ry man a Bar - - ber.

Bass.

ff

CHORUS.

1st. Tenor. *mf* Ho! ho! ho! ho! And ev' - ry man a Bar - ber.

2d. Tenor. *mf* Ho! ho! ho! ho! And ev' - ry man a Bar - ber.

Bass. *mf*

mf *f*

2
The farmer, he's a Barber's friend,
And ready to a trice, sir,
To lather with a recommend,
And shave us with a price, sir.
And shave us with a price, sir,
And shave us with a price, sir,
Ho, ho, ho, ho, And shave us with a price, sir.

4
The doctor, he's a Barber too,
And lathers with a pill, sir,
And many, applicants, or few,
He shaves us with a bill, sir.
He shaves us with a bill, sir,
He shaves us with a bill, sir,
Ho, ho, ho, ho, He shaves us with a bill, sir.

3
Mechanic's, they are Barber's all,
Nor lackeys at their play, sir,
They lather when for work we call,
And shave us for the pay, sir,
And shave us for the pay, sir,
And shave us for the pay, sir,
Ho, ho, ho, ho, And shave us for the pay, sir.

5
The Merchant, he's a Barber too,
Then who than he surpasses;
He lathers well fine calico,
And shaves the pretty lasses.
And shaves the pretty lasses,
And shaves the pretty lasses,
Ho, ho, ho, ho, And shaves the pretty lasses.

6
But of all the suds be-daubing host,
With razors whet the keenest,
The Lawyers lather folkes the most
And shave mankind the cleanest.
And shave mankind the cleanest,
And shave mankind the cleanest,
Ho, ho, ho, ho, And shave mankind the cleanest.