

August 2019

Many Happy Returns of the Day

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Many Happy Returns of the Day" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1015.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1015

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STAGESTRUCK BARBER

OR THE COURT OF APOLLO

MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY

Printed by E. HODGES, (from Pitt's) wholesale
Toyl and Marb'e warehouse, 31, Street,
Seven Dials, where two or three new Songs are
published every week

MERRY words, merry words, ye came burst-
ing around,

Telling all that affection can say :

'Tis the music of heart chords that dwells in the
'Many happy returns of the day.' [sound

The red cheek of the child is more rich in its glow,
and the bright eye more swift in its ray,

When his mates hail his birth in their holiday
and drink 'Happy returns of the day.' [mirth,

But if midst the greetings there's one that we miss
and that one was the dearest of all :

'Tis then we feel lone in a moment like this,

When our loudly hailed birth-day shall fall.

What would we not give if the hour could restore,

The dear form that is far, far away,

If the voice of that loved one could wish us once

'Many happy returns of the day.' [more,

If the voice of that loved one could wish us once

'Many happy returns of the day,' [more,

The old man may smile while he listens and feels,

He hath little time longer to stay.

Still he loveth to hear from the lips that are dear

'Many happy returns of the day.'

Then a garland, a bumper, a dance, and a feast,

Let the natal tide come when it may.

Be it autumn or spring, a gay chorus we'll sing,

'Many happy returns of the day.'

Be it autumn or spring, a gay chorus we'll sing

'Many happy returns of the day.'

THE STAGE STRUCK BARBER, OR
THE COURT OF APOLLO.

O the Muses Dramatic I'm akin,

For my shop is their own Panorama,

And with song I inspire every customer's chin,

As I drop him the scraps of the Drama,

All my soap & perfume from Parnassus's mount,

With such sweet as my customer's swallow

And my brush, too, I dip in Castalia's fount,

While I shave in the Court of Apollo.

(Spoken). 'Up cousin, up! your head is up, I know
Shakspeare. 'Oh, by the powers, now, 'twas up to
my mouth all the time. But what have I got to pay!'

'Three thousand ducats!' 'Shiver my timbers you
are mad N.N.W. but when the wind is southerly,
I know a hawk from a handsaw.' 'Yes friend, but
I cannot tell my razor from a handsaw, for it surely
moveth the flesh.' 'Avaunt, thy blood is cold!' Ah
vel it may be. I wish I may once get out of this
slaughterhouse. 'Slaughterhouse! Off with his
head! Why this is the

Temple o' the Muses—walk in who chooses,
And all take your turns as they follow.

There are no excuses for him who refuses

To shave in the Court of Apollo.

Both the Buskin and Sock 'tis my interest to please

And to dress in the first of the fashion :

Should a cut from the razor, or old Shakspeare tease

Why I tip 'em an Ode on the Passions.

Thus is teasing made easy, & smoothly goes down,

With the oil of dramatic quotation :

And an actor of all work cut out for the town,

I thus live by the town's approbation.

(Spoken). There! Your chin new reaped shows

like stubble land at harvest home: Shakspeare,

'Oh, dam Shakspeare.' 'Had I three ears I'd hear

thee.' 'I'm sure you must have de tree ears, for you

have got one of mine. 'Give every man thine ear,

but few thy voice 'Shake not thy gory locks at

me! Here's some pomatum will make 'each parti-

cular hair stand on end, like quills upon the fretful

porcupine!' 'Bleshma shout! I must surely

have got into Bedlam,' Bedlam! 'Oh, Jephtha,

judge of Israel! why this is the

Temple of the Muses, &

Thus I try how to rival the Roscious at home

And each actor claim as a crony :

Just as characters come within swing of my comb,

I fill up my Dramatis personæ.

When I have a thin house from the 'Tragical Maid'

A visage I draw full of sorrow,

When the whole is farce for my benefit played,

A small smile from Thalia I borrow.

Yes 'I can smile, and murder while I smile!'

'The devil you can? then pray let me go,' 'Nay,

sit, good cousin Hotspur. Art thou not ashamed to

look upon this beard?' 'Pon honor, I've sat here so

long, that I shall soon go to sleep.' 'To sleep—per-

chance to dream. Aye there's the rub!' 'I'd thank

you not to rub so much of your damned soap down

my throat.' 'Then open thy pondrous jaws, and

cast it up again.' 'Ponderous jaws! Where's the

glass?' 'Shine out fair sun, till I can buy a glass.'

'Well, dong me, if I did not think for sartin I wur

in a barber's shop.' 'Shop! Oh hateful error:

melaucholy's child! There is no speculation in those

eyes that thou dost glare with; for this is the

Temple of the Muses, &c.