

**Zeitschrift:** Der Kreis : eine Monatsschrift = Le Cercle : revue mensuelle  
**Band:** 24 (1956)  
**Heft:** 2

**Artikel:** The Jolly Barber  
**Autor:** Crowley, Aleister  
**DOI:** <https://doi.org/10.5169/seals-568033>

### **Nutzungsbedingungen**

Die ETH-Bibliothek ist die Anbieterin der digitalisierten Zeitschriften. Sie besitzt keine Urheberrechte an den Zeitschriften und ist nicht verantwortlich für deren Inhalte. Die Rechte liegen in der Regel bei den Herausgebern beziehungsweise den externen Rechteinhabern. [Siehe Rechtliche Hinweise.](#)

### **Conditions d'utilisation**

L'ETH Library est le fournisseur des revues numérisées. Elle ne détient aucun droit d'auteur sur les revues et n'est pas responsable de leur contenu. En règle générale, les droits sont détenus par les éditeurs ou les détenteurs de droits externes. [Voir Informations légales.](#)

### **Terms of use**

The ETH Library is the provider of the digitised journals. It does not own any copyrights to the journals and is not responsible for their content. The rights usually lie with the publishers or the external rights holders. [See Legal notice.](#)

**Download PDF:** 15.03.2025

**ETH-Bibliothek Zürich, E-Periodica, <https://www.e-periodica.ch>**



## The Jolly Barber

To  
Ginuccio



I met my love in a barber-shop.  
Sing hey! Sing ho!  
He kissed me until I was ready to drop.  
Sing hey! the ship's in the harbour.  
He kissed me straight, and he kissed me oblique;  
He kissed me until I got so weak  
That I couldn't stand and I couldn't speak —  
Sing ho! for the jolly barber!

He couldn't shave and he couldn't shampoo.  
Sing hey! Sing ho!  
But what he could do he could do.  
Sing hey! the ship's in the harbour.  
He kissed me hot, and he kissed me strong;  
And my mother said I should never go wrong  
If I always put things where they belong.  
Sing ho! for the jolly barber!

He kissed me all day, and he kissed me all night.  
Sing hey! Sing ho!  
Oh yes! he certainly kissed me right.  
Sing hey! the ship's in the harbour.  
But love isn't all the poet sings;  
He took my watch and he took my rings;  
And he left me — a lot of other things.  
Sing ho! for the jolly barber!

*Naples*

*By Aleister Crowley, from «Olla»,  
published by the O.T.O. London.*