The Flying Trapeze - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE FLYING TRAPEZE

Once I was happy but now I'm forlorn,
Like an old coat that is tattered and torn.
Left in this wide world to fret and to mourn.
Betrayed by a maid in her teens;
The girl that I loved she was handsome,
I tried all I knew her to please,
But I could not please her one quarter so well
Like that man upon the trapeze.

Chorus.
He'd fly through the air with the greatest of ease.
A daring young man on the flying trapeze.
His movements were graceful, all girls be could pleas*
And my love he purloined away.

This young man by name was " Signor Bona Slang,"
Tall, big and handsome as well-made as Chang,
Where'er he appeared the hall loudly rang
With ovation from all people there;
He smiled from the bar on the people below,
And one night he smiled on my love;
She winked back at him and she shouted " Bravo!"
As he hung by his nose up above.-Chorus.

Her father and mother were both on my side.
And very hard tried to make her my own bride.
Her father he sighed, and her mother she cried,
To see her throw herself away.
'Twas all no avail, she went there every night,
And would throw him bouquets on the stage,
Which caused him to meet her, how he ran me down
To tell you would take a whole page.-Chorus.

One night I as usual went to her dear home,
Found there her father and mother alone,
I asked for my love, and soon they made known
To my horror, that she'd run away!
She packed up her box and eloped in the night.
With him with the greatest of ease,
From two stories high, he had lowered her down
To the ground on his flying trapeze.-Chorus.

Some months after this I went to a hall.
Was greatly surprised to see on the wall
A bill in red letters, which did my heart gall,
That she was appearing with him.
He taught her gymnastics and dressed her in tight*
To help him to live at his ease,
Vnd made her assume a masculine name,
And now she goes on the trapeze.

Chorus.
She floats through the air with the greatest of ease,
You'd think her a man on the flying trapeze,
She does all the work while he takes his ease,
And that's what's become of my love.