The Lady In The Sun - song lyrics

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

THE LADY IN THE SUN.
Copyright, 1893, by James Meakins.
Composed by James Meakins. Arranged by Reinhard W. Gebhardt.

INTRODUCTION.
Scene-" Bill in the Rainbow" (speaking): She comes, a witch the world knows nothing of; I see her, a charm, an amulet; and if the stars are angels in the sky, the sun and moon gods of light and dark, supreme night and day, I am- "Cue ": Bill in the bow, a witch also.

I'm just come down here from the sun,
So golden in the blue sky, as you see;
Sol says I may have a little fun,
With the shadow on the earth in love will fancy me.
I am so superhuman that I flirt with all the stars
As around this world I wander with a smile;
And one thing only bars my mating with old mars,
The younger stars are singing all the while.
i
Chorus.
Ta-ra, ra-ra, ra-ra, hi-ta, ra-ra, ra-ra.
With a shadow on the earth I want a little fun,
Ta-ra, ra-ra, ra-ra, hi-ta, ra-ra, ra-ra;
All the gods up in the sky want Sollie in the sun.

I make all light is in the sun,
And blended on the earth I like to be,
To make all the shadow quickly run,
While in my shine to me here comes sweet humanity.
Jove says I am a woman and I tell him he's a coon,
And Venus is a-getting rather vile;!
The old man in the moon tells me he'd like to swoon,
While Satan sings with shadows in a tile.-Chorus.

I do my joking into pun,
A-spurning in a dark shade I agree;
For wit and good humor I'm the one
Can thus enlighten up the world in hilarity.
I'd like to get some human that would hug my life a day,
But a comet is awaiting on an isle;
So I must kick the sky and in love say good-bye;
The spirits are a-singing in a pile.- Chorus.

I'd like to kiss you, but I can't,
As something seems to bother all the while;
Pa says that I mustn't and I shan't,
Mamma says I must and shall put on a higher style.
I ask you all to meet me And we'll breathe a sigh for sigh,
To that land above the blue sky let us while;
We can live in the sun when Pa and Ma are won,
The angels are a-singing in a roil.

Chorus.
If Ma says you must not venture up in my lot,
Address all you have to say to Sollie in the sun;
I shall get your letter where eclipse is better,
Not dispelling all in love, I mean to marry one.