# After The Show Is Over - song lyrics

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

AFTER THE SHOW IS OVER
I Copyright, 1894, by Frank Harding.
Written and Composed by E. W. Rogers.

On the stage the show has ended, and the music's notes have ceased,
To the street the tired scene-shifters wander, glad to be released;
Now the play and song are over, and the crowd is coming out -
"What! oh, Bill, here stand a liquor." Hello, Hurry, hear them shout.
Now a parson creeps with caution from the talis una smiles a snio|e,
Of the ballet thinks, and murmurs, "Very charming, 'pon my soul."
Carriage here! allow me, lady. Driver here! four city sports
Drive off in an old four-wheeler for a round of gay resorts.

Chorus.
After the show is over, after the curtains fall,
Dark is the big theatre, gloomy the music hall,
Homeward in joy and sadness, artists and audience go;
Life's a long play, but we end it some day, after the show.

'Tis a portable theatre. Dirtington-upon-the-mud,
And the actors are performing dramas full of deeds of blood-
Parts! why, bless your souls, they have none. One comes on and says "ha, ha,"
Then the other cries, "Stand, villain," kills him, and says "Tra-la-la."
They will talk of lands and money, and a paper banquet spread,
Knowing that the sharing will not brim; them in a dime a head.
Supper-time-to cool; a cutlet, Queen throws off her silken gown,
While the King says, with derision, "Now, methinks, a beer we'll down." -Cho.

Crowds are in the grand theatre, ready at the fun to yell:
Jones, the pet comedian's, on now, but he isn't going well;
Hazily his part he mutters, hisses from the 'gods' resound,
Till poor Jones breaks down completely, and the boss in wrath comes 'round:
"Jones, you're drunk." "No; don't say that, sir-what's upset me, don't you know?
My poor wife is nearly dying: thoughts of her have spoilt my show."
Ah! thank heaven! the last act's over-home he goes in fear and dread,
Mounts the stairs, "Great God!" he murmurs, "All too late, my darling's dead!"

Chorus.
By the stage-door stands an old man, muttering in a maudlin way,
Then the stage-door keeper spies him-" Now, old rags, just clear away."
"Rags! you call me," and the old man lifts his drink-stained, haggard face,
"Rags! ha, ha, 'tis true, but one day I starred in this very place-
What has done it? drink; I curse it, yet I cannot do without-
Give me drink-one glass of whiskey!" then the leading man comes out:
"Sir! what-James! great heavens, you're starving;
Come with me." "No, save your breath: just a quarter,"
And the old man creeps away to drink And death.- Chorus.