

# The Man On The Flying Trapeze

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Oh Once I was hap-py, but now I'm for - lorn Just Like an old coat that is tat-tered and  
 8 torn; Left on this wide world to fret and to mourn, Be-trayed by a maid in her teens...  
 16 — Now This girl that I loved she was hand-some;— and I tried all I knew her to please.  
 24 — But I ne - ver could please her one quar - ter so  
 28 well As the man on the fly - ing tra - peze.\_\_\_\_\_

He'd fly through the air with the greatest of ease,  
 That daring young man on the flying trapeze.  
 His movements were graceful, all girls he could please  
 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'd smile from the bar on the people below  
 And one night he smiled on my love.  
 She wink'd back at him and she shouted "Bravo,"  
 As he hung by his nose up above.

Her father and mother were both on my side  
 And very hard tried to make her my 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.

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'd 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@e.

Some months after this I went to the 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'd taught her gymnastics and dressed her in tights,  
 To help him live at his ease,  
 And made her assume a masculine name,  
 And now she goes on the trapeze.

She'd fly through the air with the greatest of ease,  
 You'd think her the man young man on the flying trapeze.  
 Her movements were graceful, all girls she could please,  
 And that was the end of my love.