The Man On The Flying Trapeze

Words by GEORGE LEYBOURNE

Moderato

Music by ALFRED LEE.

1. Once I was happy but now I'm forlorn, Like an old
   coat that is tatter'd and torn; Left on this wide world to fret and to
   mourn, Betray'd by a maid in her teens. The girl that I loved she was
   rang With ova-tion from all people there. Twas all no avail she went
   cried, To see her throw herself a-way. She'd pack'd up her box and e-

2. This young man by name was "Signor Boni Slang," Tall, big and
   hand-some, as well made as Chang. Where'er he ap- peared the Hall loud-
   known To my hor-ror, that she'd run a-way. She had inside her box and
gall, That she was ap-pear-ing with him. He taught her gym-nas-tics and

3. Her fa- ther and mo- ther were both on my side, And ve-ry hard
   trials tried to make her own bride, Her fa- ther he sigh'd and her mo-
   eager To go to the wall. A bill in red let-ters which did my heart

4. One night I as usual went to her dear home, Found there her
   face and her fa- ther and mo- ther al- one, I ask'd for my love and soon they made
   pressed to see on the wall. A bill in red let-ters which did my heart
   eager To get to the wall. A bill in red let-ters which did my heart

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Hand-some, I tried all I knew, her to please. But
people below, And one night he smiled on my love. She
there every night And would throw him bouquets on the stage. Which
loped in the night With him, with the greatest of ease. From
dressed her in tights, To help him to live at his ease. And

I could not please her one quarter so well, Like that man up on the Trapeze.
wink'd back at him and she shout-ed "Brave!" As he hung by his nose up above,
caused him to meet her, how he ran me down. To tell you would take a whole page
two sto- ries high, he had lower'd her down To the ground on his fly-ing Trapeze!
made her assume... a mas-cu-line name, And now she goes on the Trapeze!

CHORUS

Whoa! He'd fly thro' the air with the greatest of ease, A dar-ing young man on the fly-ing Trapeze. Whoa! She floats thro' the air with the greatest of ease, You'd think her a man on the fly-ing Trapeze.

His movements were graceful, All girls he could please, And my love he's purloined away. She does all the work. While he takes his ease, And that's what becomes of my love.