

Man on the Flying Trapeze

by George Leybourn, 1868

G *G#dim7* *Am* *Am*
Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn
D7 *D7* *G* *Gdim7* *G*
Like an old coat that is tattered and torn;
G *E7* *Am* *Am*
Left on this wide world to fret and to mourn,
D7 *D7* *G* *G*
Betrayed by a maid in her teens.

Em *B7* *Em* *Em*
The girl that I loved she was handsome and swell;
Em *B7* *Em* *Em*
I tried all I knew her to please.
B7 *Em* *B7* *Em* *Em*
But I could not please her one quarter so well
Am *Em* *B7* *Em* *D7*
As the man on the flying trapeze.

G *G* *Am* *Am*
He flies through the air with the greatest of ease,
D7 *D7* *G* *Adim7* *D7*
That daring young man on the flying trapeze
G *E7* *Am* *Am*
His movements were graceful, all girls he could please
D7 *D7* *G* *G*
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 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