

# The Flying Trapeze

Gaston Lyle,

D7 G C D7

1. Once I was hap - py, but now I'm for - lorn, Like an old

6 Am D G

coat that is tat - tered and torn; Left in this wide world to

11 C D G C

weep and to mourn, Be - trayed by a maid in her teens. \_\_\_\_\_ Now this

17 Bm7 Em C

girl that I loved, she was hand - some, \_\_\_\_\_ And I tried all I knew her to

23 G Em C G

please, \_\_\_\_\_ But I ne - ver could please her one quart - er so

28 

well As the man on the fly - ing trap - eze. Oh, he floats through the

34    

air with the great - est of ease, This dar - ing young man on the fly - ing trap -

40    

eze; His ac - tions are grace - ful, all girls he does please, My\_\_

45  

love he has pur - loined a - way. \_\_\_\_\_

2. He'd play with a miss like a cat with a mouse,  
 His eyes would un-dress every girl in the house.  
 Per-haps he is bet-ter de-scribed as a louse,  
 But the peo-ple they came just the same.  
 Oh, he'd smile from his perch on the peo-ple be-low  
 And one day he smiled on my love.  
 She blew him a kiss and she hol-lered, "Bra-vo!"  
 As he hung by his nose up above.

3. Oh, I wept and I whimpered, I simpered for weeks,  
While she spent her time with the circus's freaks.  
The tears were like hailstones that rolled down my cheeks,  
Alas, and alack, and alacka!  
I went to this fellow, the blackguard, and said,  
"I'll see that you get your deserts!"  
He put up his thumb to his nose with a sneer,  
He sneered once again, and said, "Nertz!"
4. One night to his tent he invited her in,  
He filled her with compliments, kisses, and gin  
And started her out on the road to ru-in,  
Since then I have known no repose.  
But e'en now I loved her, I said, "Take my name!  
I'll gladly forgive and forget;"  
She rustled her bustle without any shame,  
Saying, "Well, maybe later, not yet."
5. One night as usual I went to her home,  
And found there her father and mother alone,  
I asked for my love, and it soon was made known,  
To my horror, that she'd run away.  
Without any trousseau, she'd fled in the night  
With him with the greatest of ease,  
From two stories high he'd lowered her down  
To the ground on his flying trapeze.
6. Some months after that I went into a hall,  
And to my surprise I found there on the wall,  
A bill in red letters which did my heart gall,  
That she was appearing with him.  
Oh, he'd taught her gymnastics,  
And dressed her in tights,  
To help him to live at his ease,  
He'd made her take on a masculine name,  
And now she goes on the trapeze.

(Last chorus:)

Oh, 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.

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Gaston Lyle,

E7 A D E7

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6 Bm E A

coat that is tat - tered and torn; Left in this wide world to

11 D E A D

weep and to mourn, Be - trayed by a maid in her teens. Now this

17 C#m7 4fr F#m D

girl that I loved, she was hand - some, And I tried all I knew her to

23 A F#m D A

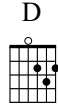
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 But the peo-ple they came just the same.  
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 And one day he smiled on my love.  
 She blew him a kiss and she hol-lered, "Bra-vo!"  
 As he hung by his nose up above.

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Gaston Lyle,

C7 F B♭ C7

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coat that is tat - tered and torn; Left in this wide world to

11 B♭ C F B♭

weep and to mourn, Be - trayed by a maid in her teens. \_\_\_\_\_ Now this

17 Am7 Dm B♭

girl that I loved, she was hand - some, \_\_\_\_\_ And I tried all I knew her to

23 F Dm B♭ F

please, \_\_\_\_\_ But I ne - ver could please her one quart - er so

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F7 B♭ E♭ F7



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coat that is tat - tered and torn; Left in this wide world to

11 E♭ F B♭ E♭



weep and to mourn, Be - trayed by a maid in her teens. \_\_\_\_\_ Now this

17 Dm7 Gm E♭



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23 B♭ Gm E♭ B♭



please, \_\_\_\_\_ But I ne - ver could please her one quart - er so



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well As the man on the fly - ing trap - eze. Oh, he floats through the

B $\flat$ E $\flat$ 

F

Cm

34



air with the great - est of ease, This dar - ing young man on the fly - ing trap -

F

B $\flat$ E $\flat$ 

F

40



eze; His ac - tions are grace - ful, all girls he does please, My\_\_

F7

B $\flat$ 

45



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girl that I loved, she was hand - some, \_\_\_\_\_ And I tried all I knew her to

23 A F#m D A



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A D E Bm

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E A D E

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# The Flying Trapeze

Gaston Lyle,

## Ukulele

C7 F B $\flat$  C7



1. Once I was hap - py, but now I'm for - lorn, Like an old

6 Gm C F



coat that is tat - tered and torn; Left in this wide world to

11 B $\flat$  C F B $\flat$



weep and to mourn, Be - trayed by a maid in her teens. \_\_\_\_\_ Now this

17 Am7 Dm B $\flat$



girl that I loved, she was hand - some, \_\_\_\_\_ And I tried all I knew her to

23 F Dm B $\flat$  F



please, \_\_\_\_\_ But I ne - ver could please her one quart - er so

28 C



well As the man on the fly - ing trap - eze. Oh, he floats through the

34 F      B♭      C      Gm



air with the great - est of ease, This dar - ing young man on the fly - ing trap -

40 C      F      B♭      C



eze; His ac - tions are grace - ful, all girls he does please, My \_\_\_

45 C7      F



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