Before “Popeye” made this an American classic, it was a music hall standard.

\[D7\quad G\quad E7\quad C\]

Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn,

\[D7\quad G\quad D7\]

Like an old coat that is tattered and torn,

\[G\quad E7\quad C\]

Left in this wide world to weep and to mourn,

\[D7\quad G\]

Betrayed by a maid in her teens.

\[Em\quad B7\quad Em\]

Oh this maid that I loved, she was handsome,

\[Em\quad B7\quad Em\]

I tried all I knew her to please,

\[Em\quad B7\quad Em\quad A7\]

But I never could please her one quarter as much,

\[D7\]

As the man on the flying trapeze.

\[G\quad E7\quad A7\]

CHORUS:  Oh, he floats through the air with the greatest of ease,

\[D7\quad G\quad D7\]

The daring young man on the flying trapeze,

\[G\quad E7\quad A7\]

His actions are graceful, all the girls he does please,

\[D7\quad G\]

And my love he has stolen away.

\[D7\quad G\quad E7\quad C\]

He'd swing and he'd turn at the top of the house,

\[D7\quad G\quad D7\]

His eyes would undress every girl in the house,

\[G\quad E7\quad C\]

In fact, he'd be better described as a louse,

\[D7\quad G\]

But still people came, just the same.

\[Em\quad B7\quad Em\]

He'd flirt and he'd smile at the people below,

\[Em\quad B7\quad Em\]

And one night he smiled on my love,
She threw him a kiss and she hollered, “Bravo,”
As he hung by his nose from above.

CHORUS

One night, as usual, I went to her home,
And found there her father and mother, alone,
And then, to my horror, to me they made known,
That my love she had stolen away.
She'd packed up her bag and eloped in the night,
To travel with him at his ease,
He'd lowered her down from the four story height,
By means of the flying trapeze.

CHORUS