

Song Of The Stage - song lyrics

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SONG OF THE STAGE.

By I. Kroch. Tune-"Faces."

While sitting in theatre we see some curious sights,
As portrayed by the actors in both afternoon and nights;
And artists who amuse you, make your face with pleasure beam,
And others whom you'd like to give a dose of "Paris Green."
If you go there on burlesque nights, you'll see bald heads by the footlights;
They try to mash the ballet-girls, who work them all for jays;
And silly dudes, who look like flats, and ladies with their great big hats-
To see the show you must look in a thousand different ways.
There's the bad and wicked villain in a scene that's very thrillin',
And the funny low comedian, who tries to make you roar;
There's the man who dives in trenches and saves the big adventuress,
But her complexion's different from the one she had before.
Actors very serious make you feel quite delirious.
The gray-haired physician, who's prescribing right and left.
And the lovely banker's daughter, her sweet face would freeze hot water,
And the daring trapeze artists, who will dive into a net.
The minstrel with his stale puns, and the soldier with his fake guns,
Admired by the pretty girls, while the other men all fail;
The tramp who's never dreary, though his face is very beery.
Always bracing for price so he can fill his pail;
The business man so natty, he is prompt, polite and chatty,
With his good-looking typewriter sitting near his chair;
Then comes the revelation of the clerk's defalcation.
But before the show is ended with everybody he is square.
There are many incidentals, and things that are ornamental,
And the supes who play "Richard the Third" for fifty cents a night.
Maggie, Rose and Sallie, who look lovely in the ballet,
If you saw them with their make-up off you'd get an awful fright.
Then there's the sweet bell-ringers, the grand opera-singers,
Their notes in voice and salary both come very high:
Every year they try to do us with their ancient farewell tours;
If it wasn't for old America, where would they get their pie.
Jugglers who are clever please us with their endeavors.
And acrobats tumbling 'round in spangles shining bright.
Now these are few attractions that drive away distraction,
And help us one and all to pass away a pleasant night.
As the play draws to the climax in wedding scenes And smilax,
We hastily leave our seats and pass up the aisle;
We tell our darling Mary Ann we've got to go and "see a man",
But before we return again, we have our quiet "smile".