

# Tray Bong - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

TRAY BONG

Sung by Miss Lizzie Valrose.

Last summer I went away  
To France to spend my holiday;  
Whilst I was there in love I fell  
With what you would call a nice French girl;  
I won her at once, this charmer so meek.  
But felt very bashful no French could I speak,  
The language I could not get into my head;  
I thought she'd be vexed, but she only said:

Chorus.

Tray bong, tray bong, tray bong, tray bong.  
That's what this French girl said all along;  
Whatever I did I could never do wrong,  
She only said, tray bong, tray bong.

She told me tray bong meant that's good,  
And teach me more she really would;  
In fact, she said, before you go  
Me teach you more than you now know;  
she took me to see the sights in France,  
The gay mabile and can-can dance;  
A kiss or a squeeze she never denied.  
But always seemed pleased and gaily replied: Chorus.

At last I found I'd lost my ring,  
Watch and chain, my purse and pin,  
And looking round I lost my belle,  
And found out, alas, she was a sell;  
I raved to the police, said, I'd lost my tin;  
They misunderstood me and soon ran me in,  
So when I got home in old England, you bet,  
I told ad my pals I shall never forget-

Chorus.

Tray bong, that's good, tray bong, tray bong,  
It seems to run in my bead the day long;  
If you go to France, mind you do not go wrong,  
For the girls are not always tray bong, tray bong.