

# Bon Jour - song lyrics

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

BON JOUR.

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Words by Harry B. Smith. Music by Ludwig Englaender.

Bon jour, bonjour, mes camarades!  
Get out, get out and hold him, you fool!  
Rejoiced to meet you all, I'm sure.  
Confound that pesky, wretched mule.  
Tho' I've been roaming in many a clime,  
And been away for a deuce of a time,  
'Tis joy to see you, my friends, once again,  
'Tis joy to be home once more.  
I'm deeply moved, I say I'm moved, extremely moved.

My forte is versatility, in Thespian facility;  
My smiling affability to me wins ev'ry heart;  
I've talents a variety, of startling contrariety;  
I've sampled ev'ry kind of trade and nearly every art:  
The bus'ness of a wizard I well know from "A to izzard";  
O I ridicule all rivals, I can give them "cards and spades."  
I once was a tragedian, a melancholy, seedy un-  
In fact, in me you clearly see a jack of all trades.

Refrain.

Behold in me the whole epitome of versatile felicity;  
My talent is no ordinary kind;  
I am a paragon! I am the only one!  
I am a universal genius of gifts in multiplicity.  
My equal upon earth you will not find.  
For I am Tereschappe the magical,  
The comical, the tragical!  
Take off your hats to me.

At prestidigitation I'm the wonder of the nation.  
Anything you like to something else with readiness I turn;  
My singing voice vociferous, wins posies odoriferous  
From ladies who adore me and for my affections yearn;  
I am a "record breaker" as a necromancing fakir.  
No large sleeves and no moustache I wear; I do not need their aids.  
In ballet dance fantastical, my legs are most elastical-  
In fact, in me you clearly see a jack of all trades.-Refrain.