

# I'm A Gay Soubrette - song lyrics

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I'M A GAY SOUBRETTE.

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Words and Music by Safford Waters.

On the poster's vaudeville, or the comic op'ra bill,  
You can always find my name, whenever you will.  
For I'm really quite the thing, I can dance and I can sing,  
They cannot do without me; if you dare to doubt me,  
You do not know about me, I'm such a gay soubrette.  
Every manager, I know, wants to book me for his show,  
And, of course, it's awkward when I must answer "no!"  
Anything is sure to go, for the public love me so;  
They really like me best if my songs are suggestive,  
With streaks of dancing festive, I'm each a gay soubrette.

Chorus.

I'm a gay soubrette, you see, a darling, gay soubrette.  
All the Johnnies are in love with me, the bald heads declare I'm a pet,  
Though it cannot be denied that I'm a sad coquette;  
Still, of course, that's only natural, because I am a gay soubrette.

Spoken-Some people think soubrettes are naughty-but such is not the case  
-any one with half an eye can see, by looking at me, that I'm an innocent,  
bashful little thing, with a modest, retiring disposition, and I can break any  
one's face who says I'm not, so there now!-Repeat Chorus.

I'm devoted to my art, and I study on my part  
Till I'm sure the critics cannot pull me apart;  
For, of course, it is the trick to be natural and "chic,"  
And so I nail my verses, for sure nothing worse is  
Than slips when one rehearses, If she's a gay soubrette.  
Ev'ry night I chance to play, some one sends me a bouquet,  
Really, I can't stop him if he will be a jay.  
And a little bid to dine, which, of course, implies the wine,  
For glasses gaily clinking, when good friends are drinking.  
Just suits the style of thinking of any gay soubrette.- Chorus.

Spoken (Usher presents bouquet with note attached)-[Sotto Voice.]-  
Who'd you say? that young man over there? Oh! isn't he just too sweet (opens  
note and reads it) [aloud] That's all right, Johnny, at the stage door, and say,  
let's go to Del's, nothing I like better than a bottle and a cold bird. - Repeat  
Chorus.