

# TRIXY AND FRISKY, COMICAL CLOWNS, AND THEIR FRIEND FLITCHY IN VAUDEVILLE

## THE TRICK OF THE HEADLESS CLOWN



My diddle, diddle, the clown played the fiddle,  
The pig jumped over the moon.  
The fiddle laughed to see such sport  
Till it laughed itself out of tune.

Flitchy dearly loves a jingle, choosing Mother Goose for guide;  
And, thinking of the pigs that went to market, swells with pride.



Professor, with his mask and axe, seems though he wanted gore—  
Still, there's no need to be afraid; it's magic, nothing more.



Now, Frisky's down a-kneeling, with his head upon the block.  
And Flitchy's sympathetic, but he dreads the awful shock.



Professor holds aloft the head besmeared with magic glue—  
It looks like Flitchy's head, although it's false—it's not the true.



The trick is quite successful, judging from Professor's pose—  
Or would have been had that sly clown just kept off Flitchy's toes!



But he upsets the pot of glue, and also floors the clown,  
And Frisky loses the balloon—his head—as he goes down.



Now that that clown is light of head is very plain to see,  
And, stuck fast to the floor, 'twill take hard pulls to set him free.



Nay, all the horses of the king and all his mighty men,  
Without an auger or a saw, will scarce loose him again.



The trick had worked just as it should and all gone off quite pat  
But for the trouble with the glue and what came after that.

ARROWHEAD

