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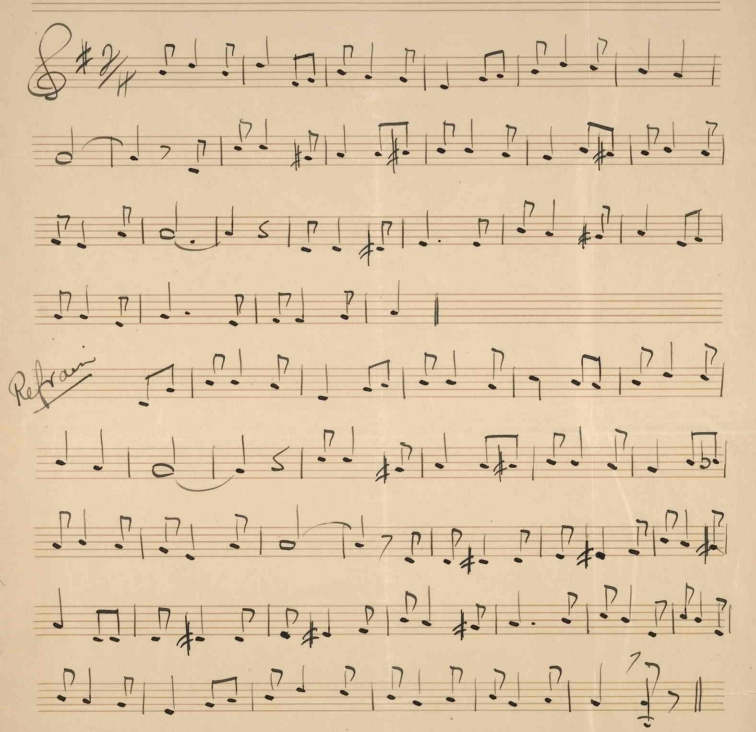
A THE FRENCH MAM'SELLE STEALS OUR M'SEDU | FINA LE VINSOHN



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LYRIC OF SONG.

IF THE FRENCH MAM'SELLE STEALS OUR YANKEE M'SEIU.
(Why we'll start a world war of our own.)

Over the sea, there in far, far Paree',
Where the French Mam'selle's roll their eyes,
They flirt and they smile, and they show off their style,
To our Yankee boy's all of the while,
All's fair in love, andall's fair in war,
But we'll stand for so much, and not an inch more.

If the French Mam'selle steals our Yankee M'seiu,
Why we'll start a world war of our own.
We do not mind, if we are left behind,
But we'll stand for no French monkey shines,
The next time a French man, comes over the sea,
If he looks like those blue boy's just leave it to me,
I'll marry that man before he can count three,
And I'll steal from that ~~Mam'selle~~ (damsel) whatshe steals from me.

The Flower of our land, has gone you understand,
And theyes no one, but old guys at home.
Over in France that land of Romance,
To hold on our boy's, Some foolish risky chance,
But we'll get square, we'll make them stare,
When we turn some Yankee trick, And it won't be pulling hair.

If the French Mam'selle stals our Yankee M'seiu,
Why we'll start a world war of our own.
We do not mind, if we are left behind,
But wall stand for no French monkey shines,
The next time a French man comes over the sea,
If he looks like those blue boy's just leave it to me,
I'll marry that man before he cna count three,
And I'll steal from that ~~Mam'selle~~ damsel what she steals from me.

DINA LEVINSOHN

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