

Jeannette And Jeannot - song lyrics

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JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT.

You are going far away, far away from poor Jeannette,
There is no one left to love me now, and you, too, may forget
But my heart will be with you, wherever you may go,
Can you look me in the face and say the same Jeannot?
When you wear the jacket red and the beautiful cockade,
Oh I I fear that you'll forget all the promises you made;
With a gun upon your shoulder and your bayonet by your side.
You'll be taking some fair lady and be making her your bride-
You'll be taking some fair lady And be making her your bride.

Or, when glory leads the way, you'll be madly rushing on,
Never thinking if they kill you that my happiness is gone;
If you win the day, perhaps a general you'll be,
Though I'm proud to think of that, what will become of me?
Oh I if I were queen of France, or still better pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad, no weeping maids at home;
All the world should be at peace, or if kings must show their might,
Why let them who make the quarrels so the only men to fight-
Yes, let them who make the quarrels be the only men to fight