

# Marguerite Waiting For A Lord - song lyrics

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

MARGUERITE (Waiting for a Lord)

Copyright, 1893, by White-Smith Music: Publishing Co.

Words by R. Willrose. Music by V. Fassone.

Of the boys who vow they love me, I have had at least a score,  
First a gay and charming Frenchman, then a handsome, dark Signor;  
Then a stout and hearty "Deutscher," and a Spaniard full of pride.  
Then a smart and cute young Yankee, and they all to me have sighed:

Chorus.

Marguerite, I long have loved you madly,  
Marguerite, I really want you badly;  
Marguerite, oh dear! I love you so,  
Ah, tell me, tell me quickly, shall I stay or go?

It was on the gay boulevardies, as I passed amid the throng,  
And was feeling rather lonely, that my Mounseer came along;  
He'd the loveliest moustachio, and tres, tres chic was he.  
And we'd not gone far together, when he softly sighed to me:

Chorus.

Marguerite, je t'aime, je t'aime.  
Marguerite, d'you think you feel the same?  
Marguerite, ma foi! I love you so,  
Oh, tell me, tell me quickly, shall I stay or go?

Then a Yankee from Chicago came across the pond to see  
All the finest sights of London, so of course he soon saw me!  
Then I told him I was longing for a peep at the World's Fair;  
Says my Yankee, smart as ever: "Wal, I guess I'll take you there."

Chorus.

Marguerite, you bet I love you madly;  
Marguerite, I guess I want you badly;  
Marguerite, you'd best believe that's so,  
Ah, tell me, tell me quickly, shall I stay or go?

Now it happen'd that I wandered into Whitechapel one day,  
M'here the costers all adore me in their own "chevalier" way;  
There was one who most politely always used to doff his cap;  
If he didn't there accost me, just as every other chap:

Chorus.

Marguerite, you really are a blazer;  
Marguerite, you even beat Elizer:  
Marguerite, jump on my barrer, do!  
So 'elp me, I will only love the moke and you.

You will think it rather funny I am still in single bliss,  
But if you'll keep it secret, the reason why 'tis this-  
For an English lord I'm waiting, and I think the time is near,  
When, with his arms around me, he'll whisper in my ear:

Chorus.

Marguerite, I long have loved you madly;  
Marguerite, I really want you badly;  
Marguerite, be Lady So and So;  
Then I shall answer quickly, and it won't be "No!"