

The Little Mad'moiselle - song lyrics

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THE LITTLE MAD'MOISELLE.

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Words and Music by Lester Thomas.

I will tell you of a pretty little mad'moiselle;
What her other little name is very few can tell;
Though her ways are quite Francaise, yet her face is quite Anglaise;
She is the great attraction for the Champs Elysee swell;
You may meet her as the boulevards you wink along;
You will see she is "an fait" with all the French beaamong;
You must be on your qui vive, for she's plenty up her sleeve;
And when you're introduced to pretty little mad'moiselle,
You must raise your tall chapeau, say, "I hope I'm not detrop!"
Little Mad'moiselle replies with her Parisian "No, not"

Chorus.

And when she says "Je sins Francaise! "just smile like this,
And then this pretty little mad'moiselle begins to parlez and the tale to tell;
And When she says, "Ah, twiggy, twiggy vous!" say "Oui, ma belle!
Very chiccy, very tricky, vous tres thicky, Mad'moiselle!"

One day little mad'moiselle and I were walking out-
As we did the boulevards, a girl stepped up to shout,
"Blow me, 'Liza, now what cheer? What yer doin' over here?"
Then mad'moiselle said, "You mistake: say, what you talk about?
Then the girl who had the east end bonnet shouts aloud,
"What yer gettin' at and what's it makes yer bloomin' proud?
She's no Frenchy, 'Liza Jane; she's a dysy from the Lane!"
Then mad'moiselle says, "Blow me, Sal, you've given a pal away!"
Then I mined my tall chapcatl, said, "I fear I am detrop!"
Little mad'moiselle replied with her Parisian "No, not"

Chorus.

And when she said "Je sins Francaise! "I smiled like this,
And then this pretty little mad'moiselle began to parlez and the tale to tell;
And when she said. "Ah, twiggy, twiggy vous! "I said, "Ma belle,
Very chiccy, very tricky, vous ires thicky, mad'moiseile!"