Le Roi et le Fermier.

(1762.)

English version by
Dr. Th. Baker.

«Il regardait mon bouquet.»

Arietta.

PIERRE ALEX. MONSIGNY.

(1729-1817.)

Allegretto. ($d = 112$)

Il regardait mon bouquet,
His eye was on my bouquet,

Sans doute il le désirait. Je l'ai pris,
No doubt his wish it would say; I, poor soul!

je l'ai mis à son habit. Il rit, il rit, il rit,
put it in his button-hole. He smiled! Poor child! He smiled: Poor

Copyright, 1903, by G. Schirmer, Inc.
rit, child!
He was so friendly to me, And gave me

sent- ce la. Je le prends Et l'em- brasse à l'instant.
this that you see. 'Twas not a miss, So I gave him a kiss.

Pan! Maman Me dé-tache un bon soufflet, Net, Et j'ai sur le bec Un bon coup sec.
Ah! Maman Steals a round behind my back; Whack! And I get a clout Up-on the snot.

"Pour-quoi frap- per cet enfant?" Dit ce Mon- sieur en grondant,
"Why do you punish her then?" Grumbled this kind gentle-man;

"Ce baiser. Pou-vait-il ja-mais m'offen- ser?" Com-me je-
"For this kiss. How could it ever come a miss?" There I stood
Tais là pleurant, il tire encore de l'argent, En disant:
"Approchez, belle enfant, Tenez, ma petite fille !"

Prends pour faire en-de-veur Ma-aman, there, To make Ma-ma mad for fair!