Ma Jeanette - song lyrics

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MA JEANETTE.
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Words by Richard Norton. Music by Sydney Jones.

I have come straight from the "Continong,"
In triumphant march I've come along;
Old men and young men looked and bowed the knee,
And rendered homage really due to me.
In Paris they all implored that I
Would deign to smile, or else, they said, they'd die;
And a noble prince said, "He would fret
His life away without Jeanette."

Chorus.
Ah, Ma Jeanette, my darling, how I love thee;
Ah, Ma Jeanette, fair as the skies above me;
Ah, Ma Jeanette, I'd die without regret
For a kissy, kissy, kiss, kiss, yummy, yummy, yum,
from Ma Jeanette.

Monte Carlo's gay casino crowd,
At my entrance there, all rose and bowed,
And if I walked when cards I would not play,
The gamblers 'rose and followed me away.
New York ladies praised my latest style,
And men made wagers all about a smile,
And if ever I went to make a bet
They said, "Now use our cash, Jeanette." - Chorus.

Straight away from there to Nice I went,
Rome and Florence, still on pleasure bent;
The hearts I broke, the conquests that I made.
It makes a poor young thing like me afraid.
When I tired of a foreign shore
And sighed for dear old British land once more,
In Paris again my prince I met;
He said, "Take me with you, Jeanette." - Chorus.