

Come On And Play Wiz Me

(My Sweet Babee)



Mamabel

WORDS BY
Bert Kalmar and
Edgar Leslie
MUSIC BY
Harry Ruby

Barbelle

Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co.
STRAND
THEATRE
BUILDING
NEW YORK

Words by
BERT KALMAR and
EDGAR LESLIE

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Music by
HARRY RUBY

Marcia

Piano

Voice

Till Ready

All the boys in France were wild a - bout Mar-celle, — A sweet Pa-
She had eyes just like the skies they were so blue, — And you can

-ris-ian belle, — And one by one they fell. — She would cap - ti - vate them with her
bet she knew, — Just how to roll them too. — Ev-'ry fel-low used to call her

naught-y glance, She'd al-ways thrill them and she'd fill them with ro-mance. — Like a ba-by
"ma cher-ie," — And they would go a mile her sun-ny smile to see. — When the fel-lows

she was full of play, — And all the boys would love to hear her say: —
knew that she was near, — They'd knock each oth-er down each time they'd hear: —

Chorus

3

"Come on and play wiz me, — my sweet ba - bee; — You bounce me 'tre je lee, — up - on your

knee. — Come on — I'll be your choc'late e-clair — Come on, — You'll be my

sweet 'pom-de - tier.' — But you must love me true, — no Ap - ril fool, — If some-one flirt wiz you, —

— I'll fight ze duel. — Ze French-man in France take ze big lib - er - ty, — Be -

- cause Gay Pa - ree is ze land of ze free; — But don't think zat you can get

to free wiz me, Come on and play wiz me, — My sweet ba - bee? — "Come on and bee?" —

p-f

D.S.