

# COM-PREN-A-VOO, SONG.

by  
**John L.  
Golden**  
and  
**H. A.  
Jennings.**



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AS  
SUNG BY  
**Merri Osborne.**

in  
**JACK AND THE BEANSTALK**

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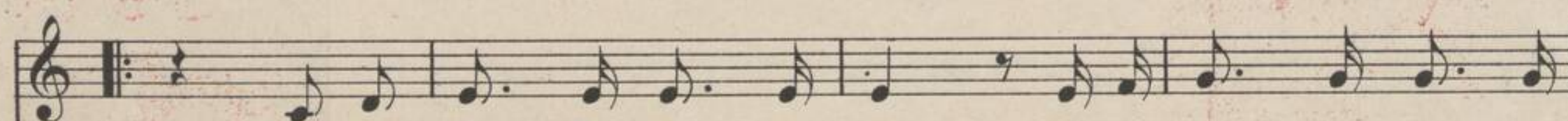


## COM - PREN - A - VOO ?

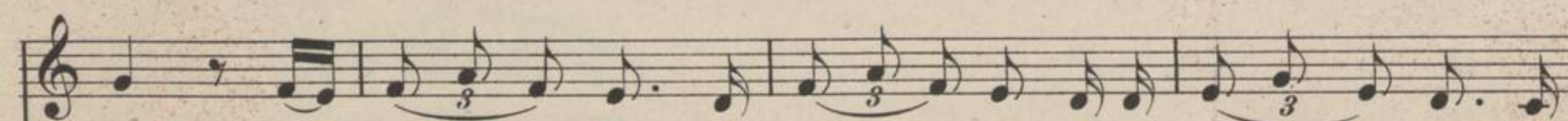
Words by N.A.Jennings.

Music by John L. Golden.

Tempo di Marcia.



1. Let me tell to you, Ma chere, Of a ter - ri - ble af-  
 2. Zen zis man he tear his hair, And, in An - glais, how he  
 3. Oh, but now how I des - pair! For my friends, zey tell me



-faire Zat hap-pen en route from gay Pa-ree, Wiz a fellaire up - on ze  
 swear, Un - til we ar-rive in zis country, And get off zat 'orri - ble  
 zere, Ze man zat make love to you, on ze sea, Is ze rich million-aire of



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deep blue sea.                      How I suf-fer on zat steam-  
 ter - ble sea                      When I think of zat steam-  
 zis coun-tree. (*Spoken 3d.V. "Ah!"*)                      Zis is worse zan mal - de -

-aire, Oh, ..... oh, ..... I'm so sick wiz mal - de -  
 -aire, Oh, ..... oh, ..... Still I suffer wiz mal - de -  
 -mer, Oh, ..... oh, ..... I've re-fuse a mil - lion -

mer, Oh, ..... Mon Dieu!                      Zis man  
 mer, Oh, ..... Mon Dieu!                      When we  
 -aire, Oh, ..... Mon Dieu!                      Zen zis

*f rit.*



*a tempo*

make such love to me, And he cried, "Be mine, Che - rie!" But I  
land my friends meet me, And I say, "Zis man you see, He  
man he look at me, And I call to him, "Oui, oui!" And I

*a tempo*

said, "Monsieur, don't bozzaire me, Pour - quoi I came to zis coun-tree To  
all ze time make love to me; But I snap my fin-gers "pouf, tra-lee," For I  
kiss my hand, and I let him see Just a lit - tle bit of lin-ge - rie; But he

*rit.* *a tempo*

marry a mil-lion-aire! No, nossing but a mil-lion-aire!  
want one mil-lion-aire! One 'Mer-i-can mil-lion-aire! } Spoken: "Comprenavoo?"  
laugh, zis mil-lion-aire, And he say, "Ah! zere, stay zere!" Repeat ad lib.

*rit.*

CHORUS.

1&2. Com-pren-a - voo, Monsieur?..... How you say? Ees it clear?..... If so please  
3. Com-pren-a - voo, Mam'selle?..... It will not do, Ma Belle!..... And so I



go; You are what, in Fran-cais, we call, "De trop!" Par - don, Mon-  
go; I am what, in Fran-cais, you call, "De trop!" Par - don, Mam'-

-sieur, here's you cha-peau! You are not rich e-nough, you know! I  
-selle, but I must go I am not rich e-nough, you know! I

like you for my brozzaire, but to mar-ry you, no, no!  
like you for my sistaire, but to mar-ry you, no, no!

1. 2.