

CHANSONNETTE - (R. Friml)

Chan-son - ette, Chan-son - ette Love was born when we
gleam of the moon Brings a dream of the

met: For ev-er and a day, let me stay by your side. Ev-'ry
tune: That mel-o-dy di-vine, al-ways mine as my guide.

2 The rose that blooms on each to-mor-row It's

fra-grance shall bor-row from you. Chan-son - ette, Chan-son - ette You will

nev-er re-gret For-ev-er to be known as my own Chan-son - ette.

My Chan-son - ette. My Chan-son - ette.