Widow of Twenty Nine.

Words by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Allegro.

She is all woman in one,
The dashings the
Spangled Legion,

When she is met in Belle France,
This widow so

Charming Ma foi,

When she's at home by der Rhine,
Hans, Ludwig und

Sporty! The gentle, the haughty,
Every kind under the

Charming Ma foi,

The way they think is so

Men are her playthings and toys,
On

Tranced!...

Gas-ton and Lou-ise and George,
Dai-ly a heart she kaputs.

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Widow of Twenty nine, S.N.
madness she keeps them all bordering,

No body denies her, from

Please her they play every spoony trick,

You meet for one minute, her

Fortune or title will brush aside,

Ach pity those Germans, poor

salesman to Kaiser They beg or play dead at her ordering.

Smile will be grin it Then you quick like that are a lunatic.

Heinrich and Herrmann She's driven to Pilsner or suicide.

Refrain.

All on a little bit of string Soldier, sailor

Billionaire and King Each a jumping jack she dances

Widow of Twenty-nine S.N.
By her moods and by her glances, All on a little bit of string Each will his heart before her fling To her sceptre all incline Widow of twenty-nine, twenty-nine.