Beatrice Fairfax, Tell Me What To Do!

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Music by
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Allegro moderato

Little Marjorie, hard working girl was she, She
Every single night, a perfumed note she'd write, She'd

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So met a nice young fellow, As charming as could be; At  
ask a million questions, But still she was polite; He'd  
sight they loved each other, On air they seemed to float, In.  
cut such funny cupcakes, Her mind was so upset, That  

stead of asking mother, She sat right down and wrote:  
love-lorn on the papers These little notes would get:  

CHORUS  
"Oh, Beatrice Fairfax, what shall I do?  
"Oh, Beatrice Fairfax, what shall I do?"
I want the bare facts, the truth from you; I want the bare facts, the truth from you; I have a nice young sweetheart, the best a girl could get, although he’s always teasing, he hasn’t kissed me yet. Oh, darling Beatrice, It’s up to you, lap. Oh, darling Beatrice, It’s up to you,
So print my answer, kindly do!
So print my answer, kindly do!

1. He takes me out to dances, Now should I take those chances?
said, that he's a loafer, But I know he's a chauffeur,
church I tried to get him, He says, his wife won't let him,

Beatrice, Beatrice, tell me what to do! Oh, Beatrice do!
Beatrice, Beatrice, tell me what to do! Oh, Beatrice do!
Beatrice, Beatrice, tell me what to do! Oh, Beatrice do!