THE FOOTMAN AND THE MAID

Lyric by EDWARD A. PAULTON and ADOLF PHILIPP

Music by JEAN BRIQUET and ADOLF PHILIPP

（Allegretto）

VOICE

(§hs)

If you were a foot-man

(§hs)

If you were a foot-man

(§hs)

state-ly (n.s.) And you were an art-ful maid (n.s.)

state-ly (n.s.) And you were a maid, a minx! (n.s.)

Our

Each

views we should al-ter great-ly, (n.s.) One thinks as be fits his trade. (n.s.) The

time that we walked se-date-ly, We'd in-ter-change know-ing winks, (n.s.) I

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things we once thought proper  We'll suddenly despise. (He) Each stand by her at dinner  And leave her wine glass dry. I'd
time we told a whopper  Our words we'd analyse, (She) I'd have to laugh, the sinner  Takes tipple on the sly, (She) How
know each hidden mystery That makes my lady fair; In gently sweet her tone is, Assuming courtly airs, When
friend-ship more than siste-ry From co-sume-tique to hair.

she with me alone is, Good heavens! how she swears!

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CHORUS
(a tempo)

(He) Were I a foot-man! (She) You'd be a dandy!
(She) Were you a foot-man! (He) I'd be a dandy!

(She) Were I a maid! (He) You'd prove quite handy!
(He) Were you a maid! (She) You'd prove quite handy!

(Both) I think we'd very soon contrive

To know how many beans make five

With bill col-
With sweet-heart
lectors on us calling We'd lie to
num ber two en quir ing While num ber

them with ease appalling We'd say, no
one's inside admiring We'd say, no

doubt, "Madame is out!" Back? Can't say
doubt, "Madame is out!" Back? Can't say

when! Yes! Call again!
when! Yes! Call again!

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