A STAMP ENCLOSED

Song

Lyric by
EDWARD A. PAULTON
and ADOLF PHILIPP

Music by
JEAN BRIGUET
and ADOLF PHILIPP

Tempo di Gavotte

VOICE

Dear - est, Don't you
Tho' of late I

I know I used to love you? No one on my heart had a
have - n't called so oft - en, That does not im - ply I am

claim, such as you. Tho' it's trite to say there's none a - bove you
cold, Not at all! Hearts of mar - ble, you were made to soft - en,

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(3rd) That is un-e-quiv-o-cal-ly truel  
Hence it's wis-er for me not to call.

(4th) You're so cute, so

coy-ly tan-tal-iz-ing, I would be your slave tho'
made of life-to-va-ry, One at for-ty should not

I were a Czar;
act like a boy.

Ov-er me you're tyr-an-iz-ing,
As a step pre-cau-tion-ar-y,

Which is rea-ly not sur-pris-ing. See-ing you're the si-ren that you are.
All my ef-forts lit-ter-ar-y, I con-clude it wis-dom to de-stroy.

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CHORUS

Your ears are quite the loveliest that listen,
Your eyes are quite the brightest eyes that glisten;

A chance to paint your nose no artist's missing,
Your mouth, above all mouths, is made for kissing.

What's missing?
When you start a purring, little kitten,

I am not surprised at what I've written. (sigh) From your

style the truth I learn, First with love your letters burn, Now

I suppose that you'll enclose (fast) A stamp for their return. Your stamp for their return.

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