K-K-K-Katy

French Text by
A. BOLLAERT

Moderato

P'tit Jean était un vrai brave pию pию,

ad lib. till voice

Jim-ny was a sol- dier brave and bold,
No one ever looked so nice and neat,

Cath-rine a-vait cheveux dor a rend fou,
C'fut l'es-tin quim porte, Cath-rine

Katy was a maid with hair of gold,
Like an act of fate, Kate was
No one could be just as cute and sweet,
That's what Jim-ny thought, When the

é tait d'ant sa porte, Comme ils dé-fi-laien prop' comme un sou,

standing at the gate,
Watching all the boys on dress pa-rade,
Wedding ring he bought, Now he's off to France the foe to meet.

Jean d'ant les fill'a-vait l'air i-diot, I bé gay-aït

Jimmy with the girls was just a gawk,
Stuttered ev-ry
Jimmy thought he'd like to take a chance,
See if he could
n'est vaut dire un mot, Mais c'étoit là huit heures, D'Cat'hri'ne

time he tried to talk, Still that night at eight, He was
make the Kais-ser dance, Step-ping to a tune, All a-

il fut à la d'meure, Lui bègay-er ëtau p'tit chant d'amour:

there at Kat-ty's gate, Stutter-ing to her this love sick cry,
about the sil-vry moon, This is what they hear in far-off France.

CHORUS

"K-K-K Kat-ty, beau-ti-ful Kat-ty, You're the on-ly g-g-g-girl that I a-

rîne; Dès qu'la lu-lu-lune lui-ra, Lé table é-clair-ra, J'llatten
dore; When the m-m-m-moon shines, O-ver the cow-shed, I'll be

drai devantia po-po-port'la cui sîne;" "K-K-K-door?"