Come On And Play Wiz Me
(My Sweet Babee)

Words by
BERT KALMAR and
EDGAR LESLIE

Music by
HARRY RUBY

Marcia

Piano

Voice

All the boys in France were wild about Marcelle,
A sweet Parisian belle,
And one by one they fell.

She had eyes just like the skies they were so blue,
She would capture them with her
bet she knew, Just how to roll them too.

Ev'ry fellow used to call her
naughty glance, She'd always thrill them and she'd fill them with romance.
Like a baby "ma cherie" And they would go a mile her sunny smile to see.

When the fellows
she was full of play, And all the boys would love to hear her say:
knew that she was near, They'd knock each other down each time they'd hear:
Chorus

"Come on and play wiz me, my sweet ba-bee; You bounce me 'tre-je leee, up-on your knee. Come on I'll be your chocolate-clair. Come on, You'll be my sweet pom-de-tier. But you must love me true, no April fool, If some one flirt wiz you, I'll fight ze duel. Ze French-man in France take ze big lib-er-ty. Be-cause Gay Pa-reec is ze land of ze free; But don't think zat you can get to free wiz me, Come on and play wiz me, My sweet ba-bee! "Come on and bee!"