

EUROPE'S BIGGEST SENSATION
MON HOMME
(MY MAN)

ad
40



Sung by **MISS FANNY BRICE** in
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
of **1-9-2-1**

Music by
MAURICE YVAIN

English lyric by
CHANNING POLLOCK

LIONEL S.
REISS

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Mon Homme

(My Man)

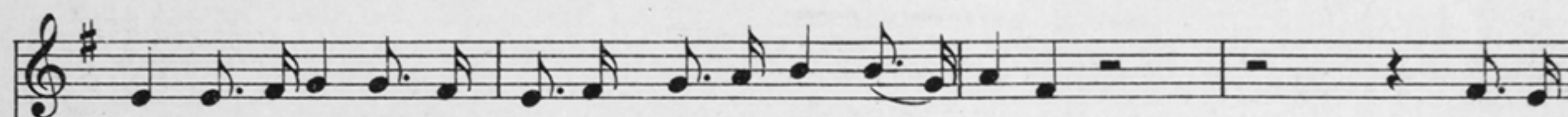
Paroles de
ALBERT WILLEMETZ and
JACQUES CHARLES

Fox Trot Song

Musique de
MAURICE YVAIN

English Lyric by CHANNING POLLOCK

Moderato de Schottisch espagnole



cost me a lot, but there's one thing that I've got — It's my man

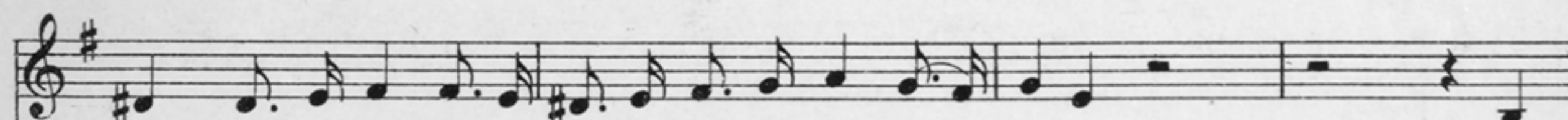
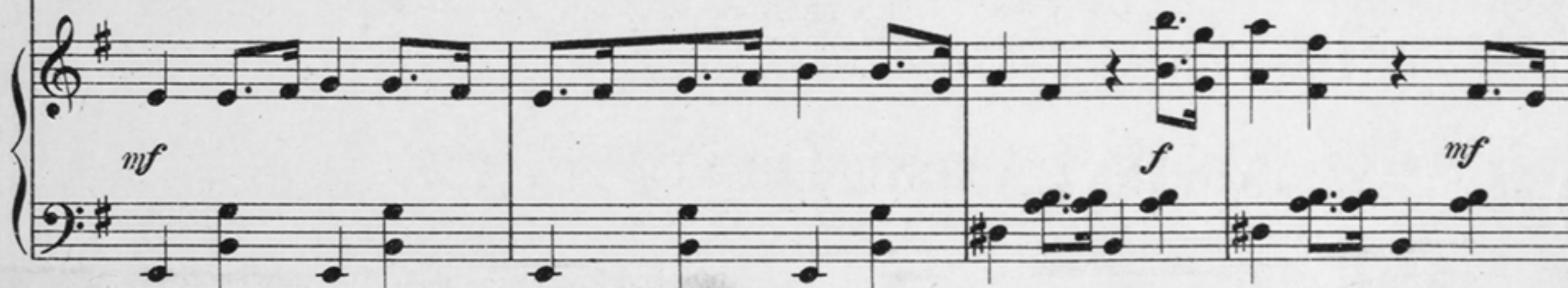
Cold and

Sometimes I say if I just could get a - way With my man

He'd go

Sur cet - te - terr', ma seul' joie, mon seul bon-heur C'est mon homme.

J'ai don-



wet, tired you bet; but all that I soon for-get With my man

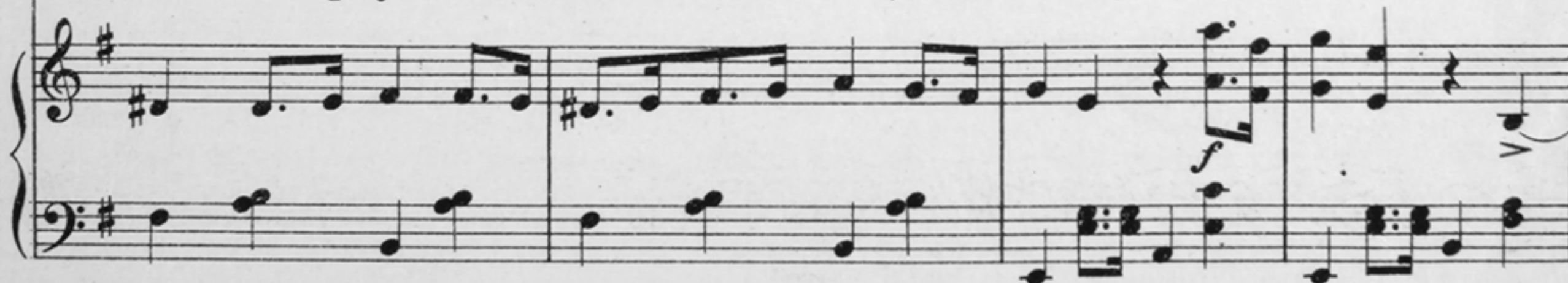
He's

straight sure as fate, for it nev-er is too late For a man

I

-né tout c'que j'ai, mon a - mour et tout mon cœur, A mon hom-me,

Et



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not much for looks, and no he-ro out of books — Is my man Two or
just like to dream of a cottage by a stream With my man Where a
mê - me la nuit Quand je rê - ve, c'est de lui De mon hom-me, Ce n'est

mf f mf

three girls has he that he likes as well as me, But I love him! I — don't know why I should,
few flow-ers grew and perhaps a kid or two, Like my man And then my eyes get wet,
pas qu'il est beau, Qu'il est ri-che ni costaud Mais je l'ai-me, c'est i - doit I'm 'fout des coups,

He is - n't good, He is - n't true, He beats me too, What can I do?
I 'most for-get, 'Til he gets hot, And tells me not To talk such rot.
I'm 'prend mes sous, Je suis à bout Mais mal gré tout Que vou lez - vous.

REFRAIN

Oh, my God I love him so, he'll nev - er know, All my life is just de-
Je l'ai tell'ment dans la peau Qu'j'en d'viens mar - teau, Dès qu'il s'ap-proch' c'est fi-

f p f

-spair, but I don't care When he takes me in his arms the world is bright, all
 - ni Je suis à lui, Quand ses yeux sur moi se posent ça m'rend tout cho -

right; What's the difference if I say I'll go a-way, When I know I'll come back
 - se, Je l'ai tell' ment dans la peau Qu'au moindre mot, I'm f'rait fair'n im-por-te

on my knees some day? For what-ev-er my man is I am his for-
 quoi, J'tue-rai ma foi, J'sens qu'il me rend-rai in-fâme, Mais je n'suis qu'un

-ev-er more! Oh, my God I love him
 fem-me. Et j'lai tell' ment dans la