

# They dont propose

arranged for the

## GUITAR

by

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*Andantino.*

It's really very singular; I cannot

make it out; I've many beaux, Yet none propose, What! what are they a-bout. There's M!

*Lentando.*

Baily\_ He comes here daily To dinner and to dose. He smiles and sighs, Looks very wise... And yet, and

yet Hedont pro- pose! No no no no no no no no, He dont pro- pose, he dont pro-

- pose, No no no no no no no no no no no no Hedont, he dont, he dont propose.

2<sup>nd</sup> VERSE. 

There's Captain Francis of the Blues Who looks such speechless things,

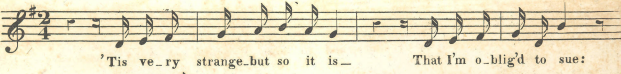
*Ad lib.* *allegro.*  
Such coal black eyes, Such words and sighs, Such pretty, pretty, pretty songs he

*Lento.*  
sings; He does not lack encour- age- ment; He has e- nough of that he

knows. I make his tea, He drinks to me, But yet he dont, he dont pro-  
*allegro.*

- pose. No no no no no no no he dont pro- - pose, he dont pro-

- pose, No no no no no no no no he dont pro- pose, he dont, he dont, he dont, he wont propose.

3<sup>rd</sup> VERSE. 

'Tis ve- ry strange- but so it is- That I'm o- blig'd to sue:

Altho' they say I look divine, Yet, all my looks wont do. My father

thinks 'tis ve- ry hard That, out of all my dashing beaux Who comes to

dine and drink his wine, There is not one who will pro- pose. No no no

no no no no no they dont pro- pose, they wont pro- pose, No no no no no no no no they dont pro-

- pose, they wont, they dont, they wont, they dont pro- - pose.