

# Mamselle

Arr. Doug Miller

8  
A small ca - fe Mam-selle. — Our ren - dez - vous, Mam-selle, — The vi - o - lins were warm and

6  
sweet and so were you, Mamselle. — And as the night danced by — a kiss be - came a sigh. — Your love-ly

13  
eyes seem to spar-ke just like wine does, No heart ev-er yearned the way that mine does, Mam - selle. — my Mam-

18  
selle. And yet I know too well — some day you'll say good-bye. — Then vi - o - lins will cry and

24  
so will I — Mam - selle. — And so will I — my Mam - selle. vi - o - lins will cry