

heard; Our lips are now for - bid to speak, The smallest foreign word.

SECOND VERSE.

I dare not sigh "*Pensez à moi,*"  
 Or "*Soyez moi fidèle!*"  
 Nor can he say "*Toujours à toi,*"  
 Or, "*À ce revoir, ma belle!*"—  
 And if "*Ne m'oubliez pas*" slips out,  
 (As 'twill ere I'm aware,  
 "They're talking French!" is scream'd about,  
 Ere I can add "*Mon cher,*"  
 Oh! no, &c.

THIRD VERSE.

And "*M'aimez vous*" I never hear,  
 Nor dare he ever say  
 "*Jusqu'à la mort,*" so much we fear  
 "*To parlez en Français,*  
 All ears are open when he sits  
 Beside me, after tea,  
 Lest he should say "*Acceptez moi?*"  
 And I should answer "*Oui,*"  
 Oh! no, &c.