

1928

# Memories of France / music by Russel Robinson; words by Al Dubin

Russel Robinson

Al Dubin

Waterson Berlin and Snyder Co. (New York)

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# Memories of France



Miller Music Company  
609 Walnut St., McKeesport, Pa.

Words by  
*Al Dubin*

Music by  
*J Russel Robinson*

With  
UKULELE ARRANGEMENT



MADE  
U.S.A.



# Memories Of France

A "RAY CANFIELD" Melody Arrangement, for Ukulele

Lyric by  
AL DUBIN

Tune-a-Uke  
G C E A

Music by  
J. RUSSEL ROBINSON

Some-one whis - pers to me, "I love you, mon che - ri," In my mem - o -

ries of France And we stroll once a - gain by the old riv - er Seine, In my

mem - o - ries of France And I see her still plac - ing ro - ses —

Where man - y an old pal re - pos - es, And we laugh, and we

cry, Then a kiss, then "good - bye," In my mem - o - ries of France.

## INSTRUCTIONS

Be Sure Your Instrument Is Properly Tuned (Tuning is at the Top of Page).

To get the best results use a felt pick. The fingers may be used but the quality of tone produced is less effective. Place fingers in accord with diagramed dots and accompanying numbers.

A number of dots barred together are all to be held down with the one finger, whose number is given in the diagram. The marginal numbers shows at a glance which fret is being used.

- (X) When a string is marked "X" gauge your stroke to avoid striking this string.
- (♦) The Diamond indicates that this string is open and is to be picked but once.
- (O) The Circle indicates that this string is to be held down on the fret it is found and picked but once.

—RAY CANFIELD.

# Memories Of France

## SOUVENIRS DE FRANCE

Lyric by  
AL DUBIN

Paroles Françaises

de R. BEAUDRY Valse moderato

Music by  
J. RUSSEL ROBINSON

C Low Eb Medium F High  
Tune-a-Uke  
Bb Eb G C

Piano

Voice

Like a lot of lit-tle bub-bles, I can blow a-way my trou-bles, Dream-ing of  
On the road from Cha-teau Thier-ry, Once a-gain so tired and wea-ry, I wan-der  
*J'ai bien dou-ce sou-ve - nan - ce De ce beau pa-ys de Fran-ce Où j'ai con-*

*p*

my ro - mance, — With a pret - ty lit-tle daugh-ter  
on my way — Then I reach a Lat-in quar-ter  
*nu l'a - mour, — Car c'est là, près de l'Ar - gon - ne*

Of a land a-cross the wa-ter, I dream that I'm back in France. —  
And a Cha-teau by the wa-ter, It seems just like yes-ter - day. —  
*Qu'u-ne Fran-çai-se mi - gnon-ne At-tend en - core mon re - tour. —*



Refrain

Some-one whis - pers to me, "I love you, mon ché-ri," In my mem - o -  
*Et j'en - tends u - ne voix Qui me dit: "Re-viens-moi, En ce beau - pa -*

*p-f*

ries — of France — And we stroll once a - gain By the  
*ys — de France, OÙ je t'at - tends tou - jours A - vec*

old riv - er Seine, In my mem - o - ries — of France —  
*le même a - mour En ce beau - pa - ys de France?"*

— And I see her still plac - ing ros - es, — Where ma - ny an  
*— Le sou - ve - nir de ses ca - res - ses — Rem - plit en - core*

Bb7 Cmi Eb Fmi

old pal re - pos-es, — And we laugh, and we cry, — Then a kiss, then 'good-  
 mon coeur d'i - vres-se. — Non, je ne l'ou-blie pas, Tout mon bon - heur est

Ebdim Bb7 Bbaug Eb Bbaug

bye," — In my mem - o - ries — of France. Some-one  
 là — En ce beau — pa - ys — de France. Et j'en

Ebdim Bb7 Bbaug Eb

bye," In my mem - o - ries — of France.  
 là En ce beau — pa - ys — de France.

F7 Bb7 Bbaug Eb

Optional high ending

bye," In my mem - o - ries — of France.  
 là En ce beau — pa - ys — de France.




RECITATION

# MEMORIES OF FRANCE

(To Chorus Melody)

By AL DUBIN



The war has long been forgotten,  
And it's best that we should forget,—  
It's an old story now, but still, somehow,  
There are dreams that linger yet.

It's not the dream of the battle  
And it's not the shot and the shell,—  
It's the mem'ry of a doughboy in love  
And a sweet little Mademoiselle.

You can blot out the mem'ry of bullets  
When the years roll by like this,  
But you can't erase a beautiful face  
And the mem'ry of a kiss.

You can even forgive the enemy,—  
Forgive them as time goes by,  
But as long as you live you'll never forgive  
Yourself,—For saying goodbye.

Maybe she wasn't your sweetheart,—  
You considered her only a toy,  
But when God made her kind, He had in mind  
A homesick soldier boy:

Sing Last Ending

She would laugh, she would cry,  
Then a kiss, then "goodbye,"  
In my memories of France.

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