



MA BELLE MARGUERITE

In September when the grapes are purple
Marguerite pick the grapes with me
There are silver bells upon her fingers
All the little boys come out to see

Ma belle Marguerite
So beautiful to see
Les mains de ma petite
Marguerite pick the grapes with me.
Ting -a-ling- a-ling- a-ling- a-ling- a-ling-a-ling-ay,
Ting -a-ling- a-ling- a-ling- a-ling- a-ling-a-ling-ay.
Ting -a-ling- a-ling- a-ling- a-ling- a-ling-a-ling-ay,
Ting -a-ling- a-ling- a-ling- a-ling- a-ling-a-ling-ay.

In October when they fill the wine press
Marguerite treads the grapes with me
Marguerite has the feet of angels
All the little birds come out to see

Chorus

In December when the wind is blowing
And the snow is on the Bois d'Issy
Sunshine still is in the golden glasses
Marguerite drink the sun with me
Ma belle Marguerite
So beautiful to see
La bouche de ma petite
Marguerite drinking wine with me
Marguerite drinking wine with me