

Julie Andrews "Then You May Take Me To The Fair"

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Do you recall the other night that I distinctly said
You might serve as my escort at the next town fair?
Well, I'm afraid there's someone who I must invite in
place of you
Someone who plainly is beyond compare

That Frenchman's power is more tremendous
Than I have ever seen anywhere
And when a man is that stupendous
He, by right, should take me to the fair

Your majesty, let me tilt with him and smite him
Don't refuse me so abruptly, I implore!
Oh, give me the opportunity to fight him
And Gaul will be divided once more!

You'll bash and thrash him?
I'll smash and mash him
You'll give him trouble?
He will be rubble

A mighty whack? His skull will crack
Well, then you may take me to the fair
If you do all the things you promise
In fact, my heart would break should you not take me to
the fair

I have some rather painful news relative to the subject
Who's to be beside me at the next court ball
You were the chosen one, I know but as tradition
It should go to the unquestioned champion in the hall

And I'm convinced that splendid Frenchman
Can easily conquer one and all
And besting all our local henchmen
He should sit beside me at the ball

I beg of you, mam, with hold your invitation
I swear to you this challenge will be met
And when I have finished up the operation
I'll serve him to your highness en brochette

You'll pierce right through him?
I'll barbecue him
A wicked thrust?
'Twill be dust to dust

From fore to aft? He'll feel a draft
Well, then you may sit by me at the ball
If you demolish him in battle
In fact, I know I'd cry were you not by me at the ball

Didn't I promise that you may guide me to London
On the day that I go up to judge the cattle show?
As it is quite a nasty ride there must be someone at my
side
Who'll be defending me from beast and foe

So when I choose whom I prefer go
I take the strongest knight I know
And young du Lac seems strongest, ergo
He should take me to the cattle show

Your Majesty can't believe this blustering prattle
Let him prove it with a sword or lance instead
I promise you, when I've done this Gaul in battle
His shoulders will be lonesome for his head

You'll disconnect him?
I'll vivisect him
You'll open-wide him?
I'll subdivide him

Oh, dear, dear, dear, dear, dear
Then you may guide me to the show
If you can carry out your program
In fact, I'd grieve inside should you not guide me to the
show

Milady, we shall put an end to
That Galic bag of noise and nerve
When we do all that we intend to
He'll be a plate of French Hors D'oeuvres

I do applaud your noble goals
Now let us see if you achieve them
And if you do, then you will be the three who go to the
ball
To the show and take me to the fair

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