

SM 3426

Fan Song.

3

Lyric by
FRED de GRESAC and
EDWARD PAULTON.

Music by
SILVIO HEIN.

Deliberato.

Piano, *mf*

Moderato.

p

I think the dev - il, not a man, De - vised this wea - pon, sure; This
You of - fer dar - ing com - pli - ment, The fan con - ceals a smile, Our

pret - ty thing we call a fan Poor males to death, to lure, Of
spark - ling eyes on con - quest bent, Peep o - ver it, mean - while, But,

flirt - ing, 'tis an ac - tive part To an - y girl that's plain; The
hate as well, the fan may hide, Tho' burn - ing love we feign, In

5595-8

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hand ling of a fan is some-thing of an art But,
noth - ing but the cold steel in - jured maids con - fide To

Temp di Bolero.

no - where as it is in Spain.
win them their re - venge in Spain.

Tempo di Tango. Refrain.

Be - hind the fan ——— Like a cun - ning lit - tle

spi - der, we ——— Keep watch on man ———

Till he's tan-gled in the web, we see. — Be-hind the

fan ——— { To en - trap him is our naugh - ty plan ———
 { To a - venge a brok - en heart, we plan, ———

— It spells suc - cess, to be | ——— Be - hind the
 — So death lurks treach - e - ry | ———

fan ——— Be - hind the fan.