Take Me Out to the BallGame

By

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Lyrics

Take me out to the ball game,
Take me out with the crowd.

Buy me some peanuts and Cracker Jack,
I don't care if I never get back.

Let me root, root, root for the home team,
If they don't win, it's a shame.

For it's one, two, three strikes, you're out,
At the old ball game.

FRANCH	TRANSLITERATION	ENGLISH	POETIC
Au clair de la Lune mon ami Pierrot prète moi ta plume pour écrire un mot, ma chan-delle est morte jen'ai plus de feu, ouvre moi ta porte pour l'amour de dieu.		In the moonlight my friend Pierrot lend me your pen to write a word, my candle is dead I have no more fire, open your door to me for god's sake.	At your door I'm knocking, by the pale moonlight, Lend a pen, I beg you, I've a word to write. Out has gone my candle, my fire burns no more, For the love of heaven, open up the door!