

DADDY.**SONG.**

Words by
MARY MARK LEMON.

Music by
A. H. BEHREND.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Take my head on your shoulder, Daddy Turn your face to the west, It is

just the hour when the sky turns gold, The hour that mother loves best. The

poco accel.

day has been long with - out you, Daddy, You've been such a while a - way..... And

poco accel.

now you're as tir'd of your work, Daddy, As I am tir'd of my play; But

a tempo

I've got you And you've got me, So ev'ry thing seems right..... I

*a tempo**rall.**rit.*

wonder if mother is thinking of us, be - cause it is..... my birth - - day

*rall.**rit.*

Daddy.

a tempo

night!

a tempo

Why do your big tears fall, Dad dy? Mother's not far a -

- way,..... I of - ten seem to hear her voice falling a - cross my

poco accel.
play, And it some - times makes me cry, Dad dy, To*poco accel.*

Daddy.

think it's none of it true, Till I fall a - sleep, to dream, Dad_dy, Of

home, and mother and you..... For I've got you, and you've got me, So

ev - 'ry thing may go,..... We're all the world to each o - ther, Daddy, For

rall. *colla voce.*

mother, dear mother once told..... me so. I'm

rit. *a tempo*

Daddy.

sometimes a _fraid to think, Dad_dy, When I am big like you,..... And

you are old and grey, Daddy, What you and I would do!,..... If,

when we got up to Hea _ ven, And mo _ ther was wait _ ing there, She

shouldn't remem _ ber the two she left, So sad and so lone _ ly here..... But

Daddy.

year by year, still sees no change, And so 'twill all be

right,..... We shall al - ways meet her in our dreams,

Dad - dy, good night, Dad - dy, good night, dear Daddy, dear Daddy, good

ad lib.

night,..... good night.....

Daddy.