Dear Little Boy Of Mine

Oft when I'm lonely my memory swings
Back to your baby days,
Feeling the joys that a baby brings
Out of God's wondrous ways;
Seeming to hear the first pray'r that you said,
Longing to tuck you in bed—
There's no one knows how I long for you now,
Here with my arms outspread.

Boy of mine, Boy of mine,
Altho' my heart was aching,
I seemed to know you'd want to go,
Pride in your manhood waking.
I'll be here, waiting, dear,
Till at a glad dawn's breaking,
I'll hear you say you're home to stay,
Dear little boy of mine,
Dear little boy of mine.

Out of the mist of those wonderful years,
I see your baby smile,
Days when I kissed you and dried your tears
Seem such a little while;
Hearing the words mother taught you to say,
Watch you at your childish play,
For always in dreams, you're with me it seems,
Just as you'll be some day.

J. Keirn Brennan
DEAR LITTLE BOY OF MINE

Lyric by
J. KEIRN BRENnan

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

Moderately with expression

Oft when I'm lone-ly my mem-o-ry swings Back to your ba-by days,
Out of the mist of those won-der-ful years, I see your ba-by smile,

Feel-ing the joys that a ba-by brings Out of God's won-drous ways
Days when I kissed you and dried your tears Seem such a lit-tle while
Seem-ing to hear the first pray'r that you said,
Long-ing to tuck you in bed—There's
Hear-ing the words moth-er taught you to say,
Watch you at your child-ish play—For

no one knows how I long for you now,
Here with my arms out—spread—
al-ways in dreams, you're with me, it seems,
Just as you'll be some day.

Boy of mine, Boy of mine, Al-tho' my heart was
ach-ing I seemed to know you'd want to go,
Pride in your manhood waking
I'll be here,
\[a\ \text{tempo}\]
\[\text{rit.}\]
\[a\ \text{tempo}\]

waiting, dear,
Till at a glad dawn's breaking
I'll
\[\text{hear you say you're home to stay,}
\text{Dear little boy of mine.}

Dear little boy of mine.