

SAM MAYO'S FAMOUS

# BABY

*(LIKE YOUR POOR OLD DAD)*



*Written, Composed & Sung by*

# SAM MAYO

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*Lawrence Wright.*

PRICE  
**6<sup>d</sup>** net.

# BABY


(LIKE YOUR POOR OLD DAD)

Written and Composed by

TUNE UKE IN C 

SAM MAYO

Slowly 

Key F 



1. BABY, BA - BY, some day may - be, As you grow a little bit old - er, I won - der what will be your  
 2. BABY, BA - BY, some day may - be, As you grow a little bit old - er, Will skirts be like they are to -







plan — when you're a man. I've wor - ried ev - er since the first day that you came to town, When your  
 - day? — so long and gay. Or are they going to wear the good old - fashioned crin - o - line, So the







mo - ther and my - self both used to bob you up and down, And at night I had to warm your Glax - o  
 chaps can't tell if la - dies they are ban - dy, fat or lean, But per - haps they'll have to find all that out



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in the fry-ing pan. — Some nights I don't get a wink, I just lie a -  
on their wedding day. — Ba - by dear, I wish you knew How great my love

*Slower*

-wake and think, As years go by I keep on won-der-ing what will you do? — I wish that I knew.  
is for you, I feel some-how I want to cud-dle you, So give me a kiss, And just tell me this:-

**CHORUS**

1. Will you be a gal-lant sai-lor, Or a tin-ker or a tail-or, Will you join the ar-my,  
2. Will you let the wo-men fool you, And your wi-fie nag and rule you? 'Cause she wants silk un-der-  
*Last Chorus* Will you ev-er love an-oth-er Like your dear old dar-ling mo-ther? But she's not here now, so

P'raps the Gre-na-diers? And don't for-get what I have told yer, If  
-wear of pink or blue? And then sup-pose she nags and jaws on, With those  
son-ny don't you cry, You have no mo-ther's love to bless you, Or to

ev-er you become a sol-dier, Be-ware of Ma-de-moi-selle from Ar-men-tiers!  
flan-nel-ette plus-fours on, She'll ir-ri-tate her-self as well as you.  
kiss you and ca-ress you, She's left us sad and lone-ly, you and I.

Baby

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**HORATIO NICHOLLS**  
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I DON'T  
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To be a par-son, is that your am-bi-tion? Be tee-to-tal, and stick up for pro-hi-  
With these lit-tle hands of yours I won-der, son-ny, When you're old-er will they han-dle lots of  
For the diff'rent danc-ing cra-zes she has got 'em, She's gone out doing the Charleston and Black

||r .l :- | - :l, .,l, | m .,re : m .,re | m .,re : m .,re | m : m .,re | m : f | r :- | - : - : }

- bi-tion? Will you go to bed at seven o'-clock at night, like a real good lad?  
mo-ney? And on gam-bling of all kinds are ev-er you like-ly to go mad?  
Bot-tom, And she won't be home till ve-ry late to - night, for she's danc-ing mad.

|| :t, | l, :se, | s, :l, | t, :d | m :re | m :s | l :ta | se :l | - : - | se, :l, }

Or will you come home ev-'ry ev-'ning with "one o-ver the eight," LIKE YOUR  
And will you mix with girls who are too fast, and hor-ses too slow, LIKE YOUR  
So I think you'd bet-ter come a-long to Bye-Bye, my dear WITH YOUR

||f :- | - :- | m :- | - :- | d :- | - :- | : | :fe, s, || d :- | - :- | - :- | : ||

POOR OLD DAD? Will you DAD?  
POOR OLD DAD? Will you DAD?  
POOR OLD DAD? Will you DAD.

D.S.  
8 Fine

After 1st Chorus of 2nd Verse.

*p* CHIMES Stop for Recit.

RECITATION

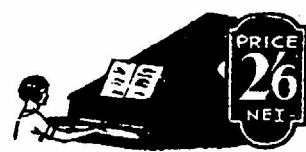
Well, time's getting on, the clock's struck half past two,  
As each hour passes my thoughts are for you;  
I trust through your life you'll do all that is right,  
And there's one sad question I'll ask you tonight.

After Recit.

*f* To Last Chos

Baby

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