Whose Little Baby Boy Are You?

Words by JOE YOUNG

Music by BERT GRANT

Moderato

PIANO

VOICE

John-ny met Flo at a par-ty, I know That John-ny Mox-fe, he bought by the quart, they re-port, So then I

he was so slow, Good-ness but he was slow, He longed to win that thought that he ought To have nerve that he sought, 'Tis ver-y strange and

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beautiful girl. His brain just seemed to be in a whirl. But sad but it's true). That John-ny used the wrong kind of brew- His

Johnny was shy, goodness but he was shy, And then when hair on his head turned to blond from deep red, So you can

he caught the eye of Miss Flo, passing by, His face it turned so see it was provoke that John used instead, Oh, my! the girls would

red, Cause it was then that Miss Flo said:

Whose Little Baby Boy Are You - 4
CHORUS

Whose little boy are you? Tell me, tell me, tell me do,

Whose little bunch of joy are you? Answer, answer, answer true;

Who puts you in your bed? Who strokes your little head?

Who calls you "wot-sie," who says, "kiss me good-night, my tootsie?"

Whose Little Baby Boy Are You - 4
Whose little baby boy are you? Who's your ma, who's your ma, who's your ma?

Whose little bunch of joy are you? Where's your pa, where's your pa, where's your pa;

Who raised you from a child? Tell me or I'll go wild, whose little

Baby Boy are you? you?

Whose Little Baby Boy Are You - 4