"Turn The Hands Back Father Time"

Words by DICK HOWARD
Music by HARRY JENTES LEWIS F. MUIR

Moderato

To-night I'm dreaming of my childhood days, I'd like to wander back to mother's knee,

The days of girls and boys, I'd like to hear her sing

When all the world was just a place to play. The days of dolls and toys, Where have they gone, I'd like to

Oh rock-a-by my baby... It's such a pretty thing, In all my dreams I seem to

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Those dear old days of long ago. Won't you hear, That melody ring in my ear. Won't you listen to this little plea of mine, Father time. 

Chorus

Turn the hands back, turn the hands back, turn them back upon your great big dial. Turn them way back, turn them way back to my childhood days a while. Let me

Turn the hands back, etc. 4
wake up in the morn and find I'm back at school,

Teacher there a-teaching me the golden rule, Let me

ramble with the lambs that gambol, through the fields of clover I'll

roam all over Far away up on the

Turn the hands back, etc. 4
hill-side, by the mill-side, sweet-heart Sue, I'd like to be with you, an hour or two, Oh, say, I'd give ten years of my life away. To roll once more in the new mown hay. Turn the hands back, turn them way back, turn the hands back, Father time.