Bring Back My Daddy To Me

Words by
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& HOWARD JOHNSON

Music by
GEORGE W. MEYER

Valse Moderato

A sweet lit-tle girl, with bright gold-en curls, Sat play-ing with toys on the floor.

Her

ma soft-ly sighs and tears fill her eyes, As she hears her dear ba-by's plea.

She

dad went a-way, to en-ter the fray, At the start of this long bit-ter war.

Her

ans-wers "My Dear, if Dad-dy were here, What a won-der-ful pres-ent 'twould be."

Her

How

moth-er said, "Dear, your birth-day is near, to-mor-row your pres-ents I'll buy."

The

man-y homes yearn for some one's re-turn, With hon- or, and jus-tice and right.

There are
dear little child, quickly looked up and smiled, And said with a tear in her eye
more little girls in this grief-stricken world, All saying the same thing tonight.

CHORUS with feeling

"I don't want a dress or a doll, Cause dollies get broken round here.
I don't want the skates, the books or the slates, You bought for my birthday last year.
If you'll bring the present I ask for, Dear Mother, how happy I'll be,
You can give all my toys, To some poor girls and boys. But bring back my Daddy to me!"

"I met!"

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