I Want A Daddy Who Will Rock Me To Sleep

Lyric by
PHILIP BARTHOLOMAE
& JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON

Music by
A. BALDWIN SLOANE

Moderato

In nearly ev'ry play-house now-a-days,
Or else per-chance you've laughed at "New-ly-weds."

find there is a vogue for bed-room plays,
And as an anti-

dote for gloom, You have been "Up in Mabel's Room" A "No-Man's" land of
Room Thir-teen? Has thrilled you in her sec- ond scene, 'Twould real-ly shame the

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frills and neglectées. And though you fancied her in slumber
bol-she-vi-ki Reds. Why is it that mere beds play such a

deep. You find next day that "She Walked In Her Sleep"
part. With-in the modern drama's gentle art?

When I'm alone, I'm filled with fright, In case I spend "A
It is because when all is said, There is real comfort

Sleepless Night," And so I say when twilight shadows creep:
in a bed, So when "Tumble In," I say, Sweet-heart:

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I want a daddy who will rock me to sleep, And der my

slum-bers tender watch he will keep, And hold me

in his arms, Safe from all worldly harms, And let me

cuddle, cuddle, cuddle as to slumber land I creep. We'll drift to-

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gather to the country of dreams. Just you and

I, dear, oh, what rapture that seems!

When on the

pillow then I lay my head,
You gently rock-a-bye the bed,
While you let your daddy's
tired girlie sleep.

I want a sleep.