Good Mister Santa Claus Bring Back Mamma.

Words by GEORGE TOTTEN SMITH.  
Music by WARNER CROSBY.

1. A father and his little boy on Christmas Eve were playing, be.
2. The baby in his crib is tucked, and peacefully lies sleeping, the

fore the fireside at the close of day; And though the father tries to smile, his
father stoops to kiss the rosy face; Once more he seeks the fire-place, a

thoughts are sadly straying, to memories of his wife who's passed away. The
lonely vigil keeping, the pictures in the fire-place to trace. He
lit.tle chap climbs on his knee, as though his fan.cies guess.ing, And
sees a.gain the lit.tle church, where they stood at the al. tar, He

on his shoul.der lays his curl.y head, The
sees once more a.las! the day she died, Then

fath. er says "Tell San.ta Cla.s what shall he bring, my bless.ing," The
with her pho.to.graph in hand re.peats with lips that fal.ter, The

lit.tle boy. knelt by his side and said:
words the ba.by whis.pered at his side:

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Refrain.

Good Mister Santa Claus, bring back mamma,

Keep all the pretty things you've saved for "Jack,"

We are so lonely here I and my papa dear,

Good Mister Santa Claus bring mamma back.