

SM3774

HENRY A. YOHANAN

Dear Little Boy Of Mine

Lyric by
J. KEIRN BRENNAN

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

Moderately with expression

The piano introduction is written in 6/8 time. It features a melody in the right hand with a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking and a 'f' (forte) dynamic. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Oft when I'm lone-ly my mem-o - ry swings Back to your ba - by days, —
Out of the mist of those won-der-ful years, I see your ba - by smile, —

The first vocal line is in 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment is marked 'p' (piano) and features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

Feel-ing the joys that a ba - by brings Out of God's won-d'rous ways —
Days when I kissed you and dried your tears Seemsuch a lit - tle while —

The second vocal line continues the melody in 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar harmonic structure.

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Seem-ing to hear the first pray'r that you said, Long-ing to tuck you in bed — There's
 Hear-ing the words moth-er taught you to say, Watch you at your child-ish play — For

no one knows how I long for you now, Here with my arms out - spread —
 al-ways in dreams, you're with me it seems, Just as you'll be some day —

Tenderly, with much expression

Boy of mine, Boy of mine, Al - tho' my heart was

ach-ing — I seemed to know you'd want to go,

Pride in your man - hood wak - ing I'll be here,

a tempo *rit.* *a tempo*

wait - ing, dear, Till at a glad dawn's break - ing I'll

hear you say you're home to stay, Dear lit - tle boy of

mine Dear lit - tle boy of mine. mine.

rit. *pp*

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Dear Little Boy Of Mine

Oft when I'm lonely my memory swings
Back to your baby days,
Feeling the joys that a baby brings
Out of God's wondrous ways;
Seeming to hear the first pray'r that you said,
Longing to tuck you in bed—
There's no one knows how I long for you now,
Here with my arms outspread.

Boy of mine, Boy of mine,
Altho' my heart was aching,
I seemed to know you'd want to go,
Pride in your manhood waking.
I'll be here, waiting, dear,
Till at a glad dawn's breaking,
I'll hear you say you're home to stay,
Dear little boy of mine,
Dear little boy of mine.

Out of the mist of those wonderful years,
I see your baby smile,
Days when I kissed you and dried your tears
Seem such a little while;
Hearing the words mother taught you to say,
Watch you at your childish play,
For always in dreams, you're with me it seems,
Just as you'll be some day.

J. Keirn Brennan