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Let's Go Back to Baby Days

Geo. W. Meyer

Jack Drislane

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LET'S GO BACK TO BABY DAYS

WORDS BY
JACK
DRISLANE

MUSIC BY
GEO. W.
MEYER

5 F. B. Haviland PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW ZEALAND BLDG. BROADWAY & 37th ST. NEW YORK
CANADIAN AMERICAN MUSIC CO. TORONTO
FRANCIS, DAY AND HUNTER LONDON

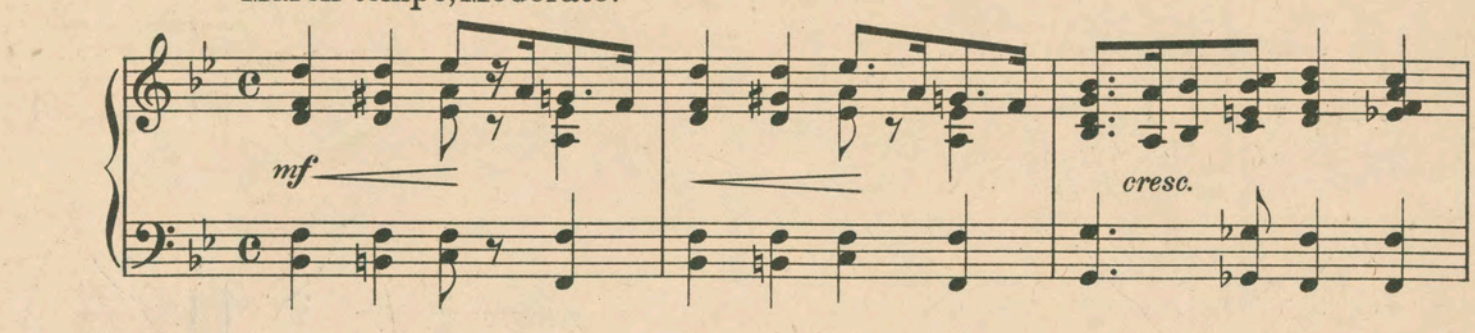
Respectfully dedicated to Richard Barry.

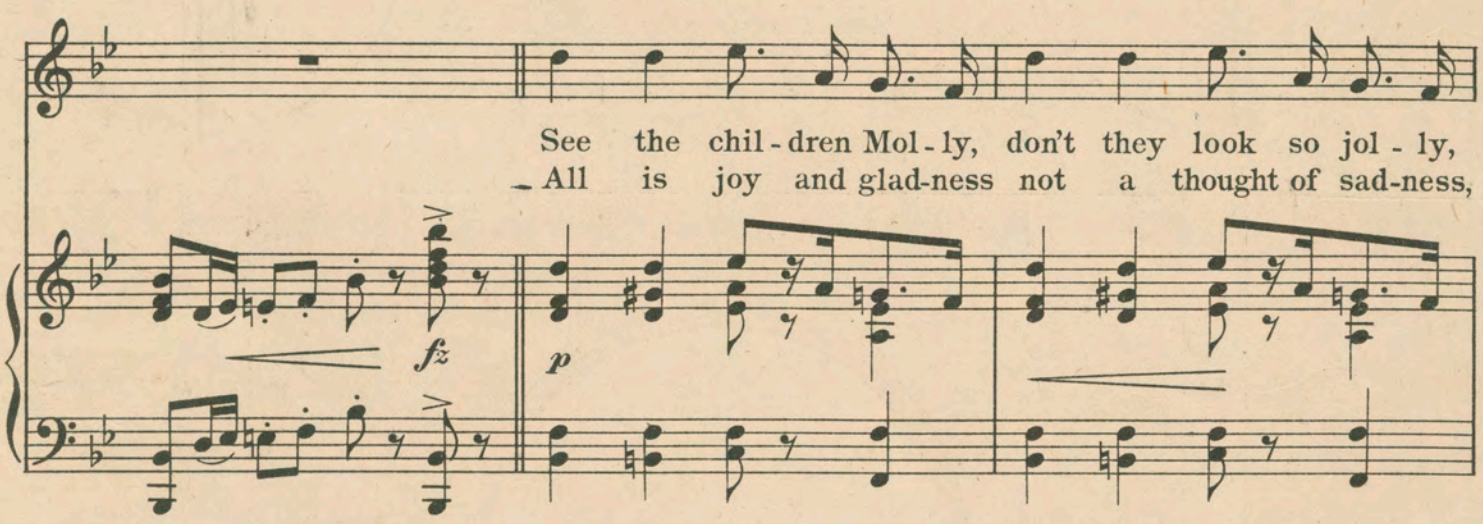
Let's go back to Baby Days.

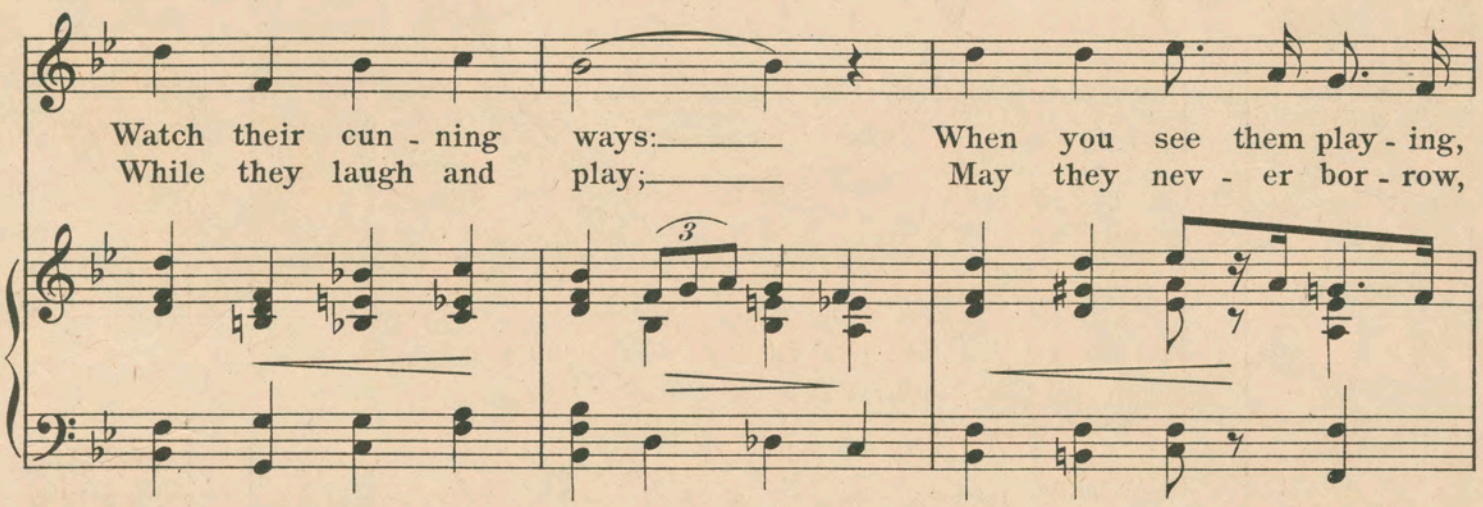
Lyric by
JACK DRISLANE.

Music by
GEO. W. MEYER.

March tempo, Moderato.







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don't you feel like stray - ing, Back to ba - by days?
trou - ble, care or sor - row, As thro' life they stray:

Come now, Mol - ly, place your hand in mine, We were ba - bies
Will love bring them hap - pi - ness or pain? Will they wish that

once up - on a time, Thro' the fields of Toy - land
they were kids a - gain? Will their hearts be brok - en

lit - tle girl and Boy-land Back-ward let us gaze!
as their toys were brok-en? Back in ba - by days!

CHORUS.

Ba - - by days! ba - - by days!

p–f

sweet - est days of all! How you

cried, sweet Mol - ly, 'cause I broke your dol - ly, When I

let it fall! Dad - dy's girl,

fz

Mam - ma's boy, sim - ple child - ish

cresc.

ways! Run a - way to Sleep - y - Town,

f *fz* *mp*

Lon - don Bridge is fall - ing down, Let's go back to ba - by

mf *f* *cresc.*

1 days! 2 days!

f *ff*

YOU AND I IN
Sweetheart Town.

Words by JACK MAHONEY. **Music by THEODORE MORSE.**

CHORUS.

Sweet-heart town, sweet-heart town, I will meet you there,..... In the gloam-ing we'll go roam-ing, 'Mid the ro-ses fair,..... Lov-ers' land,

mf-f

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When The Meadow Larks Are Calling, Annie Laurie.

Words by RICHARD H. BUCK. **Music by THEODORE MORSE.**

CHORUS.

When the meadow larks are call-ing, An-nie dar-ling, I'll be wait-ing by the brooklet cool and clear;..... For my bon--nie An--nie Lau-rie, When the mead-ow larks are call-ing, dear."..... dear."

mf

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I Love You As The Roses Love The Dew.

Words by RICHARD H. BUCK. **Music by THEODORE MORSE.**

CHORUS.

I love you as the ro-ses love the dew..... When the crimson flush of sun-set fades from view..... And when twilight-time draws near, I'll be long-ing for you, dear, For I love you as the ro-ses love the dew.....

mf

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