

Baby Mine

tekst: Ch. Mackey

muz. A. Johnston bew. Guus Kuijs

Gently moving

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I've a let-ter from thy Sire, Ba-by mine, Ba-by mine; I could read and ne-ver
Oh, I long to see his Face, In his old ac-cus-tom'd
I'm so glad, I can-not sleep, I'm so hap-py I could

I've a Let-ter from thy Sire, Ba-by mine: I could read
Oh, I long to see his Face, in his old
I'm so glad, I can-not sleep, I'm so Hap-

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Tire, Ba-by mine, Ba-by mine, he is sai-ling o'er the Sea, he is
Place, Like the Rose of May in Bloom, like a
weep, he is sai-ling o'er the Sea, he is

and ne-ver Tire, Ba-by mine, He is
ac-cus-tom'd Place, Like the
py I could weep, He is