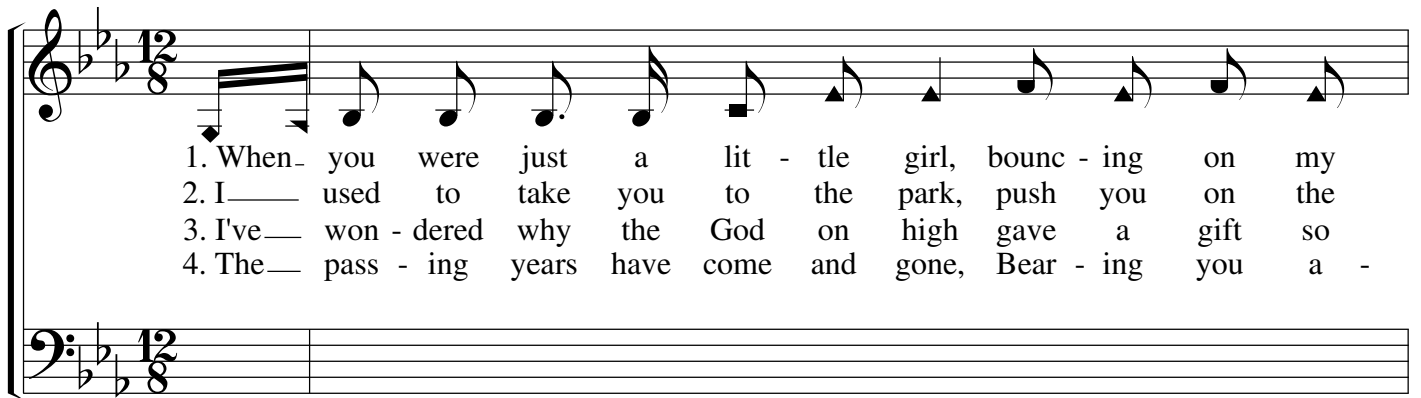
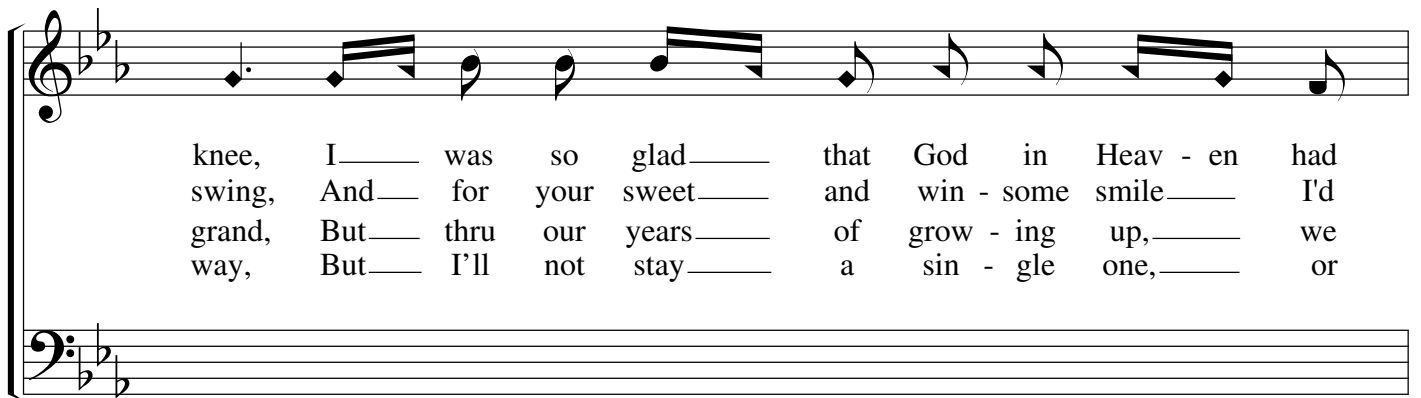


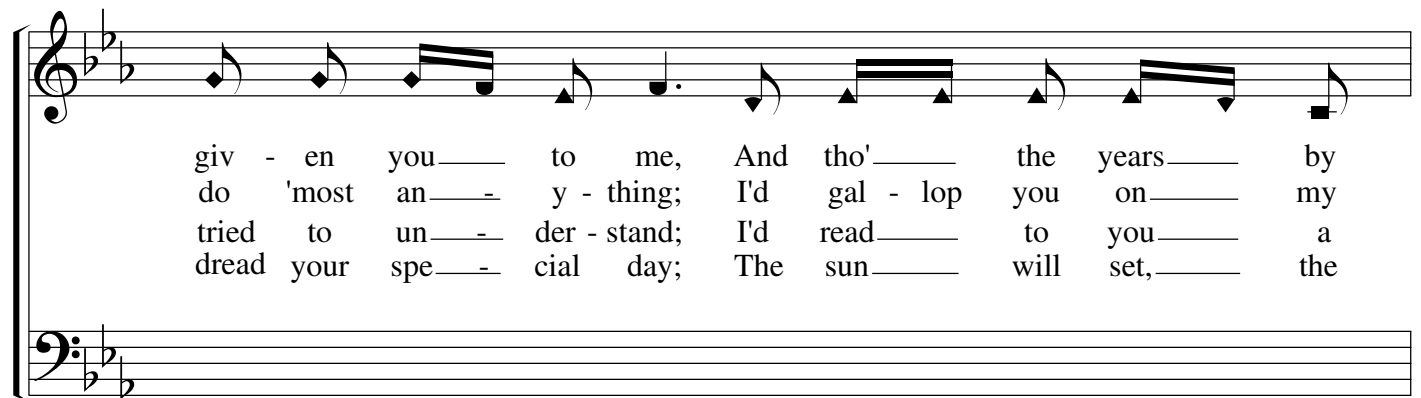
My Little Girl



1. When- you were just a lit - tle girl, bounc - ing on my
 2. I— used to take you to the park, push you on the
 3. I've— won - dered why the God on high gave a gift so
 4. The— pass - ing years have come and gone, Bear - ing you a -

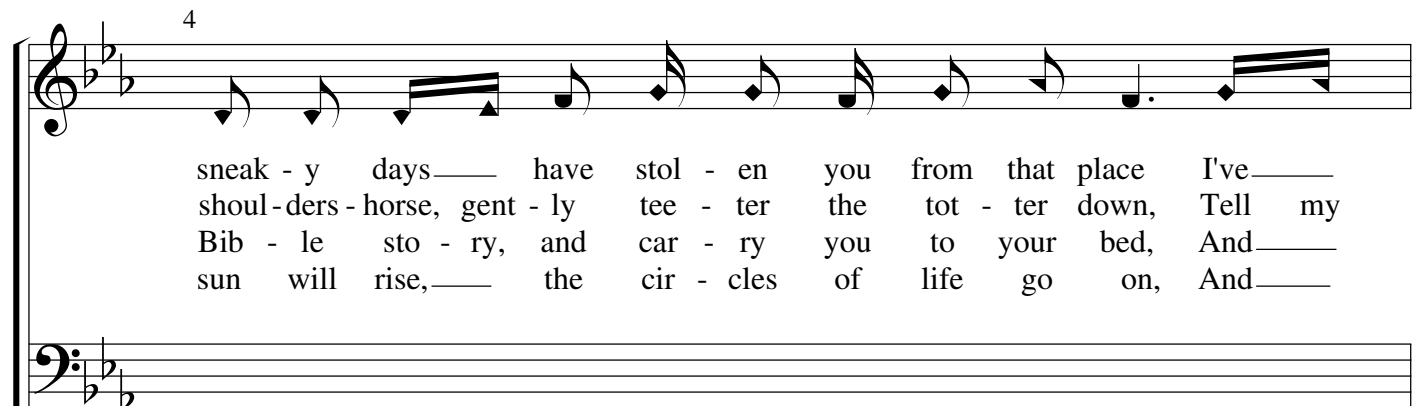


knee, I— was so glad— that God in Heav - en had
 swing, And— for your sweet— and win - some smile— I'd
 grand, But— thru our years— of grow - ing up,— we
 way, But— I'll not stay— a sin - gle one,— or



giv - en you— to me, And tho'— the years— by
 do 'most an— y - thing; I'd gal - lop you on— my
 tried to un— der - stand; I'd read— to you— a
 dread your spe— cial day; The sun— will set,— the

4



sneak - y days— have stol - en you from that place I've—
 shoul - ders - horse, gent - ly tee - ter the tot - ter down, Tell my
 Bib - le sto - ry, and car - ry you to your bed, And—
 sun will rise,— the cir - cles of life go on, And—

not com - plained— for I— have— gained a— daugh - ter of poise— and
lit - tle girl— to hold— on— tight as I whirl - ed the mer - ry - go -
think there was - n't a love - lier— sight than the moon-beams up - on— your
some - one spe - cial will hold a lit - tle girl as— fair as to - mor - row's

grace.
round, } And now, it seems, you're the girl of some— one's dreams,
head, }
dawn, v.4. But still, it seems, you're the girl of my— sweet dreams,

8

And some one prays— to spend his days— with my lit - tle girl.
So day by day— I still will pray— for my lit - tle girl.

Words and Melody: Stanley K. Brubaker
Harmonization:

Copyright 2008 by Brooksong, LLC