Sweetest li'-l' fel-ler, Ev-ry-bod-y knows; Dun-no what to call him, But he

might-y lak' a rose! Look-in' at his Mammy Wid-eyes so shin-y blue, Mek'you think that heav'n Is

com-in' clos't ter you! Wen he's dar a-sleep-in', In his li'l' place, Think I see de an-gels
Look-in' thro' de lace, Wen de dark is fall-in', Wen de shad-ders creep,

Den dey comes on tip-toe Ter kiss 'im in his sleep. Sweet-est li'-l' fel-ler,

Ev-ry-bod-y knows; Dun-no what to call 'im. But he might-y lak' a rose!

Look-in' at his Mammy Wid eyes so shin-y blue, Mek' you think that heav'n Is com-in' clos'ter you!