

My Little Tot's High Chair - song lyrics

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My Little Tot's High Chair.

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Words and Music by Edgar Selden.

Most every one In every land holds in remembrance dear
Some token that to no "one else is worth a thought or tear;
But when at night I reach my home I see a sight most fair.
Through window wide I see "inside my little tot's high chair.

Chorus.

My little tot's high chair, my little golden head,
Your little eyes of blue and heart so true, and lips of cherry red;
May care ne'er cross your way. your life be ever fair,
In wealth untold I'll always hold my little tot's high chair.

When work is o'er and I return to wife and babe at home.
No other place is half so dear wherever I may roam;
I clasp my darlings to my breast, no thought of toil or care,
While some one crows and laughs from out my little tot's high chair.-Chorus

In storm or darkness 'tis the light that guides me safely through
The snares, where others sink and fall for want of heart so true;
And when at supper time we give our thanks in humble prayer,
A tiny head bends low while in my little tot's high chair.-Chorus