

# Only A Tangle Of Golden Curls - song lyrics

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Only a Tangle of Golden Curls.

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Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Franz Mayr.

Only a tangle of golden curls  
Fung o'er a pillow white,  
Only a smile that is free from guile,  
As the little one says good night, good night.  
But the mother will treasure with untold pleasure,  
These pictures as years pass by,  
For though the sweet face may gain new grace,  
She will think of the baby and sigh.

Chorus.

Only a tangle of curls from Little darling taken,  
Only a small lock of hair, ah, how some mother's heart's aching;  
Only a glimmer of gold twining around your fingers,  
Making the tears full like ruin, at the sight of a tangle of curls.

Gone is the sweet, loving chatter,  
Baby is heard now no more;  
Gone is the innocent clatter  
Of pattering feet on the floor.  
Playthings are scattered and broken,  
Dolly lies ragged and torn;  
Mother picks up the dear treasures  
And sighs for her darling now gone.  
Standing alone in the corner,  
Little cradle bare;  
Close by sits the mother, dear,  
Ah, so lonely there;  
No chubby hands are holding fast  
On to mother's dress;  
"Kiss me, kiss me," baby cried,  
Then to your heart was pressed.- Chorus.