

A Pretty Little Baby To Dandle On Your Knee - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

A Pretty Little Baby to Dandle on Your Knee.
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Oh, now-a-days there seems to be a certain kind of craze,
You hear it sung upon the streets, in books and all the plays,
'Tis all about a baby, a baby, a baby;
Some pretty little cherub of sweet and gentle ways.
No matter where you roam-in rambles to and fro.
The song that echoes far and near is of some baby dear.

Spoken-Yes indeed! the envy of all the world-the sweetest
treasure known to mortal-except, perhaps to the preacher, the
old maid, and the Salvation Army, who must sadly sing as the
world goes around:

Chorus.

A baby, a baby, baby from the skies,
Pretty little darling, sweet as she can be;
A baby, baby, baby from the skies,
I wish I had a baby to dandle on my knee!
O-ley, o-ley-o, o-ley-o, o-ley, o-ley-o,
O-ley-o, o-ley, o-ley-o, o-ley-o,
O-ley, o-ley-o, baby dear,
A pretty little baby to dandle on your knee!

Now there are many people that we do meet each day.
The old, the young, the handsome, the happy ", sad and gay.
But what is ev'ry pleasure, each pleasure, each pleasure,
But what is ev'ry pleasure without a baby-say?
A pretty little cherub, with sweet and bonnie eyes,
A pretty little darling, one as bright as sunny skies.

Chorus.

A baby, a baby, baby from the skies,
Pretty little darling, sweet as she can be;
A baby, baby, baby from the skies,
A pretty little baby to dandle on your knee
O-ley, o-ley-o, o-ley-o, o-ley, o-ley-o,
O-ley-o, o-ley, o-ley-o, o-ley-o,
O-ley, o-ley-o, baby dear,
A pretty little baby to dandle on my knee!

I often hear and read of love, and watch some loving pair,
As silently they sit and mope upon some parlor chair;
Sometimes it is a sofa, sofee, sofee,
It doesn't really matter whatever it may be,
But just you listen softly and quickly bye-and-bye,
You'll hear the maiden gaily laugh, as gently she will sigh.

Chorus.

A baby, a baby, baby from the skies,
Pretty little darling, sweet as she can be;
A baby, baby, baby from the skies,
Oh, buy me, love, a dolly to dandle on my knee!
O-ley, o-lcy-o, o-ley-o, oley, o-ley-o,
O-ley-o, o-ley, o-ley-o, o-ley-o,
O-ley, o-ley-o, baby dear,
Oh, buy rac, love, a dolly to dandle on my knee.

I'm sure it isn't easy to sing of all I dare,
If I could sing a story, you'd laugh, I do declare;
If I could sing a story, storie, storee,
If I could sing a story, 'twould stiffen up your hair;
I'd tell you of a secret that Beecher doth adore,
And how dear Mary Walker, too, cries on the quiet for.

Chorus.

A baby, a baby, baby from the skies,
From the music archive at www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Pretty little darling, sweet as she can be;
A baby, baby, baby from the skies,
A pretty little baby to dandle on your knee!
O-ley, o-ley-o, o-ley-o, o-ley, o-ley-o,
O-ley-o, o-ley, o-ley-o, o-ley-o,
O-ley, o-ley-o, baby dear,
A pretty little baby to dandle on your knee!