

A Curl From Baby's Head - song lyrics

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A CURL FROM BABY'S HEAD.
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Words and Music by Edwin Harley.

I've a darling waiting for me,
Pretty blue eyes so full of glee;
Tiny red lips are lisping papa,
While from him I'm away so far,
While from him I'm away so far;
When last I left him in his mother's arms,
Sleeping sweetly, fearing no harm;
Quickly I stole from his forehead, so fair,
This little lock of golden hair.

Chorus.
A curl from my baby's head,
Yes, a curl from the baby's head;
It will never grow old,
This treasure of gold,
Next my heart I'll wear it till dead.
A curl from my baby's head,
A curl from my baby's head,
It will never grow old,
This treasure of gold,
This curl from my baby's head.

Oft when despondent, homesick and weary,
Far, far from home and family so dear,
Then do I kiss it and fondle it tenderly,
Which seems to say to me:
"Be of good cheer."
While I, thro' toil and care,
Cling to this lock of hair,
And every day, tho' far away,
I pray for my baby fair.-Chorus.