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Songs

BY

W. A. BRIGGS.

Baby Bun	40	*At Eventide*	35
When shadows darkly gather	25	*He will give you rest*	25

BOSTON
MILES & THOMPSON 13 WEST ST

BABY BUN.

W. A. Briggs, Op. 16.

Allegretto scherzando

p

mp

Oh, you ought to see our ba - - by, our lit - tle ba - by Bun, With her
She's ve - ry fond of su - - gar be - cause it makes her sweet We

p

flax - en yel - low ring - lets and her blue eyes full of fun, With her pret - ty ro - sy
tell her is the rea - son that she wants so much to eat But she will tell us

cheeks and her smil - ing lit - tle lips, That are sweeter than the ro - ses where the bee his honey
wise - - ly that if we give her none As sweet as sweetest su - gar would be our Ba - by

M&T 24=4

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sips Some-times she gives us kiss-es and hugs us up so close, And watches ver-y
Bun Now perched up-on the ta-ble she makes be-lieve to read And says her book's the

sly-ly to pull us by the nose; And like enough she catches her hand a-mong our
"doodest" and best she ev-er "seed" And sets us all to laughing clear down to Un-cle

rit. *a tempo* *mf*

hair, And crows with ba-by laughter, that we can hard-ly share, Oh you ought to see our
John Be-cause she looks so fun-ny with Pa-pa's glasses on,

colla voce *a tempo*

ba--by, our lit-tle ba-by Bun, With her flax-en yel-low ringlets and her blue eyes full of

fun. Some times she's in the kitchen, and some-times in the hall, And
Her feet are sel-dom wea-ry her tongue is sel-dom still We

p

some-times she is mis-sing and can't be found at all. We search each nook and
call her lit-tle clack-er but call her what you will She says she's Ba-by

p

cor-ner but nothing can we see, And Ma will say she wonders, where
Bunting and owns no oth-er name Though if you ask for Rob-in she

ba-by Bun can be, And while we all are thinking of mis-sing ba-by
answers just the same. Some-times she gets so tired she has to take a

Bun, We hear a crow and cackle both brim-ming o'er with fun; And
nap, Then Grand-ma drops her knit-ting and takes her in her lap And

there she is, be - fore us with mis-chief in her eyes. Though where she has been
while she holds her tightly and cud-dled up so close Al - most be-fore we

hid-den, we nev - er can sur - mise: Oh, you ought to see our ba - - by, our
know it quite sound a sleep she goes

ritenuto

lit - tle ba - by, Bun, with her flax-en yel-low ringlets, and her blue eyes full of fun.

collo parte

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