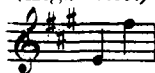


To Mrs. Adele Laeis Baldwin.

Mighty lak' a rose.

(High Voice.)



Text by FRANK L. STANTON.

Music by ETHELBERT NEVIN.

Sweetest li'-l' fel-ler, Ev'-ry-bod-y knows; Dun-no what to call him, But he

might-y lak' a rose! Look-in' at his Mammy Wid eyes so shin-y blue, Mek'you think that heav'n Is

com-in' clost ter you! Wen he's dar a-sleep-in', In his li'l' place, Think I see de an-gels

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Look-in' thro' de lace, W'en de dark is fall - in', W'en de shad-ders creep,

Den dey comes on tip - toe Ter kiss 'im in his sleep.— Sweet-est li - 'l' fel - ler,

Ev-'ry-bod-y knows; Dun-no what to call 'im, But he might-y lak' a rose!

Look-in' at his Mammy Wid eyes so shin-y blue, Mek' you think that heav'n Is com-in' clost ter you!