

August 2019

# Dada's Baby Boy

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## Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Dada's Baby Boy" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1278.  
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# DADA'S BABY BOY.

Sung by MICHAEL NOLAN.

.....

**W**HAT is there can equal a fond mother's love,  
When sorrow has come to her side,  
When temper and jealousy part man and wife.  
Who is it that lays that aside?  
Who is it plays all day on the rug,  
With pussy his pride and his joy?  
Who is it brings fondness and love to a home?  
Dada's Baby Boy!

Chorus—

He has lovely blue eyes and golden hair,  
Dada's Baby Boy!  
Asking the Lord that he might spare,  
Dada's Baby Boy!  
See how he plays, scrambles the floor,  
Catches each sunbeam that enters the door,  
Nobody knows how I adore,  
Dada's Baby Boy!

How happy you feel when your day's work is done.  
To come home to your own little cot,  
And meet on the doorstep your proud little son,  
With a laugh a child only has got;  
He'll scramble for sugar and upset your tea,  
Surprise you, but never annoy.  
There is no use denying the king of the house  
Is Dada's Baby Boy!

When years have gone by, and the boy's grown a man,  
And Dada has left the old home,  
To keep his poor mother he tries all he can,  
To do so he crosses the foam;  
His portrait is hung near her own on the wall,  
And as she looks on it with joy,  
The mother remembers her dutiful son  
Was Dada's Baby Boy!