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Give Him the Moon to play with

Author Unknown

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Give Him the Moon to play with.

Sung by **ARTHUR LENNARD.**

Nobody's baby can equal ours ;
Oh, he's a beauty !
Laughing and crying like April showers ;
He is the pet of us all.
Nothing's too good for our only boy ;
Don't let him cry for the latest toy,
Give him whatever you think he'll enjoy ;
Tears spoil his beauty !

Chorus.

Give him the moon to play with,
Give him the stars as well ;
Give him the earth ! What he is worth
None but his mammy can tell.
Give him the moon to play with ;
He is the household king ;
Send up a kite on a starry night,
And pull down the moon with a string !

Up to the present he cannot walk ;
Still he's a beauty.
"Dad-da" and "Mamma" is all his talk ;
How the words thrill through our hearts !
No other baby can speak so plain ;
He is a child with a wondrous brain.
Now, what's the matter ? he's crying again,
That spoils his beauty !

Chorus.—Give him the moon, &c.

Some day he'll rise to the height of fame ;
Oh, he's a beauty !
Glory he'll shed on the fam'ly name :
Ev'ryone prophesies that !
See how he struggles and fights and cries
When the soap gets in the darling's eyes !
He is a hero in infant disguise,
So 'tis our duty.

Chorus.—Give him the moon, &c.