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GRANDMA

Words by
ALFRED BRYAN.

Music by
TED. SNYDER.

Tempo di Valse lento

mf

rit.

p

L.H.

This new rock - ing -
You held both my
chair, Grand-ma dear, is for you; I brought it from town, dear, to -
hands while you taught me to walk, I clung to you, dear, night and
day..... Just sit at the win - dow, that's all you need
day;..... And when I grew old - er and I learned to

do, And look at the chil - dren at play. Your
talk, I took all your pen - nies a - way. You'd

hair's grow - ing whit - er, your steps get - ting slow, But bright - er your
watch me all night, and no - one could come near, If I had an

smile ev - er seems. Let you be the ba - by, it's
ache or a pain; And you'd give the world, well I

your turn, you know, I'll be with you, dear, in your dreams.
know, Grand - ma dear, To do it all o - ver a - gain.

CHORUS

Grand - ma, Grand - ma, you were a dear old Grand -

p-f

ma! I was your pride, I was your care! You dressed me up and

you combed my hair; When dad-dy would chide, Be - hind you we'd hide, If he

took down the strap from the shelf..... And you'd say, with a tear, "Don't for-get, daddy

1 dear, That you were a boy once your - self..... 2 self.....

rit. *a tempo* *rit.*