Give Me Back My Playthings - song lyrics

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Give Me Back My Playthings.
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Composed by Robert Alex. Campbell.

It seems but yesterday that I was with the little maid,
And, as young children often do, we quarreled while we played;
Her eyes were flashing angry fire, her cheeks were burning red;
She shook her little fist at me, and this is what she said:

Refrain.
Give me back my playthings, give me back my toys;
It's like you to say things-I don't like you, boys;
Down there you can lay them, they belong to me;
Give me back my playthings, for friends we cannot be.

We parted with advancing years, the little maid and I,
But never did I quite forget those happy days gone by;
New pleasures came with other years, of wealth I gained a store.
But still I longed to see the maid and bear her cry once more:-Refrain.

But on one golden day in life I gained a joy divine,
This little maid became my wife, and perfect love is mine;
And when at times, beside the fire, our fancies wander free,
I feel that I can never tire to hear her sing to me:-Refrain.