Dad And Me - song lyrics

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DAD AND ME.
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Words by Wm. H. Gardner. Music by Felix McGlennon.

We ain't hankerin' after riches, we don't want to live on cake,
And with plain old bread and batter we the best of life can make;
Mother don't wear Bilks nor satins, and no lady fine is she,
But in all the world no one dearer is to dad And me.

Chorus.
'Tain't the money makes you happy-it's the love that's In your heart;
If the dear old folks are left you, from all else then you can part;
You can sing of home and mother till you're tired and off the key,
But you won't tell half the blessings that they bring to dad and me.

On our walls there ain't no pictures painted by an artist grand,
But that don't stop us from having happiest home in all the land;
Sister "Neil "can't sing like Patti-out of tune her voice may be,
But no voice will sound more sweet than hers does to dad and me.-Cho.

When the day's work all is over, home across the fields we go,
Watching in our little cabin cheery lights flit to and fro;
There we know we shall find welcome, though no fine words spoken be.
But it's home, and that is heaven, so it seems to dad and me.- Chorus.