Baby Fingers - song lyrics

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BABY FINGERS.
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Words by John C. Fowler. Music by Charles E. Pratt.

A little tot of less than two, is my sweet baby boy:
With golden curls and eyes of blue, he is my darling joy.
His tricks are e'er a pleasure rare, the mem'ry often lingers,
of mischief he, in childish glee, plays with those baby fingers.

| CHORD'S.
Little baby fingers, little baby hands,
Twisting everything awry they find;
Pretty little fingers, soft and snowy hands.
With the greatest mischief e'er entwined.

Sometimes, when papa is not near, he'll play some baby prank;
With salt he'll fill the coffee-mill, and try to turn the crank.
He'll mix the pepper with our tea, for days the flavor lingers;
We're made quite ill, but cherish still those little baby fingers.- Chorus.

To take him from his little bed, I go each opening day;
He'll cover up his little head and start his roguish play;
He'll hide his stockings and his shoes, and if we're loath to linger,
To cry he'll try, and in each eye will thrust a baby finger.- Chorus.