


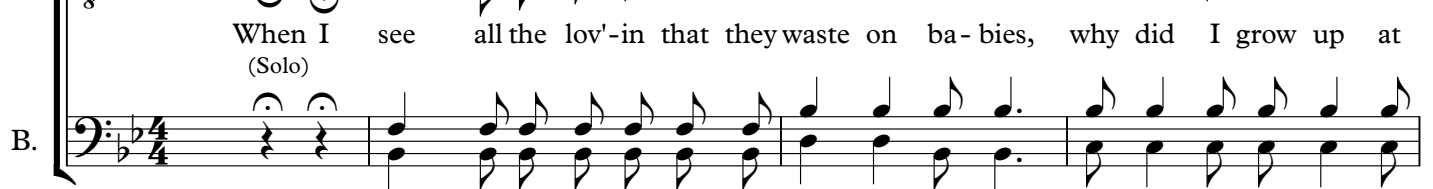
# When I See All the Lovin' that They Waste on Babies


arr. Walt Farrier '54

Johnson, Wells, others - 1920s

♩ = 100

T.   
When I see all the lov'-in that they waste on ba-bies, why did I grow up at  
(Solo)


B. 

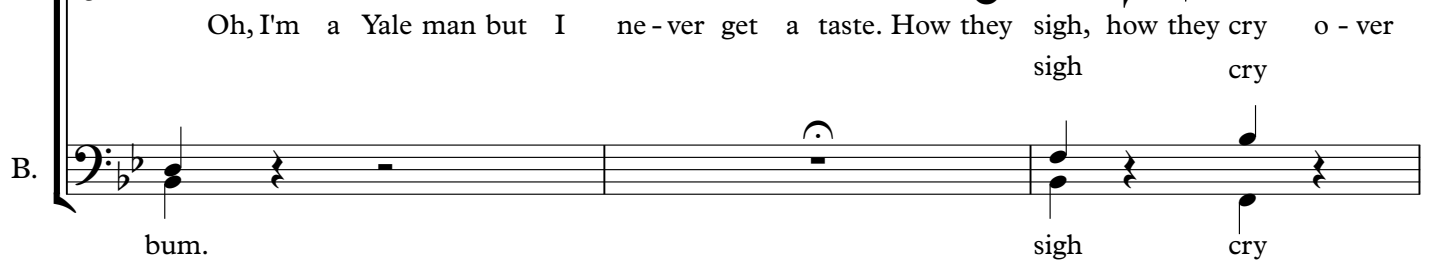
4  
T.   
a - a - all? Be - lieve me it grieves me the kis-ses they waste.

B. 

Bah-da-dum-bum

7 (Solo) **rit.** . . . . . **a tempo**

T.   
Oh, I'm a Yale man but I ne-ver get a taste. How they sigh, how they cry o - ver  
sigh cry

B.   
bum. sigh cry

10  
T.   
some-bo - dy's ba - by, and pass up a heal-thy guy like me. They

B. 

13 *rit.*

T. hold the lit-tle dar - ling in their arms to play, - I wish I wuz a ba-by know-ing

B.

16 *a tempo*

T. what I know to-day How they rant, how they pant o - ver some-bo-dy's ba - by I

B. rant pant

*rit.*

19

T. long for the cra - dle a - geh - heh - heh - hen. I

B. *ff* *mf*

21 *a tempo*

T. long for the cra\_\_ dle a - gain. Rock-a - bye, Ba - by!

B. *ff*