



Words by CHARLES JOHNS.

Music by HUMPRHEY J. STARK, MUS.B.

VOICE.

8.

1. Who does not love the lit - tle ones—The light - en - ers of toil and
 2. Who is so hon - est, frank, and free? Yet who so bash - ful and de -

Moderato.

PIANO.

p

care; The boi - ter - ous and play - ful sons, The prattling daugh - ters, fond and
 - mure; And who so ge - ne - rous can be, So gen - tle, kind, and pass - ing

rit.

rit.

fair? The prattling daugh - ters, fond and fair? Who in the world so
 pure? So gen - tle, kind, and pass - ing pure? They bright - en life the

a tempo.

a tempo.

true as they, What - e - ver may be - fall? And who so in - no -
 whole year long, They cheer the work - worn thrall; To them I de - di -

rall. cent - ly gay As they are, one and all? The live - ly, mer - ry,
 - cate my song, And bless them, one and all! The glee - ful daughters,

rall. *a tempo.*

lit - tle ones, The pride of cot and hall;..... The mod - est daugh - ters,
 joy - ous sons, The ba - bies plump and small;..... Who does not love the

rall. molto

al fine. ro - guish sons, Who does not love them all?
 lit - tle ones, And bless them, one and all?

al fine.

1st time. *2nd time.*