

## BABY'S GOT A TOOTH.

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I'm the father of a bouncing boy,  
He looks just like his pa;  
He's the picture of his mammy,  
And the image of his dada.  
He was eight months old the other day—  
He is a noble youth;  
We have been almost crazy since  
He got his first front tooth.

### CHORUS.

George, dear, George, dear,  
Can't you guess the truth?  
George, dear, George, dear,  
Bless the little youth;  
Do get up and light the fire,  
Turn the gas a little higher,  
Go and tell your aunt Maria  
Baby's got a tooth.

I went home late the other night,  
And soon was sound asleep,  
When suddenly I was awoke  
By sounds that made me weep;  
My wife she grabbed me by the arm,  
And says, get up, you brute,  
The pride and joy of all of us  
Has got a nice front tooth.—*Chorus.*

Now, married men, take my advice:  
When first you do get wed,  
Don't ever try to go to sleep,  
Don't ever go to bed;  
But to save yourself from trouble of  
The darling little pet,  
Don't wait until it gets a tooth—  
But buy it a nice false set.—*Chorus.*