
DEAR OLD DAD

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In childhood's golden hours,
And in boyhood's happy days,
Thro' all your joys and sorrows
There's a friend who's true always;
No matter if the world frowns
On the downfalls you have had,
There's one who'll take you by the hand,
That's dear old Dad.

When poverty knocks at your door,
Old dad will never shirk;
He's not too proud for overalls,
Just so it's honest work.
His dinner pail may not be full,
But still his heart is glad;
Just so he knows his wayward boy
Loves dear old Dad.

Your friends may all desert you,
Whom you thought were tried and true;
Perhaps you've lost a sweetheart
Who was all this world to you.
If your dearest pal has turned you down,
Just when your heart is sad,
Remember you have still one friend
In dear old Dad.