

MY LITTLE BOY

James I. Morgan

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My lit - tle boy is four, not a wee bit - more;

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and I ask him each morn: What-ya gon - na do to - day?

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O, he pon - ders a - while, then lets out a smile;

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and from his lit - tle mouth, this is what comes my way:

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MY LITTLE BOY

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It's a great, great _ day, and this is what I have to say,

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well, an - y how, well an - y way. I'm just gon - na play.

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