

Let the Cockroach Giggle

DAD

Robert Reilly 1881

The dear old home where I was born, is gone a long time since, When
 Now mo - ther in the church yard lies, Where flow - ers in the spring Come

0	0	0	1	0	0	3	0
1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0
		2	2	1	0	1	0 0

dar - ling Mo - ther fond - ly loved Yet of - ten made me wince But those past days are dear to me I'm
 forth to greet the lit - tle birds that o'er her grave e'er sing. Now sis - ters taf - fy I n'er take, nor

0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
1	1	1	1	2	0	0	0
			1	0	0	2	1 1 0

yearn - ing for them yet and heart can nev - er grow so old as to them e'rr for - get.
 use her chew - ing gum but still I sigh for those dear days when she and I were young. Then

3	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
1	1	0	0	1	1	2	0
1	0	0			0	0	1

let the cock - roach gig - gle in his cor - ner on the floor, and the

1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	0				
0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0				
1				3	3	2	0	3	0	2	2	2

red ant in the clos - et laugh a - way; While the old dad - dy long - legs in the

1	1	1	1	3	3	2	1	3	3	0	2	2			
1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	2	0	2	2		
1	1	1	1	3	3	2	1	4	3	3	2	2	2	4	0

cen - ter parts his hair, from child - hood's home I nev - er long can stray.

3	1	0	1	1	1	0		
1	1	1	1	1	1	0		
		0	0	0	0	2	1	0