

place to place- No one cared some-how, Till he found a friend who was
read and write,- Keep the Gold-en Rule, And you can just bet- that he'll

will-ing to lend-a hand. Now you'll hear him de-clare: ———
nev-er for-get-to say, In his pray'rs ev-'ry night: ———

Chorus

"What would I do if it were not for you, Big Brother of

p-f

mine. ——— I guess I'd be a good-for-noth-in', Just a poor old rag-a-

muf-fin', A hung-ry lit-tle fel-ler, sleep-in' in a cel-lar, In - stead of a bed with a

pret-ty whitespread, Oh. God must have known when he left me a - lone, You'd be

just like a dad-dy all the time ————— I hope when I grow up,

too, I'll be a man thru and thru, Just like you, Big Broth-er of

mine!" mine!"

D.S.