

16 CHILD OF MINE

DENNY HAMANN © 1985

73

reminiscent, music box like

♩=82

Child of mine. Oh, gift from God. Ride u - pon your

dad. Off - spring of your fa - thers' love.

Best I've e - ver had. Ride u - pon your

dad, so tall. Touch the trees so high.

Bran - ches brush, your child - hood brow. Through the fields we

fly. Child of mine. Love me too.

*This song was written the last night I spent in our family home, June 26, 1982
It was written for my children Jeff & Tammy, so they might know how much I love being
their father. No one will ever know the pain and tears I went through as I wandered*

As we tra - vel on. Dry your tears.

Laugh with me. *cresc.* See the sun! *f*

mp Stu - dy hard. Know my ways. Hold my

hand. Dad - dy's goin' a - way my child.

cresc. Un - der - stand? *f* Loved your mom and

mf al - ways will. *dim.* Proud to love her so.

May - be when you're old like me, You'll see how things

go. *mp* Ride u - pon your dad so tall.

Touch the trees so high. Bran - ches brush your

child - hood brow. Through the fields we fly.

p Child of mine. Oh, gift from God. Ride u - pon your

dad. Off - spring of your fa - ther's love.

Best I've e - ver had.