

# JUST A BABY'S PRAYER AT TWILIGHT

( FOR HER DADDY OVER THERE )



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WORDS BY  
SAM. M. LEWIS & JOE YOUNG  
MUSIC BY  
M. K. JEROME

# Just A Baby's Prayer At Twilight.

Words by  
SAM M. LEWIS  
& JOE YOUNG

Music by  
M. K. JEROME.

Moderato.

(Slower) *Till ready*

Voice.

I've heard the pray'rs of moth-ers, Some of them old and gray. — I've heard the pray'rs of  
The gold that some folks pray for, Brings nothing but re-grets. — Some day this gold won't

oth-ers, For those who went a-way. — Oft times a pray'r will teach one,  
pay for, Their man-y life-long debts. — Some pray'rs may be neg-lect-ed,

The meaning of good-bye. — I felt the pain of each one, But this one made me cry,  
Be-yond the Gold-en Gates. — But when they're all col-lect-ed, Here's one that nev-er waits:

Chorus.

Moderato.

Just a ba-by's pray'r at twi-light, — when lights are low. — Poor ba-by's

years, are filled with tears. — There's a moth-er there at twi-light

— who's proud to know, Her precious lit-tle tot, — Is dad's for-

got-me-not — Af-ter say-ing "good-night ma-ma," she climbs up stairs,

— Quite un-a-ware, And says her pray'rs, "Oh kind-ly

tell my dad-dy that he must take care?" — That's a ba-by's pray'r at twi-light,

— For her dad-dy, "ov-er there!" — Just a ba-by's pray'r at

# FOR YOUR COUNTRY AND MY COUNTRY

By  
**IRVING BERLIN**

Chorus.

It's your coun - try, it's my coun - try, with  
mil - lions of real fight - ing men, It's your  
du - ty, and my du - ty, To speak with the  
sword, not the pen; If Wash - ing -

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