I Don't Want The Morning To Come.

Words by
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Music by
J. FRED HELF.

Valse Moderato.

Andante Moderato.

The doctor stands beside the bed looks at his watch and says, I
The doctor pulls the blinds up 'tis a sunny after noon, The

fear the boy won't live for one more day, The
birds sing gaily in the budding trees, The

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mother weeping turns aside and asks the little girl, What
little girl so tired by the window is asleep, Her
would we do if brother went away, Gold
golden hair kissed by the gentle breeze, They

night is ending just as mama at the window stands, And
lift her brother from his bed the danger now is passed, They
sees the rosy dawn creep o'er the skies, Just
carry him unto his sist'rs side, And

I Don't Want, etc. 4
then her little girl comes in and drawing down the blinds, She
while he softly kisses her, they tell the little lad, How

whispers while the tears come to her eyes:
just when night was ending she had cried.

CHORUS.
Valse Moderato.

I don't want the morning to come ma - ma, I'm
go - ing to keep out the light, I've turned back the
hands on the clock you see, I just want to think it's night, I don't want to hear when the birdies sing, And the bees hum mid flowers gay, I don't want the morning to come ma-ma, I want brother Jim to stay.

I Don't Want, etc. 4