Just A Baby's Prayer At Twilight

Words by
SAM M. LEWIS
& JOE YOUNG

Moderato

I've heard the prayed of moth-ers,
The gold that some folks pray for,
I've heard the prayed of
For those who went away,
For those who went away,

Some of them old and gray;
Brings noth-ing but re-grets.
Some day this gold won't
Their man-y life long debts.
Some prayed may be ne-glect-ed

The mean-ing of good-bye,
Be-yond the Gold-en Gates;
I felt the pain of each one,
But this one made me cry:

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,

po co rit.

Poor ba-by's
years, are filled with tears; There's a mother there at twi-light Who's proud to know Her precious little tot Is dad's forget-me-not After say ina' good-night ma-ma? She climbs up-stairs Quite un-a-wares And says her pray'rs; "Oh! kindly tell my dad-dy that he must take care!" That's a ba-by's pray'r at twi-light For her dad-dy, "o-ver there!" Just a ba-by's pray'r at