Just A Baby's Prayer At Twilight.

Words by
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Music by
M. K. JEROME.

I've heard the pray'rs of moth'ers,
Some of them old and gray.

The gold that some folks pray for,
Brings nothing but regrets.

I've heard the pray'rs of others,
For those who went away.

Oft times a pray'r will teach one,
Their man-y life-long debts.

Some pray'rs may be neglected,
Beyond the Golden Gates.

But when they're all collected,
Here's one that never waits:

The meaning of goodbye.

I felt the pain of each one,
But this one made me cry:

Chorus.

Just a baby's pray'r at twilight,
When lights are low.

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I'm not. After saying "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' at twi-light,

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