

**BABY YOUR MOTHER
LIKE SHE BABIED YOU**

A
TENDER,
LOVING,
FOX TROT
BALLAD

With
Ukulele
Accompaniment



* You can't go wrong
with any 'FELT' song *

Words by
ANDREW DONNELLY
and **DOLLY MORSE**

Music by
JOE BURKE

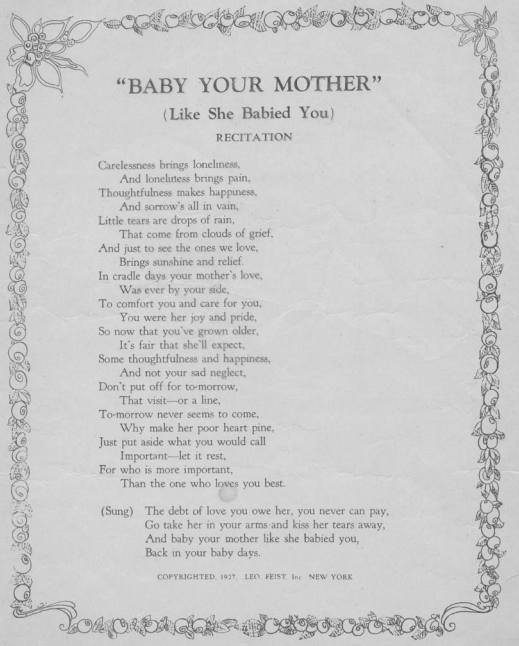
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BABY

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text.

"BABY YOUR MOTHER"

(Like She Babied You)

RECITATION

Carelessness brings loneliness,
And loneliness brings pain,
Thoughtfulness makes happiness,
And sorrow's all in vain,
Little tears are drops of rain,
That come from clouds of grief,
And just to see the ones we love,
Brings sunshine and relief.
In cradle days your mother's love,
Was ever by your side,
To comfort you and care for you,
You were her joy and pride,
So now that you've grown older,
It's fair that she'll expect,
Some thoughtfulness and happiness,
And not your sad neglect,
Don't put off for to-morrow,
That visit—or a line,
To-morrow never seems to come,
Why make her poor heart pine,
Just put aside what you would call
Important—let it rest,
For who is more important,
Than the one who loves you best.

(Sung) The debt of love you owe her, you never can pay,
Go take her in your arms and kiss her tears away,
And baby your mother like she babied you,
Back in your baby days.

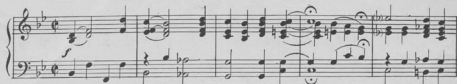
Baby Your Mother

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Words by
ANDREW DONNELLY and
DOLLY MORSE

(Like She Babied You)
FOX-TROT SONG
(Ukulele arr. see note below)*

Music by
JOE BURKE



When you were a ba-by, whose two
Ev-'ry ev-'ning moth-er hums a

arms held you tight?— Rocked you to sleep— ev-'ry night?—
sweet lul-la-bye, — And in her heart— there's a sigh, —

Those two arms are emp-ty now, She's grown old and gray, —
For her mem-o-ries are filled with dear days that were, —

* Ukulele arr. by MAY SINGHI BREEN
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Why don't you go home to day? And
You're still a baby to her. So,

CHORUS

Ba-by your moth-er Like she ba-bied you,—

Back in your ba-by days.

May-be your moth-er is lone-some and blue,—

5984-3

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TIMERS'**

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Wait - ing for you — and need - ing you too; — The debt of

love you owe her, you can nev - er pay, Go take her in your arms and

kiss her tears a - way, And ba - by your moth - er like she ba - bled you, —

Back in your ba - by days. days. —