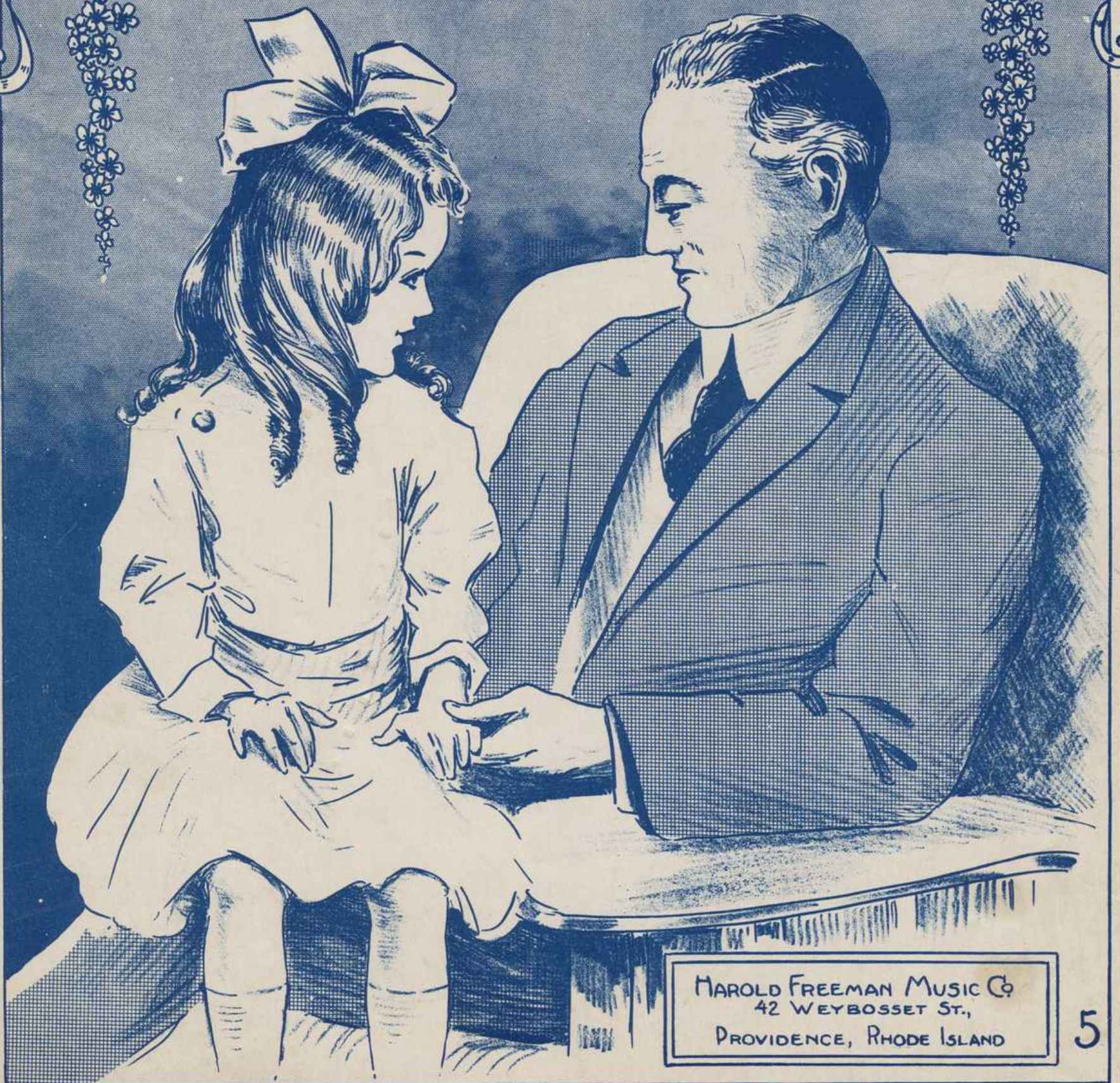


THE COMPANION SONG TO THE FAMOUS "MY MOTHER'S LULLABY"

A DADDY'S PRAYER

— BY —

HAROLD B. FREEMAN



HAROLD FREEMAN MUSIC CO.
42 WEYBOSSET ST.,
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

A DADDY'S PRAYER

By HAROLD B. FREEMAN

Slowly



Tenderly

A lit - tle girl sat on her fa - ther's knee Just at the close of day ——— She
 The lit - tle girl thought for a time and then Looked in her fa - ther's eyes ——— She

looked up and said, "When I go to bed, Have I got to kneel and pray?" ——— And
 said, "I'll pray too, Just the same as you, And then p'raps God will get wise! ——— I

then Dad - dy kissed her and held her near, And a tear was in his eye ——— He said,
 want to see broth - er come home a - gain, "Cause I know you're aw - fully sad" ——— Then they

"Don't for - get broth - er is far a - way, And you'll pray the same as I. ———
 knelt there a - lone in that cheer - less home, And she prayed be - side her Dad. ———



CHORUS (*Slowly*)

Bring back my wand - ring boy to - night, My sol - dier so dear to

me The boy who was once my joy and light, The pride of my

life to be Now somewhere in France, mid shot and shell, He's

fight - ing ov - er there I'm here all a - lone Dear God bring him

home That was a Dad - dy's Prayer. Prayer.

HAROLD FREEMAN'S MASTERPIECE.
MY MOTHER'S LULLABY.

If you can pause for a moment, in this whirl of life; and lay aside the cares and the worries, and look back-across the bridge of life when you were a kid in your mother's arms, in your mind the sweetest picture in the world will be formed, when your mother was singing you to sleep with the beautiful strains of "Rock-a-bye, Baby."

Too young to have a care in the world, you were content in those strong arms, and Paradise could never be nearer to you than at that time.

That's what MY MOTHER'S LULLABY brings to you - the most beautiful memories, the thoughts of childhood, of mother, and of peace. It's a song of mother-love, and in the sublimity of the devotion of the mother for her child, MY MOTHER'S LULLABY excels the ordinary song; it is nothing pretentious, but a simple story, and a story that the whole world loves, told in a simple way. Can these words awaken in your heart a faint throb of responsiveness and bring you memories-wonderful memories.

CHORUS

In the days of long ago, Mother sang to me,
Just a song so soft and low, an old sweet melody;
It wasn't a classic of opera so grand,
A sweet simple tune you could all understand,
Rock-a-bye Baby on the tree-top, seemed to make me cry,
Still I hear it, soft and low, MY MOTHER'S LULLABY.

And then play this little bit of the music:-

CHORUS. Slowly and tenderly

In the days of long a - go, Moth-er sang to
me Just a song so soft and low, An old sweet mel-o

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This is HAROLD FREEMAN'S MASTERPIECE- the greatest song that he has ever written, and it will be the biggest hit of 1917-18. Get it while it's new, and join the thousands who are now singing it. FOR SALE AT ALL WOOLWORTH, KRESGE, MCCRORY, or KRESS STORES or sent direct from the publishers upon receipt of 30 Cents.

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