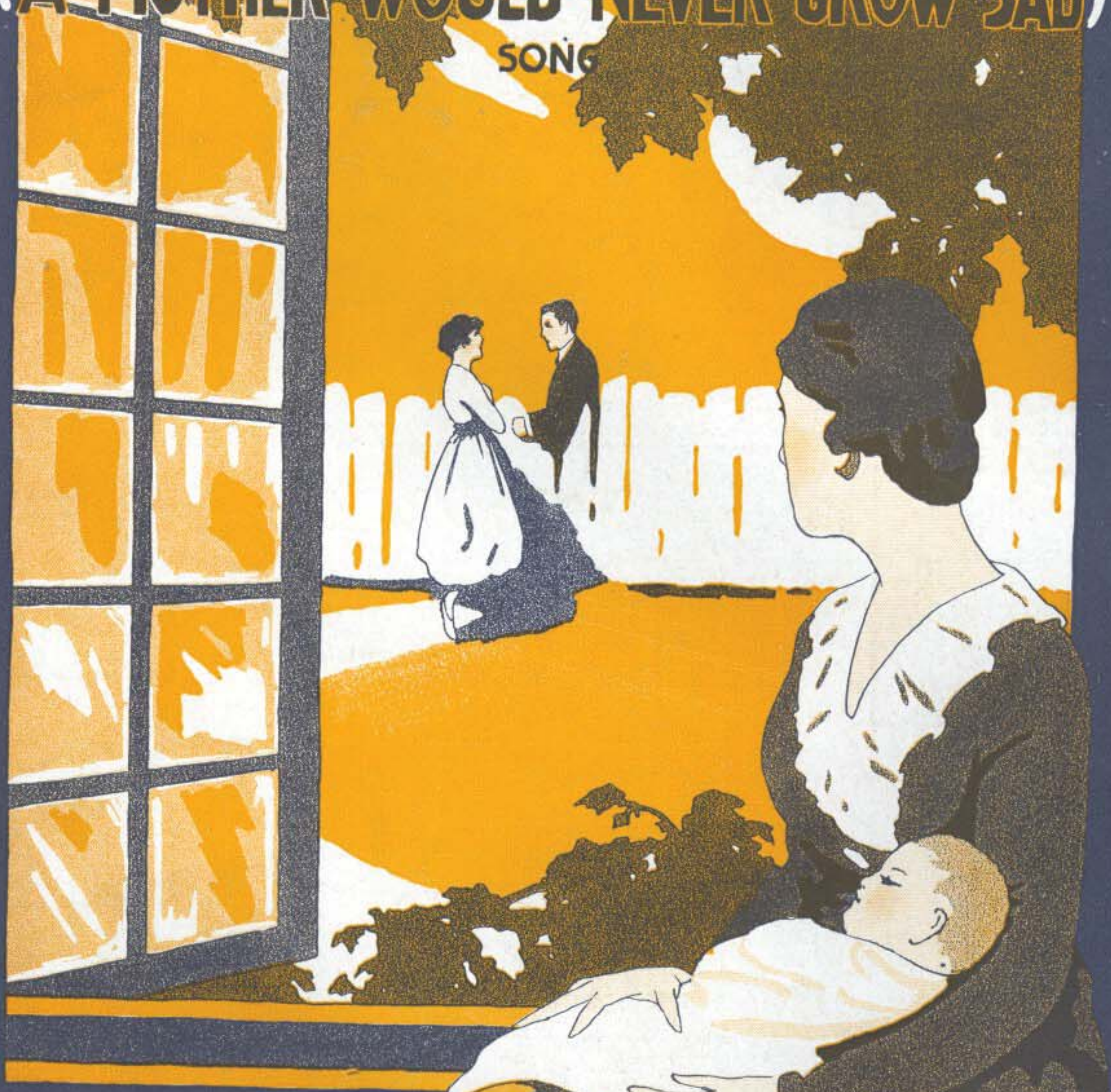


IF A BABY WOULD NEVER GROW OLDER

(A MOTHER WOULD NEVER GROW SAD)

SONG



Lyric by
Alfred Bryant

Music by
Harry Tierney

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NEW YORK

JEROME H. REMICK & CO.

DETROIT



If A Baby Would Never Grow Older ³

(A Mother Would Never Be Sad)

Lyric by
ALFRED BRYAN

SONG

Music by
HARRY TIERNEY

Moderato

PIANO

VOICE

Ba - by has learn'd to talk, Ba - by has learn'd to walk,
Wed-ding bells ring - ing gay, He's feel-ing glad to day,

Vamp

Moth - er looks in his eyes — and sighs; Soon ba - by's feet — will stray,
Some one looks in his eyes — and sighs, "I'll have you all — a - lone,

Leave her a - lone — some day, That is the rea - son she cries. —
You'll be my ve - ry own," "Yours all a - lone," he re - plies. —

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Folds him up close to her breast,— Sobs as she rocks him to rest:—
Moth-er is try - ing to smile,— Sings to her-self all the while:—

CHORUS

If a ba - by would nev - er grow old - er A

p-f

moth - er would nev - er be sad, ————— Two lips all day — would ca -

ress her and say, — "My pret - ty ma - ma I love you best." And two

round dim-pl'd arms would en - fold her, Her heart would al - ways be

glad. She could be con-tent-ed all the night and day, No

girl could - ev - er come and take her boy a - way; If a ba-by would nev - er grow

old - er. A moth - er would nev - er be, sad. If a sad. *D.C.*