

THE TIME HE LOVES THE BEST.



SONG
&
REFRAIN.

WORDS BY L. HARRY FREEMAN. SONG. 50 WALTZ. MUSIC BY W. H. KRELL.

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Tempo di Valse.



p



When twi - light shad - ows lin - ger a - round the nurs - 'ry
While ba - by soft - ly slum - bers un - til the break of

door,..... And ba - by's toys and play - things are strewn up -
day,..... He wan - ders off in dream - land to worlds so

on the floor,..... Then moth - er tells her dar - ling 'tis
far a - way;..... For now he's grown to man - hood, with

time he was at rest..... And lov - ing - ly he comes and
fond and lov - ing arms..... He shields his dear old moth -

lays his head up - on her breast..... His wea - ry lit - tle
er, pro - tect - ing her from harm..... God bless our lit - tle

feet have romped a - bout the whole day long ;..... Now co - zy
dar - ling boy and guard him thro' the night ;..... To - mor - row,

cresc.

in his moth - er's arms, he begs her for a song..... And
when the day has come, he'll play with all his might..... And

rit. *f* *rit.* *mp*

like a lit - tle bird he lies con - tent - ed in his nest;..... It
when the eve - ning shad - ows fall he'll glad - ly come to rest;..... For

a tempo.

is the time of all the day that ba - by loves the best.....
then it is the time of day that ba - by loves the best.....

p REFRAIN.

For now 'tis ba - by's bed - time, so gath - er up the toys;..... Be

sure to kiss him gen - tly, and don't you make a noise He's

tired of all his play - things and wants to be ca - ressed,..... In

rit. moth - er's arms at twi - light *a tempo.* is the time he loves the best.....

rit. *a tempo*