

BABY MEMORIES

BY E. L. WHELAN and W. J. McINTOSH

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MINIATURE EDITION:

The conservation of paper now necessary to help win the war is causing us to issue this song in this form. We feel sure that your appreciation of present conditions will prompt you to co-operate with us in our endeavor to economize.

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Baby Memories

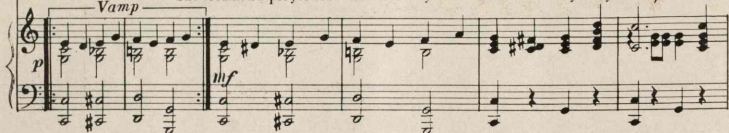
By E. L. WHELAN and
W. J. McINTOSH

Moderato



A moth-er and her son were part-ing, he was off to war, He
She breathed a prayer for sol-dier boys as on their way they filed, God

Vamp



saw his du-ty clear, but could not hide a tear; He was soon to sail a-way to
bless you ev-'ry one, you're each a moth-er's son; Tho' to man's es-tate you've grown, to

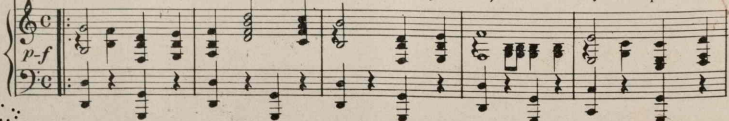


some far dis-tant shore, And so shespoke to com-fort him as in the days of yore.
her you're just a child, And men-'ries of your ba-by days still hold her heart beguiled.



CHORUS *p.f*

You'll be my ba-by where-ev-er you are, My spir-it's



with you no mat - ter how far; When you hear du - ty call, to

give life and all, Fight for the right al - ways, tho' you may fall;

Tho' you may nev - er re - turn when it's thru, I'll cher - ish the mem - 'ry of

all that you do, And my thoughts they will stray to that long a - go day,

To the ba - by mem - 'ries of you. ——— you. ———



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