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MY BABY'S HORSE

LULLABY

WORDS·BY·EMILIE·BLACKMORE·STAPP

MUSIC·BY·EVELYN·DISSMORE·HOTCHKISS

PUBLISHED BY

THE GO-HAWKS HAPPY TRIBE

BENEFIT

FATHERLESS CHILDREN OF FRANCE

M1646
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MY BABY'S HORSE.

(A Lullaby.)

Words by Emilie Blackmore Stapp. Music by Evelyn Dissmore Hotchkiss.

Slowly, with swinging movement.

1. My Ba - by's pranc - ing horse is Dad - dy's knee, When night - time comes he steed is slow - ing down, The Sand - man's rid - ing rides a - way To Sleep - y Town, by Dream - land ver - y fast; Oh! here you are, at Sleep - y Sea; I love to hear their laugh - ter gay— Ride, Town, The Sand - man's caught you, dear, at last— He'll

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A little faster.

Ba - by, ride, the Sand - man bold Is
tie your steed by Dream - land Sea, On

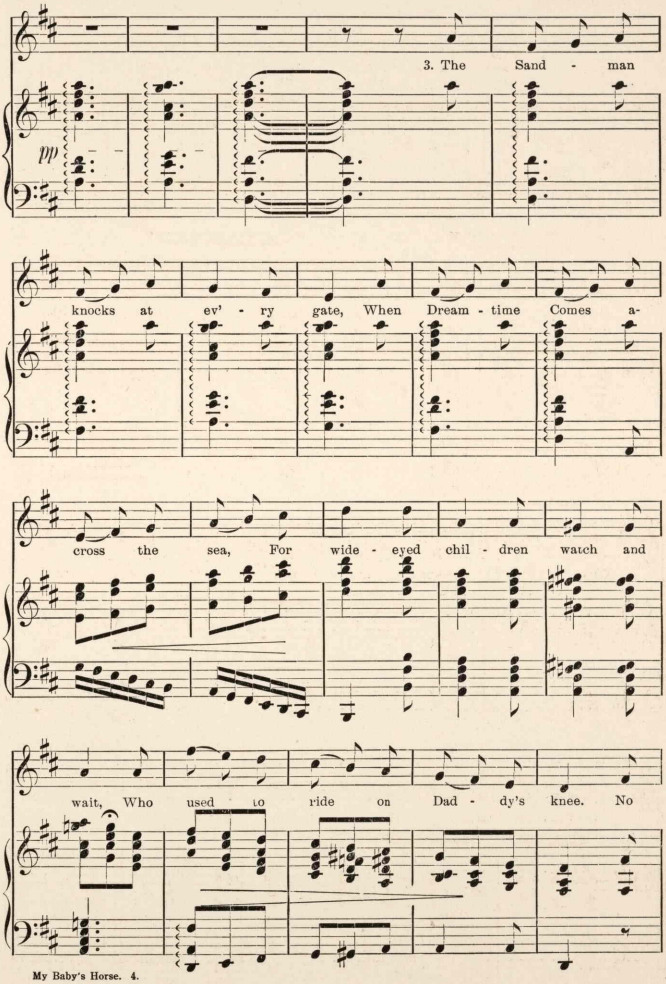
fol - low - ing close be - hind you, dear, But
moon - lit shores all night you'll play, Then

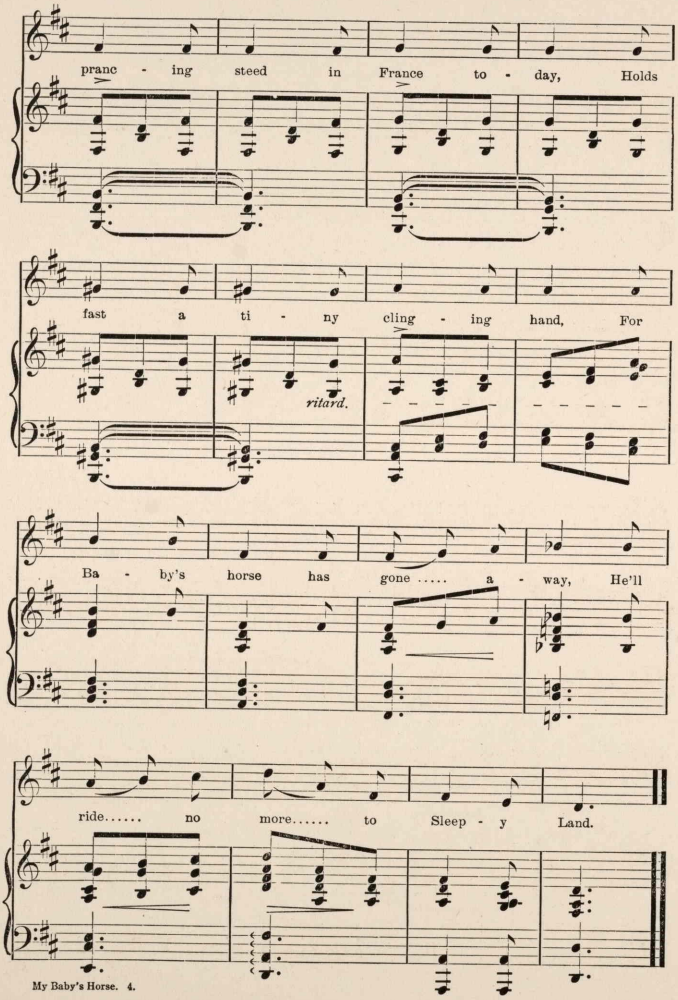
ritard.

Dad - dy's arms will you ..... en - fold, And
you'll come rid - ing home..... to me, To

1st verse ending. *2d verse ending*

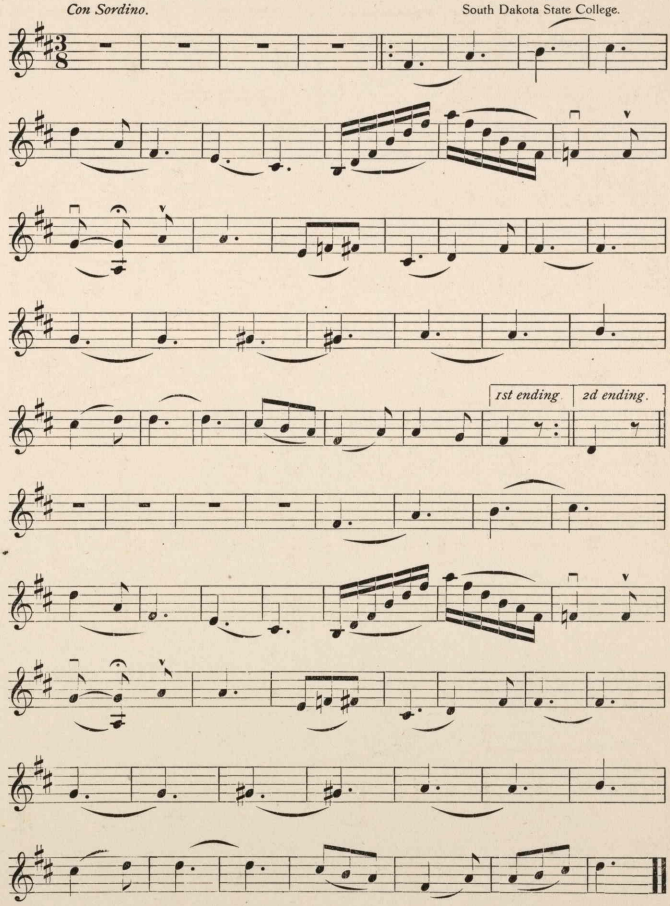
so.... for you ..... I have no fear. 2. Your
make life sweet .... an - oth - er day.


3. The Sand - man
pp
knocks at ev' - ry gate, When Dream - time Comes a-
cross the sea, For wide - eyed chil - dren watch and
wait, Who used to ride on Dad - dy's knee. No


pranc - ing steed in France to - day, Holds
fast a ti - ny cling - ing hand, For
ritard.
Ba - by's horse has gone ..... a - way, He'll
ride..... no more..... to Sleep - y Land.

MY BABY'S HORSE.

Violin Obbligato by
Prof. C. Christensen,
of the
South Dakota State College.



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