

Don't Touch Baby's Grave - song lyrics

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DON'T TOUCH BABY'S GRAVE.

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Words by George Cooper. Music by May E. Cooper.

I wandered in a pensive mood where lay the silent dead
And as I mused above the grass so green
The names of those who slept below with reverence I read
And thought of joys and sorrows they had seen;
The turmoil of a city fell upon the silence there,
As its people thronged with ever restless wave
And with a voice of sadness and a look of weary care
A woman pleaded, "Don't touch baby's grave!"

Chorus.

They were moving from their resting-place the silent dust of those
Who thought when life had fled from all its toil they'd have repose,
But a loving mother pleaded there her little one to save.
And begged with pitying accents: "Don't touch baby's grave!"

She thought of all her child had been, the sweet and laughing eyes,
The rosebud lips that were to her so dear;
She knew that she would meet her babe above in Paradise,
Yet o'er that grave fell the silent tear;
The outer world could little know the grief that filled her breast.
As with all her love she strove that mound to save;
She wrung her hands with anguish and a mother's sad unrest,
And wildly pleaded: "Don't touch baby's grave!" -Chorus.