

The Time He Loves The Best - song lyrics

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THE TIME HE LOVES THE BEST

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Words by L. Harry Freeman. Music by W. H. Krell.

When twilight shadows linger around the nursery door,
And baby's toys and playthings are strewn upon the floor,
Then mother tells her dialing 'tis time he was at rest,
And lovingly he comes and lays his head upon her breast.
His weary little feet have romped about the whole day long;
Now., cosey in his mother's arms, he begs her for a song,
And like a little bird he lies contented in his nest;
It is the time of all the day that baby loves the beat.

Refrain.

For now 'tis baby's bedtime, so gather up the toys;
Be sure to kiss him gently, and don't you make a noise.
He's tired of all his playthings and wants to be caressed;
In mother's arms at twilight is the time he loves the best.

While baby softly slumbers until the break of day.
He wanders off in dreamland to worlds so far away:
For now he's grown to manhood, with fond and loving arms
He shields his dear old mother, protecting her from harm.
God bless our little darling boy and guard him thro' the night;
To-morrow, when the day has come, he'll play with all his might;
And when the evening shadows fall he'll gladly come to rest.
For then it is the time of day that baby loves the best.- Refrain.