THE BURGLAR AND HIS CHILD

Words by JOSEPH NORTHUP

Music by W. C. PARKER

Andante con espress.

A mother was putting her
soon fast asleep, And the burglar knelt by her side,

The sweet little baby was

baby to rest, In a cradle of gold and white,

soon fast asleep, And the burglar knelt by her side,

With a loving caress to the one she loves best, She

When the mother, alarmed, to the bedside did creep, "Don't

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I says her fare-wells for the night. From outside, thro' the harm my poor baby, she cried. "Don't you know me?" he window, a burglar peers in, And then stealthily climbs up the said, as he stood by the bed, "If you'll let me, I'll for you both stair; But he stops in surprise, And his hardened heart care! On a new path I'll start, For her father's old sighs. As he listens to baby's prayer: heart Has been softened by baby's prayer:"
CHORUS

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; If

I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.

By a sudden impulse led, The burglar knelt down by the bed,

"Say another prayer," he said, "For the burglar and his child."