

# Ed Bruce, Her Sweet Love And The Baby

Soft rain kissing the fallen leaves night wind harmonizing with whispering trees  
Of pretty sounds I've heard the sweetest I think maybe  
Is when she sings to the baby  
I look around at riches by which some men measure  
But all their wealth I see can never match my treasures

The stillness of the dawn by a mountain stream  
A bird and his mate dancing through the night on pale moon beams  
Of pretty things I've seen the sweetest I think maybe  
Is when she's holding the baby  
I look around at riches by which some men measure  
But all their wealth I see can never match my treasures  
Of fortunes I have seen the riches I think maybe  
Of her sweet love and the baby  
Her sweet love and the baby