

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