

Baby, Baby - song lyrics

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BABY, BABY.

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By Gustave Kecker.

Lovers are silly young things, you know.
And I am silly as any;
I've worn two engagement rings, you know,
But two, you'll agree, are not many.
My heart was once put in a whirl, you know,
I think, by a fellow named Willie;
He called me his dear baby girl, you know.
And I liked it, although it was silly.
For there's something in the term of baby, baby.
That is the name I love;
It's sweet as the perfume of roses.
It's soft as the coo of a dove.
My sweetheart may call me his darling.
His queen, or his sugar plum, maybe;
But 'tween you and me, I'd rather that he
Should call me his dear little baby.

Sitting alone in the dark, you know-
That is, with one other beside you;
He'll call you his robin or lark, you know,
And no one is there to deride you.
He whispers all names that are sweet, you know.
No matter how sugary they be;
But there's one that I make him repeat, you know.
And that is the little word baby.
For there's something in the term of baby, baby,
That is the name I love;
It's sweet as the perfume of roses,
It's soft as the coo of a dove.
My sweetheart may call me his darling.
His queen, or his sugar plumb, maybe;
But 'tween you and me, I'd rather that he
Should call me his dear little baby.