

# Sweet Baby Grace - song lyrics

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SWEET BABY GRACE.

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Words and Music by Wm. J. Doughten.

You may sing of your sweetheart, your wife and your mother,  
They all in your heart have a most sacred place;  
But I'll sing of my baby, my own little daughter,  
The pride of my heart is my sweet baby Grace.  
She is my sweetheart, she is my treasure;  
How my heart leaps when I gaze on her face,  
How my heart aches, lest some evil befall her;  
God, watch my darling, my sweet baby Grace.

Chorus.

Sweet, little, blue eyes, come kiss your papa;  
What care I, darling, for diamond or pearl?  
This little treasure is dearer than riches,  
Papa's own, dear little, sweet little girl.

You should see how she comes down the pathway to meet me,  
With sweet arms outstretched and her face all aglow,  
For papa's been gone from his darling since morning,  
And now there'll be kissing and hugging, I know.  
Dear little feet, how they falter and stumble.  
The least little pebble will cause her to fall;  
Up again, darling-try again bravely-  
Papa will reach you and soon heal it all.-Chorus.

And thus it is ever along life's rough pathway;  
There's something to trip up the dear little feet.  
There's something to hinder the plans started bravely,  
And casting you down when success looks so sweet.  
Would that your papa could always be near you,  
To smooth the rough places that come in your way;  
Father in heaven, look down on my baby,  
And guard her dear feet in her walk day by day.- Chorus.

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