

CHARMS

Sweet is a rosebud, pink or red,
And sweet are the blooms of May,
And sweet is the fragrance about us shed
On many a summer day.
Oh, the world is full of such sweetness rare
To make our joys completer,
But there 's nothing so sweet on this earth, I swear,
But a baby's smile is sweeter.

Fair is the blue in the summer skies,
And fair is the summer sun,
And fair is the look in a sweetheart's eyes
When a man her heart has won.
The world is crowded with splendors fair
To gladden each burden-bearer,
But there's nothing so fair on the earth, I swear,
But the charms of a babe are fairer.

Dear to us all are the friends we love,
And dear are the hopes we cling to;
And dear, indeed, are the memories of
The loved ones we used to sing to.
Oh, the world is crowded with treasures dear,
To our hearts, above all, they 're nearer;
But there's nothing so dear you can mention here,
But the baby you love is dearer.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881 -1959)