

Shawn Colvin, The Christ Child's Lullaby

Oh dear, the eye that softly looks
Oh dear, the heart that foundly loves
Though but a tender babe thy arth
The graces all grow up with thee
Oh dear, the wind that pulls the trees
Oh dear, the rain that softly falls
Though but a tender babe thy arth
The graces all grow up with thee
Oh sweet, the night that holds your name
Oh sweet, the star that truly shines
Though but a tender babe thy arth
The graces all grow up with thee
Oh dear, the eye that softly looks
Oh dear, the heart that foundly loves
Though but a tender babe thy arth
The graces all grow up with thee