

Bic Runga, The Gift That Keeps On Giving

the gift that keeps on giving
is coming to my house
like a wild deer at my doorway
he was suddenly so close
the beams are made of cedar wood
the rafters made of fir
the garden holds a fountain
honeycomb and myrrh

i walked along the broadways
looking for my love

i asked among the watchmen
have you seen my love?
promise not to wake him sisters
let him sleep his time
he comforts me with apples
succours me with wine

holy night blessed daylight
you are my true delight