

Dianne Reeves, Christ Child's Lullaby

Oh dear the eye
That softly looks
Oh dear the heart
That fondly loves
Oh but a tender babe thou art
The graces all grow up with thee

Oh dear the wind
That pulls the trees
Oh dear the rain
That softly falls
Oh but a tender babe thou art
The graces all grow up with thee

Oh sweet the night
That holds your name
Oh sweet the star
That truly shines
Oh but a tender babe thou art
The graces all grow up with thee

Oh dear the eye
That softly looks
Oh dear the heart
That fondly loves
Oh but a tender babe thou art
The graces all grow up with thee