

Brahms' Lullaby

Celtic Woman

Roses whisper good night 'neath silvery light
Asleep in the dew they hide from our view
When the dawn peepeth through God will wake them and you
When the dawn peepeth through God will wake them and you

Slumber sweetly my dear for the angels are near
To watch over you the silent night through
And to bear you above to the dreamland of love
And to bear you above to the dreamland of love

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