

A Child Is Born

Paul Carrack

Now, out of the night;
Soft as the dawn,
Into the light,
This child,
Innocent child,
Soft as a fawn,
This child is born.

One small heart;
One pair of eyes;
One work of art,
Here in my arms,
Here he lies,
Trusting and warm,
Blessed this morn'
A child is born.

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One pair of eyes;
One work of art,
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