

## The Gift That Keeps On Giving

Bic Runga

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  
succour me with wine

holy night blessed daylight  
you are my true delight