

Brahms' Lullaby

Celtic Woman

Roses whisper goodnight,
'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 dream land of love,
and to bear you above
to the dream land of love