

A Child Is Born

Barbra Streisand

A child is born
We've suddenly stepped through
A thousand dolls
A child is born
Her chin is like mine
But her eyes are yours
How perfectly formed are her fingers
So far reach, so much to know
What words will be formed by her fingers
We'll hold her close
Then let her go
How sweet to find
A part of ourselves
We knew nothing of
A child is born
A child that is born of our love