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For Emerald Lee, of course. Welcome home.

*refrain:*

D Dsus2 D G  
Emerald dreams in her mother's arms...  
D5 D A  
Tell me what are her dreams made of?  
G A D A  
Warmth and rest at her mother's breast;  
D G  
Sunlight and songs and love...

A Asus4 D Dsus2 D  
Fishes dream in the deep green sea;  
G D A  
Birds rock in the treetops tall;  
G A D Dsus2 A  
Diamonds hide in the cold dark mines  
D G A  
And dream no dreams at all.  
D Dsus2 D Dsus2 D  
But Emerald sleeps in her mother's arms  
G D A  
Cradled close and warm;  
G A Asus2 A Dsus2 D  
Her father sings her this lullabye  
D G A  
And keeps her safe from harm.

*refrain*

I held my daughter in my arms  
On the morning of her birth.  
All afternoon I watched her sleep  
On her first day on the Earth,  
And as she slept her tight-closed eyes  
Were moving to and fro,  
But what she saw in her life's first dream  
No one will ever know.

*refrain*

D G D  
Sunlight and songs and love...

Written two days after the birth of my daughter Emerald Lee, and it's all true. I wrote it as her own private lullabye, but it turned out she prefers "The Mary Ellen Carter".

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