

# You're The Blessing We'll Never Know

(A Lullaby for the Aborted Babies)

by Tom Stalmach

Now we lay you down to sleep.  
Though you're gone before your time,

We long to see your blessings,  
Like barefoot laughter in the rain,  
like pictures of a home with love,  
or a tiny voice sayin'  
Just your tiny voice sayin'

I'd like to hug and kiss your cheek,  
To dream of all that you could be,  
But as it is we'll never feel,  
To change our hearts,  
To change our hearts,

We miss your hugs we'll never feel,  
Your feet will never grace our sod,  
But from your home in heaven,  
'Cause you're in our hearts,  
You're in our hearts,

We ask of your forgiveness,  
What they did,  
You're the blessing,

We pray the Lord your soul to keep.  
We offer you this lullaby.

and the gifts we'll never know,  
or angels made in snow.  
on refrigerator doors,  
"Who could ask for more," oh, oh, oh.  
"Who could ask for more."

and hold you in my arms,  
and keep you from all harm,  
the touch of tiny hands,  
and heal our wounded land. Oh, oh, oh  
and heal our wounded land.

their medicine will never heal.  
or lead us down the path to God.  
please pray for us below,  
and we'll never let you go, oh, oh  
and we'll never let you go.

for the ones who did not know  
or they'd never let you go, oh, oh  
that we'll never get to know