

Gartan Mothers Lullaby

A Sleep, oh babe, for the red bee hums the silent twilight's fall D A

Ee val from the grey rock comes to wrap the world in thrall D A D

A A lyan van oh, my child, my joy, my own and heart's desire D

The crickets sing you lullaby beside the dying fire A D A

Dusk is drawn and the Green Man's thorn is wreathed in rings of fog
Sheevra sails his boat till morn, across the starry bog

A lyan van o, the paley moon has brimmed her cusp in dew

And weeps to hear the sad sleep tune I sing, o love, to you