

The Gartan Mother's Lullaby

Sleep oh babe for the red bee hums
the silent twilights fall
Aoibheal from the grey rock comes
to wrap the world in thrall
A lyan van o my child my joy
my love and heart's desire
The crickets sing you lullabys
beside the dying fire

Dusk is drawn and the green man's thorn
Is wreathed in rings of fog
Sheevra sails his boat till morn
Upon the starry bog
A lyan van o the paley moon
Has ringed her cusp in dew
And weeps to hear the sad sweet song
I sing my love to you