

# THE GARTAN MOTHER'S LULLABY

(Traditional)

Sleep, O babe, for the red bee hums  
The silent twilights fall  
Eeval 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 lullaby  
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 paly moon  
Hath brimm'd her crisp in dew  
And weeps to hear the soft sleep tune  
I sing, O love, to you

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