

Blackburn Fiona, Gartan Mother's Lullaby

Sleep, O babe, for the red bee hums the silent twilight's 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 'til morn upon the starry bog.
A lyan van o, the paly moon hath brimm'd her cusp in dew
And weeps to hear the sad, sleep tune I sing, o love, to you.
Sleep, O babe, ...