

Loreena McKennitt, Moon Cradle

When the moon-cradle's rocking and rocking
Where a cloud and a cloud go by
Silently rocking and rocking
The moon-cradle out in the sky.

Then comes the lad with the hazel
And the folding star's in the rack
'Night's a good herd' to the cattle,
He sings, 'She brings all things back.'

But the bond woman down by the boorie
Sings with a heart grown wild
How a hundred rivers are flowing
Between herself and her child.

'The geese, even they trudge homeward
That have their wings and the waste,
Let your thoughts be on Night the Herder,
And be quiet for a space.'

The moon-cradle's rocking and rocking,
Where a cloud and a cloud go by,
Silent rocking and rocking
The moon-cradle out in the sky.

The snipe they are crying and crying
Liadine, liadine, liadine
Where no track's on the bog they are flying:
A lonely dream will be mine!