

# Robin Williamson, The Gartan Lullaby

Sleep, my son, the red bee hums  
The silent twilights fall  
The lady from the grey rock comes  
To wrap the world in thrall  
My darling boy, my pride, my joy  
My love and hearts desire  
The cricket sings his lullaby  
Beside the dying fire

Dusk is drawn and the green mans thorn  
Is wrapped in wreaths of fog  
The fairies sail their boat till dawn  
Across the starry bog  
My darling son, the pearl-white moon  
Has drained her cup of dew  
And weeps to hear the sad, sweet song  
I sing, my love, to you

Words and Music: Traditional Irish