Gartan Mother's Lullaby

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Sleep, oh babe, for the red bee hums the silent twilight's fall
Ee val from the grey rock comes to wrap the world in thrall
A lyan van oh, 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 lyn van o, the paley moon hath brimmed her cusp in dew
And weeps to hear the sad sleep tune I sing, o love, to you

recorded by Ian Campbell Folk Group
SOF