

Celtic Woman

"Gartan Mothers Lullaby"

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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, my love,
to you
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

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