

Meryl Streep

"Gartens Mother's Lullaby"

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Sleep O babe, for the red bee hums the silent twilight's
fall

Aoibheall from the grey rock comes, to wrap the world
in thrall

A leanbhan O, my child, my joy, my love my 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

Siabhra sails his boat till morn, upon the Starry Bog
A leanbhan O, the paly moon hath brimmed her cusp in
dew

And weeps to hear the sad sleep-tune, I sing O love to
you

A leanbhan O, my child, my joy, my love my heart's
desire

The crickets sing you lullaby, beside the dying fire

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