Nicolette Larson "Irish Lullaby"

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Sleep o babe for the red bee hums the silent twilights 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 Mans' thorn is wreathed in rings of fog sheevra sails his boat till morn alone the starry bog a lyan van 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 lyan van o, the paly moon hath brimmed her cusp in dew and weeps to hear the sad sleep tune I sing o love to you

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