

Fiona Blackburn

"Gartan Mother's Lullaby"

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

Eval 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, o love, to
you.

Sleep, O babe, ...

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