

Larson Nicolette

"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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