

Old Songs, Lullabies, Shanties etc.

"A Celtic Lullaby"

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Lennavanmo Lennavanmo who is it swinging you to
and fro
With a long low swing and a sweet low croon
loving words of a mother's rune
Lennavanmo Lennavanmo who is it swinging you to
and fro.

I am thinking it is an Angel fair
The Angel that looks on the gulf from the lowest stair.
And swings the green world upward by its leagues of
sunshine hair
Lennavanmo Lennavanmo who swingeth you and the
Angel to and fro.

It is he whose faintest thought is a world afar
It is He whose wish is a seven-mooned leaping star
It is He Lennavanmo to whom you and I and all things
flow
Lennavanmo Lennavanmo
It is only a little wee lass that you are
Eilidh mo chree
But as This wee blossom has roots in the depths of the
sky,
So you are one with the Lord of Eternity
Bonny wee lass that you are, my morning star,
Elidh mo chree, Lennavanmo Lennavanmo.

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