

Robin Williamson, The Gartan Lullaby

Sleep, my son, the red bee hums
The silent twilights fall
The lady from the grey rock comes
To wrap the world in thrall
My darling boy, my pride, my joy
My love and hearts desire
The cricket sings his lullaby
Beside the dying fire

Dusk is drawn and the green mans thorn
Is wrapped in wreaths of fog
The fairies sail their boat till dawn
Across the starry bog
My darling son, the pearl-white moon
Has drained her cup of dew
And weeps to hear the sad, sweet song
I sing, my love, to you

Words and Music: Traditional Irish