

## Irish Lullaby

Nicolette Larson

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  
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