

# The Gartan Mother's Lullaby

Traditional Irish  
arranged by Neil Ginsberg

Very freely, gently

Flute or  
Vin.  
(opt.) \*

*mp* *mf* *pp rall.* *mp*

\* Begin piece at measure 6 if no flute or violin.

♩ = 50 *legato, gentle*

6

*mf* *legato, gentle* *mf* play RH if no flute

10 *legato, gentle*  
*mp*

S

Sleep, my child, for the red bee hums The si - lent twi-light

*legato, gentle*  
*mp*

A

Sleep, my child, for the red bee hums The si - lent twi-light

*mp* *mf* *mp* *mp* both hands

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13

falls. The Ban - shee from the grey rock comes, To wrap the world in

falls. The Ban - shee from the grey rock comes, To wrap the world in

*mf* *mp*

17

thrall. A ly-an - van, O my child, my joy, My

thrall. A ly-an - van, O my child, my joy, My

*mf* *f*

20

love, my heart's de - sire, The crick-et sings you a  
love, my heart's de - sire, The crick-et sings you a

*mf* *pp*

23

lul - la - by Be - side the dy-in' fire.  
lul - la - by Be - side the dy-in' fire.

*mf* play RH if no flute

27

*legato, gentle*  
*mf*

*f*

B

Dusk is drawn, and the Green Man's thorn Is wreathed in rings of fog.

*mp*

*f*

31

*mf*

*mp*

S

Oo—

A

*mp*

Oo—

*mf legato, gentle*

T

Shee - vra sails his boat 'til morn Up - on the star - ry

*mf legato, gentle*

B

Shee - vra sails his boat 'til morn Up - on the star - ry

*mp*

34

*f* A ly-an - van, O the pale half-moon, *exp.* bog. A ly-an - van, O the pale half-moon, Hath bog. *mp* Oo

37

*slower* Oo *mp slower* and weeps to hear this sad, sleep tune, I *mp slower* and weeps to hear this sad, sleep tune, I *mp slower* brimmed her cusp in dew, and weeps to hear this sad, sleep tune, I *mp slower* and weeps to hear this sad, sleep tune, I





very freely, gently

*mp*

more motion

you

you

you

to you

rall.

*pp*

*l.h.*

*ppp*

*r.h.*

Sleep, my child, for the red bee hums  
The silent twilight falls.  
The Banshee from the grey rock comes,  
To wrap the world in thrall.

A *lyanvan*, O my child, my joy,  
My love, my heart's desire,  
The cricket sings you a lullaby,  
Beside the dyin' 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 *lyanvan*, O the pale half-moon,  
Hath brimmed her cusp in dew,  
And weeps to hear this sad, sleep tune,  
I sing, my love, to you.

#### About the song:

The gift of Irish imagery is fully evident in the songs they sing to their babies. Often the music has a haunting quality such as we find in *The Gartan Mother's Lullaby*. We are grateful to Irish singer Alice Flynn who shared her research of this song with us, and aided us in creating our version of the lyrics. You can learn more about this song at her website: <http://www.mcn.net/~acflynn/gartan.html>

**Gartan** - an area and a lake in County Donegal

**Banshee** - a ghost-like fairy woman who haunted the rock of Graglea above Killaloe, near the old palace of Kincora; in Gaelic tradition she bears the name *Aoibheal* (pronounced EE-vahl); this has sometimes been confused with the word *evil*; we chose to use the word Banshee rather than a sound-alike word for *Aoibheal*

**thrall** - English word for a person held in bondage

**lyanvan** - an attempt (which has become traditional for this song) to duplicate the sound of the Irish word spelled *lean-bhan* which means *a child*; pronounce *lyanvan* LEEAHN-uh-vahn, the *uh* is very, very short like a grace note

**Green Man** - a medieval face with leaves growing out of it; often seen carved into old European buildings, it represents the death and rebirth of life in nature that occurs annually in the cycle of the seasons

**Sheevra** (Irish spelling *siabhra*) - a particularly mischievous type of little fairy people

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