

Firedance: Songs for Winter Solstice Album

Track 6

Gaia's Lullaby

Lael Whitehead ©2003 (SOCAN)

In the bleak heart of winter
When the icy wind made moan
And the world lay a-dying
Beneath a sky of stone

The Mother bore her Child
As midnight grew nigh
And she sang to her baby
A soft lullaby

She sang though the green wood
Lay butchered and waste
Though her meadows and groves
Were all gone without trace

She sang though the sea
Lay plundered and bare
Though her heart was so heavy
With longing and care

Lullay my dear one
My tiny child of earth
How fragile, how lovely
This moment of thy birth

Are there none to praise your coming,
To guard your tender light?
None to shelter your garden
From ravage and blight?

So the Mother sang softly
As the midnight hour passed by
And she grieved for the dark world

That knew not how to thrive

That knew not how to love
This gift she freely gave
Or to tend its frail blooming
In field and wood and wave

Lullay my dear one,
My little flame of earth
Who will watch o'er your growing
And cherish your worth?

Lullay my darling,
My little child of time
How precious, how fleeting
This blossom of mine