

## **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