

## Brian May

### "My Lagan Love"

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Where Lagan stream sings lullaby  
There blows a lily fair:  
The twilight gleam is in her eye,  
The night is on her hair.  
And, like a love-sick lenanshee,  
She hath my heart to thrall:  
Nor life I owe, nor liberty,  
For love is lord of all  
And often when the beetles horn  
Hath lulled the eve to sleep,  
I steal unto her shieling lorn  
And thro' the dooring peep.  
There on the cricket's singing stone  
She spares the bog wood fire.  
And hums in sad sweet undertone  
The song of heart's desire.

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