

Sinead Oconnor

"My Lagan Love"

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Where Lagan streams sings lullabies
There blows a lily fair
The twilight gleam is in her eye
The night is on her hair

And like a love sick Leannan si
She has my heart in thrall
No life have I, no liberty
For love is Lord of all

And often when the beetles horn
Has lulled the eve to sleep
I steal into her shieling lorn
And through the doorway creep

There on the cricket's singing stone
She makes the bogwood fire
And sings in sweet and undertone
The song of heart's desire

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