

Corrs, The

"My Lagan Love"

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Where lagan streams sing lullaby
There blows a lily fair
When twilight gleam is in her eyes the night is on her
hair

And like a love sick leanshee she hath my heart entrall
No life have I
No liberty when love is lord of all

And sometimes when the beetle's horn hath lulled the
eve to sleep
I steal unto her shielling low and through her dooring
peep

There on the cricket's singing stone she stirrs the bog
wood fire
And hums in soft sweet undertones the song of hearts
desire

Her welcome
Like her love for me is from her heart within
Her warm kiss is felicity that knows no taint of sin

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