

## My Lagan Love

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Where Lagan stream sings lullaby  
There blow a lily fair  
The twilight gleam is in her eye  
The night is no her hair  
And like a love-sick lenanshee  
She hath my heart in 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 here shielding lorn  
And thro' the dooring peep  
There on the cricket's singing stone  
She makes the bog wood fire  
And hums in sad sweet undertone  
The song of heart's desire