

## My Lagan Love

Celtic Woman

Where Lagan stream sing lullaby  
There blows a lily fair  
The twilight gleam is in her eyes  
The night is on her hair  
And like a love-sick lennan-shee  
She has my heart in thrall  
No life I own, no liberty  
With love is lord of all

And sometimes when the beetle's horn  
Hath lulled the eve to sleep  
I steal unto her shieling lorn  
And through her dooring peep.  
There on the cricket's singing stone,  
She stirs the bogwood fire,  
And hums in soft, sweet undertones  
The song of heart's desire

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