

## My Lagan Love

The Corrs

Where lagan stream sing lullaby  
There blows a lily fair  
When twilight gleam is in her eyes  
The night is on her hair  
And like a lovesick lenanshee  
She hath my heart in thrall

No life have I, no liberty  
With love is lord of all

And sometimes when the beetles horn  
Hath lulled the eve to sleep  
I steal unto her shieling low  
And through her dooreen peep  
There on the cricket's singing stone  
She stirs the bog wood fire

And hums in soft sweet undertones  
The song of heart's desire

Her welcome like her love for me  
Is from her heart within  
Her warm kiss is felicity  
That knows no taint of sin