

# Lagan Love

## Celtic Thunder

Love, my Lagan love,  
My Lagan love. Where Lagan stream sing lullaby,  
There blows a lily fair.  
The twilight gleam is in her eye,  
The night is on her hair.  
And like a love-sick lennan-shee  
She hath my heart in thrall  
No life have I, no liberty  
For love is lord of all My Lagan love. 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

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