Lagan Love

Amy White

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 allMy 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 desireThe song of heart's desire

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