

My Lagan Love

The Corrs

Where Lagan streams sing lullaby
There blows a lily fair
When twilight gleam is in her eyes
The night is on her hair And like a love sick, 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 shilling 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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