

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
The song of heart's desire

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