

Charlotte Church, My Lagan Love

Where Lagan stream sings lullaby
There blows a lily fair:
The twilight gleam is in her eye,
The night is on her hair.
And, like a love-sick lenanshee,
She hath my heart to thrall:
Nor life I owe, nor liberty,
For love is lord of all
And often when the beetles horn
Hath lulled the eve to sleep,
I steal unto her shieling lorn
And thro the dooring peep.
There on the crickets singing stone
She spares the bog wood fire.
And hums in sad sweet undertone
The song of hearts desire