

Sinead O'Connor, My Lagan Love

Where Lagan streams sing lullabies
There blows a lily fair
The twilight gleam is in her eye
The night is on her hair
And, like a love sick leann s,
She hath my heart in thrall
No life have I, no liberty,
For love is lord of all

And often when the beetle's horn
Has lulled the eve to sleep,
I steal into her shieling lorn,
And through the doorway creep,
There on the crickets' singing-stone
She makes the bogwood fire,
And sings in sweet and undertone,
The song of heart's desire