

# 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