

Sinead O' Connor, My Lagan Love

Where Lagan stream sings lullaby
There blow a lily fair
The twilight gleam is in her eye
The night is no her hair
And like a love-sick lenanshee
She hath my heart in 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 here shielding lorn
And thro' the dooring peep
There on the cricket's singing stone
She makes the bog wood fire
And hums in sad sweet undertone
The song of heart's desire