

My Lagan Love

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Traditional Irish

A G A G A D A
Where Lagan streams, sing lullabies, there blows a lily fair.
A G A G A D A
The twilight gleam is in her eye, the night is on her hair.
A D A D Bm E7 A
And, like a love-sick leannn s, she hath my heart in thrall,
Am A G A D A
No life have I, no liberty, for love is Lord of all.

And often when the beetle's horn hath lulled the eve to sleep,
I steal unto her shieling lorn and through the dooring peep.
There by the cricket's singing stone, she spare the bogwood fire
And sings in sad, sweet undertone the song of heart's desire.

Her welcome like her love for me is from deep within.
Her warm kiss is felicity that knows no taint of sin.
And when I set my foot to go, 'tis leaving love and light
To feel the wind of longing blow from out of darkest night.

leannn s is pronounced: lenanshee