

My Lagan Love

Where Lagan streams 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 lenashee
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
Hath lulled the eve to sleep,
I steel onto her shieling lorn
And through the dooring peep.
There on the cricket's singing stone
She spears the bogwood fire.
And hums in that sweet undertone,
The song of heart's desire.

