

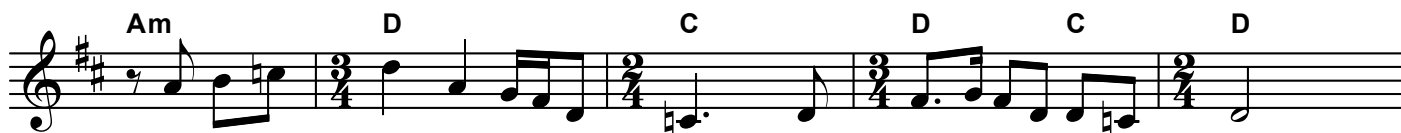
Lagan Love

Ireland

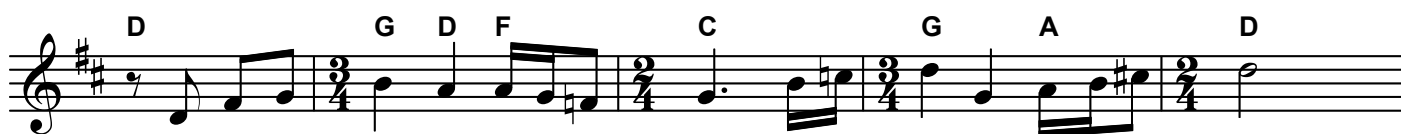
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1. Where La - gan stream sings lul - la - by there blows a li - ly fair,



the twi-light gleam is in her eye, the night is on her hair.



And like a love-sick len - nan - shee, she has my heart in thrall;



nor life I owe nor li - ber - ty, for love is lord of all.

2. And often when the beetle's horn has lulled the eye to sleep,
I steal unto her shieling lorn and thru the dorring peep.
There on the cricket's singing stone, she stirs the bogwood fire,
and hums in sad sweet undertone the songs of heart's desire.
3. Her welcome, like her love for me, is from her heart within.
Her warm kiss is felicity that knows no taint of sin.
And when I stir my foot to go, 'tis leaving love and light,
to feel the wind of longing blow from out the dark of night.