MY LAGAN LOVE

LARGO / LARGHETTO

Gm C Bb C F C

Where La-gan stream sings lull-a-by, there blows a li-ly fair,

Gm C Bb C F C

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

C F Em Eb E F Dm Am G7 C

And like a love-sick len-an-shoo, she hath my heart in thrall;

Eb C Bb C F FM G C

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

And often when the beetle's horn,
Hath lulled the eye to sleep;
I steal unto her shieling lorn,
And thro' the dooiring peep;
There, on the cricket's singing stone,
She stirs the bog-wood fire,
And hums in sad, sweet undertone,
The song of heart's desire.

Her welcome like her love for me
Is from the heart within;
Her warm kiss is felicity,
That knows no taint or sin;
When she was only fairy small,
Her gentle mother died,
But true love keeps her memory warm
By La-gan's silver side.