

Dusty Springfield

"My Lagan Love"

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Where Lagan stream sings lullaby
There grows a young man fair
The twilight gleam is in his eye
The night is on his hair
And like a lovesick lenan he
He hath my heart in thrall
No life I owe, no liberty
His love is lord of all

And often when the beetles' horn
Hath lulled the eve to sleep
I steal unto his shieling lorn
And thro' the dooring peep
There on the cricket's singing stone
He spears the bird in fire
And hums in sad, sweet undertone
The song of his desire

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