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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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