

## My Lagan Love

Van Morrison

Where pagan streams sing lullabies  
There blows a lily fair  
The twilight gleam is in her eye  
The night is on her hair

And like a lovesick lenashee  
She hath my heart in thrall  
No life have I, no liberty  
For love is Lord of all

And often when the beetles horn  
Has lulled the eve to sleep  
I'll steal into her shielding lorn  
And through the doorway creep

There on the cricket's singing stone  
She makes the bog wood fire  
And hums in sad, sweet and undertone  
The song of hearts desire

The song of hearts desire  
The song of hearts desire