

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

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The song of hearts desire