

## On Hyndford Street

Van Morrison

Take me back, take me way, way, way back  
On Hyndford Street  
Where you could feel the silence at half past eleven  
On long summer nights  
As the wireless played Radio Luxembourg  
And the voices whispered across Beechie River  
In the quietness as we sank into restful slumber in the silence  
And carried on dreaming, in God  
And walks up Cherry Valley from North Road Bridge, railway line  
On sunny summer afternoons  
Picking apples from the side of the tracks  
That spilled over from the gardens of the houses on Cyprus Avenue  
Watching the moth catcher working the floodlights in the evenings  
And meeting down by the pylons  
Playing round Mrs. Kelly's lamp  
Going out to Holywood on the bus  
And walking from the end of the lines to the seaside  
Stopping at Fusco's for ice cream  
In the days before rock 'n' roll  
Hyndford Street, Abetta Parade  
Orangefield, St. Donard's Church  
Sunday six-bells, and in between the silence there was conversation  
And laughter, and music and singing, and shivers up the back of the neck  
And tuning in to Luxembourg late at night  
And jazz and blues records during the day  
Also Debussy on the third program  
Early mornings when contemplation was best  
Going up the Castlereagh hills  
And the cregagh glens in summer and coming back  
To Hyndford Street, feeling wondrous and lit up inside  
With a sense of everlasting life  
And reading Mr. Jelly Roll and Big Bill Broonzy  
And "Really The Blues" by "Mezz" Mezzrow  
And "Dharma Bums" by Jack Kerouac  
Over and over again  
And voices echoing late at night over Beechie River  
And it's always being now, and it's always being now  
It's always now  
Can you feel the silence?  
On Hyndford Street where you could feel the silence  
At half past eleven on long summer nights  
As the wireless played Radio Luxembourg  
And the voices whispered across Beechie River  
And in the quietness we sank into restful slumber in silence  
And carried on dreaming in God.