

# Dusty Springfield, My Lagan Love

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