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