

Van Morrison & The Chieftains, My Lagan Love

Where Lagan 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 sheiling lorn
And through the doorway creep.
There on the cricket's singing stone,
She makes the bogwood fire
And sings in sweet and undertone,
The song of hearts desire.