

# 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.