

Widow With Shawl (A Portrait)

artist:Donovan , writer:Donovan Leitch

Dear wind that shakes the barley free,
Blow home my true love's ship to me, fill her sails.
I a-weary wait upon the shore.

Forsake her not in times of storm,
protect her oaken beams from harm, fill her sails.
I a-weary wait upon the shore.

Whether he be in Afri-ca
Or deep asleep in Indi-a, fill his dreams,
I a-weary wait upon the shore.

Dear snow white gulls upon the wing,
I, like you, are lamen-ting, for my love.
I a-weary wait upon the shore.

And in my chariot of sleep,
I ride the vast and dreamy deep, deep sea.
I awake a-weary on the shore.

For seven years and seven days,
no man has seen my woman's ways, dear God.
I a-weary cry upon the shore.

Along the shingle beach I go,
the wind about me as I make my way,
to my weary dream upon my bed.

Dear wind that shakes the barley free,
Blow home my true love's ship to me, fill her sails.
I a-weary wait upon the shore.