

Donovan, Isle Of Islay

How high the gulls fly
O'er Ilay
How sad the farm lad
deep in play
Felt like a grain on your sand

How well the sheep's bell
music makes
Roving the cliff
when fancy takes
Felt like a tide left me here

How blessed the forest
with birdsong
How neat the cut peat
laid so long
Felt like a seed on your land