

Donovan, What The Soul Desires

There is a rapture that my soul desires
There is a something that I cannot name.
I know not after what my soul aspires
Nor guess from when the restless longing came
But ever from my childhood have I felt it
In all things beautiful, in all things gay
And ever has its gentle unseen presence
Falling like a shadow cloud across my way.

It is the melody in all sweet music
In all fair forms it is the hidden grace.
In all I love, a something that escapes me,
Flies by pursuit and ever visits face.
I see it in the woodlands, silver beauty
I feel it in the very breathing of the air.
I stretch my hand to grasp for I can't touch it
When I do, well I know it is not there.

La la la la la la
La la la la la la
La la la la la
La la la la la
La la la la la
La la la la la la la la

But ever from my childhood have I felt it
In all things beautiful, in all things gay
And ever has its gentle unseen presence
Falling like a shadow cloud across my way.

There is a raptu