

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.

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