

# Donovan, The Garden

In the garden of Truth  
There dwells as bird  
With feathers of a yellow gold  
And all thru' the day  
The sun he play upon his raiment gay

In the garden of Truth  
There dwells as bird  
With feathers of a silver pale  
And all night long  
The moon she shone upon her raiment warm

And all within the branches of this great oak tree  
That some call the Tree of Life  
And the wise men they come  
And they rest upon the roots  
And they hear the song.

And all within the branches of this great oak tree  
That some call the Tree of Life  
And the wisemen they come  
To rest upon the roots  
And they hear the song.