

# Donovan, There Was A Time

There was a time I thought of mine only  
Could it be occurred to me while lonely  
I was noble personage  
Born to beautify the page  
If I used time to set it down

There was a time I thought of mine only  
Could it be occurred to me while lonely  
I was of high lineage  
Cast up in a dreadful age  
Born to be the hermit of my line

On a windy Saturday  
St. Alban's market day  
Little did I know  
the work I was to do  
Or the love I had to show