

Donovan, Widow With Shawl (A Portrait)

Dear Wind that shakes the barley free
Blow home my true love's ship to me, fill the sail
I a-weary wait upon the shore.

Forsake her not in times of storm
Protect her oaken beams from harm, fill her sail
I a-weary wait upon the shore.

Whither he be in Africa
or deep asleep in India, fill his dreams
I a-weary wait upon the shore.

Dear snow white gulls upon the wave
I, like you, am lamenting, for my love.
I a-weary cry upon the shore.

And in my chariot of sleep,
I ride the vast and dreamy deep deep sea.
I awake a-weary on the shore.

Seven years and Seven days,
no man has seen my woman ways, dear God.
I a-weary cry upon the shore.

Along the shingled beach I go
The wind about me as I make my way
to my weary dream upon my bed.

Dear Wind that shakes the barley free
Blow home my true love's ship to me, fill the sail.
I a-weary wait upon the shore.