

## Isle of Islay

Donovan

How high the gulls fly  
O'er Ilay  
How sad the farm lad  
deep in play  
Felt like a grain on your sand

How well the sheep's bell  
music makes  
Roving the cliff  
when fancy takes  
Felt like a tide left me here

How blessed the forest  
with birdsong  
How neat the cut peat  
laid so long  
Felt like a seed on your land