

My Donald

Mary Black

Oh my Donald he works on the sea
On the waves that blow wild and free
He splices the ropes and he sets the sails
While southward he rolls to the home of the whale
And he ne'er thinks o' me far behind
Nor the torments that rage in my mind
He's mine for only part of the year
And I'm left all alone with only my tears

Ye ladies that smell of wild rose
Think ye for your perfume to where a man goes
Think ye o' the wives and the babies that yearn
For a man ne'er returning from hunting the sperm

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