My Donald

Cara Dillon

My Donald he works on the sea
On the waves that blow wild and free
He splices the ropes and sets the sails
While southward he rolls tae the home o the whale
He ne'er thinks o me far behind
Or the torments that rage in my mind
He's mine for only half part o the year
Then I'm left all alane wi nowt but a tear
Ye ladies wha smell o wild rose
Think ye for your perfume tae whaur a man goes
Think ye o the wives and the bairnies wha yearn
For a man ne'er returnin frae huntin the sperm
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/