

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.

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