

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 sandHow well the sheep's bell
music makes
Roving the cliff
when fancy takes
Felt like a tide left me hereHow blessed the forest
with birdsong
How neat the cut peat
laid so long
Felt like a seed on your land

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