

Roots Of Oak

Donovan

Driving across the highlands
Of Scotland in our land roverShadow of cloud falls
And with it a chill
High o'er heather
Hawk hover the hill
Just begun is my journey
And Danu's my name
I am the juggler of fortune and fameLet me not hear facts figures and logic
Fain would I hear lore legends and magic (x 4)Feathers of raven
Slithers of coal
Armour of silver
In the mackerel shoal
Sun in the west
T'is ruby blood red
Travelers a-weary
Do make their bed

Songwriters

LEITCH, DONOVANPublished by

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