

# My Donald

Bert Jansch

My Donald he works on the sea  
Where the waves they blow wild and free  
He splices the ropes, he sets the sail,  
Southward he goes, in search of the whale. He never thinks of me left behind  
Nor the torments that rage in my mind  
He's mine for only half part of the year  
Then leaves me behind, with nothing but a tear. Oh you ladies who smell the wild rose  
Think for the perfume to where a man goes  
Think of the women, the children that yearn  
For men never return from hunting the sperm. Oh my Donald he works on the sea  
Where the waves they blow wild and free  
He splices the ropes, he sets the sail,  
Southward he goes, in search of the whale.

Songwriters

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