

Sinead O' Connor, Donald-O

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 to the home of 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 of the year
Then I'm left all alone wi' nocht 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 returning frae hunting the sperm

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