

## My Donald

Mary Black

Oh my Donald he works on the sea  
On the waves that blow wild and free  
He splices the ropes and he sets the sails  
While southward he rolls to the home of the whale  
And he ne'er thinks o' me far behind  
Nor the torments that rage in my mind  
He's mine for only part of the year  
And I'm left all alone with only my tears

Ye ladies that smell of wild rose  
Think ye for your perfume to where a man goes  
Think ye o' the wives and the babies that yearn  
For a man ne'er returning from hunting the sperm

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