

## Donovan

### "Epistle to Derroll"

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Come all ye starry starfish  
living in the deep blue sea  
crawl to me i have proposition to make thee  
would you walk the north sea floor  
to Belgium from England  
Bring me word of a banjo man  
With a tattoo on his hand.

The spokesman of the starfish  
spoke as spokesman should  
"If'n you met our fee then  
certainly we would,  
If you cast a looking-glass  
upon the scalloped sand  
You'll have word o' this banjo man  
with a tattoo on his hand."

"Come ye starry starfish  
I know your ways are caped  
maybe its because your astrologically shaped,  
Converse with the herring shoals  
as I know you can  
Bring me word o' the banjo man  
with a tattoo on his hand."

The eldest of the starfish  
spoke, after a sigh,  
"Youthfull as you are young man  
you have a 'Wisdom Eye';  
Surely you must know a looking-glass  
is made from sand?  
These youngfish are fooling you  
about this banjo man."

"Come then aged starfish  
Riddle me no more,  
for news I am weary  
and my heart is sore;  
All on the silent seashore,  
help me if you can,  
Tell to me if you know

of this banjo man."

"All through the seven oceans  
I am a star, most famed,  
Many 'leggys' have I lost  
and many have I gained,  
Strange to say quite recently  
I've been to FlemISH Land  
And if you are courteous  
I'll tell you all I can."

"You have my full attention"  
I answered him with glee,  
His brother stars were twinkling  
in the sky above the sea  
So I sat there with rapt  
attention, on the sand,  
very anxious for to hear  
of the banjo man.

"I have seen this tattooed hand  
through a ship port-hole,  
Steaming on the watery main  
through the waves so cold,  
Heard his tinkling banjo and  
his voice so grand  
but you must come to Belgium  
to shake his tattooed hand."

"Gladly would I come oh  
gladly would I go,  
Had I not my work to do  
and my face to show,  
I rejoice to know he's well  
but I must go inland,  
thank you for the words you brought  
of the banjo man."

I walked along the evening sand  
as charcoal clouds did shift  
revealing the moon shining  
on the pebble drift  
Contemplating every other word  
the starfish said  
whistly winds they filled my dreams  
in my dreaming bed.

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