

Donovan

"Mr. Wind"

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Where are you going, oh wind of the morning,
Your slippers are showing and you're still yawning
To waken the wee ones, to tickle their lashes,
Breakfast of milkbuns, toy spoons and splashes.
Good morning, Mr. Wind,
Good morning, Mr. Wind,
Where are you going ?
Where are you going ?
Where are you going so tinily singing ?
Where are you blowing the kiss you are making,
To ponds to make rippings, to blow out the matches,
Lift up the gull wings when the plough scratches ?
Good morning, Mr. Wind,
Good morning, Mr. Wind,
Where are you going ?
Where are you going

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