Donovan "The Voyage of the Moon"

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The moon is like a boat, my love, Of lemon peel afloat, my love, And with a sail of gauze, my love, And seems to slightlty pause Upon her silent way, All on her silent way.

I see her pearly decks, my love, Set in with twinkling specks, my love, I see her pearly mast, my love Far from her seashell past And gently does she sway All on her starry way.

Of silk they have been spun, my love, Her ropes that limply run, my love Down to the carved prow, my love, Down to her mermaid prow And softly does she sway All on her starry way.

All in ther Sea of Sky, my love,
The moonships sail and fly, my love,
Though many are their kind, my love,
Though all need but one wind
To make their starry way,
To make their starry way.

And there will come a time, my love, O may it be in mine, my love, When men will proudly rise, my love, And board to sail the skies Moonships from all the spheres Moonships from all the spheres.

The men be bathed in light, my love,
The women clothed in white, my love,
All in that woundrous fleet, my love,
As each the other meets
Will smile and softly sing,
Will smile and softly.

And on some distant sand, my love,
The ships will genlty land, my love.
Fair folk will meet them there, my love,
With golden flowing hair
And great will be their joy,
And great will be their joy.

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