

## **Sinead Oconnor**

### **"Donald-O"**

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(original title; My Donald)

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  
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

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