The Olive Tree

Donovan

The girl of beautiful face
Goes gathering olives
The wind that courts the tower
Grasps her round the waist
Four riders have passed
On Andalucian ponys
In suits of azure and green
And long dark cloaks

Come to Cordoba, lass
Come to Cordoba, lass

Come to Cordoba, lass
But the girl pays no heed

Three bullfighters have passed
Their waists slim and slender
Their suits of marigold
Antique swords of silver

Come to Sevilla, lass
Come to Sevilla, lass
Come to Sevilla, lass
But the girl pays no heed

When evening became
Purple with defused light
A youth passed by bringing
Roses and myrtle of moon

Come to Granada, lass
Come to Granada, lass
Come to Granada, lass
But the girl pays no heed

The girl of beautiful face
Goes on gathering olives
The grey arm of the wind
Encircles her waist

Come to Granada, lass
Come to Sevilla, lass
Come to Cordoba, lass
But the girl pays no heed
But the girl pays no heed

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