

## Widow With Shawl (A Portrait)

Donovan

Dear Wind that shakes the barley free  
Blow home my true love's ship to me, fill the sail  
I a-weary wait upon the shore.

Forsake her not in times of storm  
Protect her oaken beams from harm, fill her sail  
I a-weary wait upon the shore.

Whither he be in Africa  
or deep asleep in India, fill his dreams  
I a-weary wait upon the shore.

Dear snow white gulls upon the wave  
I, like you, am lamenting, for my love.  
I a-weary cry upon the shore.

And in my chariot of sleep,  
I ride the vast and dreamy deep deep sea.  
I awake a-weary on the shore.

Seven years and Seven days,  
no man has seen my woman ways, dear God.  
I a-weary cry upon the shore.

Along the shingled beach I go  
The wind about me as I make my way  
to my weary dream upon my bed.

Dear Wind that shakes the barley free  
Blow home my true love's ship to me, fill the sail.  
I a-weary wait upon the shore.