DOROVAR



SONG OF THE NATURALIST'S WIFE

Do I see you coming home
coming home to me
Could it be you that I see
coming home to me
From your day by the sea

Do I see your pockets full
pockets full of shells
Could it be you that I see
pockets full of shells
From your day by the sea

Do I see you weary weave
weary weave your way
Could it be you that I see
Weary weave your way
from your day by the sea.

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THE ENCHANTED GYPSY

A day once dawned, as sleepers yawned
a day of leaves so greeny – o
that a man rode high
in a tinker sky
and bade me to go a-running – o
and follow the path of a gypsy – o

seaweed clings to Ruby rings
on the fingers of my Lady – o
and the people of the town
they would not look round
to see me go a-running – o
on the trail of the Enchanted Gypsy – o

I passed a glade, and took me shade
beneath an Oak so twisty – o
a vision I saw
as a Crow did "craw"
No more need I go a-searching – o
on the trail of the Enchanted Gypsy – o

His caravan is a-painted by a hand
that's touched every pebble in the ocean – o
And the pictures there
they move in thin air
for they're forever a-telling – o
the tales of the Enchanted Gypsy – o

and the people of the town
they would not look round
to hear me go a preachin – o
the tales of an Enchanted Gypsy – o

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VOYAGE INTO THE GOLDEN SCREEN

In the golden garden Bird of Peace
Stands the silver girl the Wild Jewels niece
Paints in pretty colours Children's drawings on the wall
Look of Doubt I cast you out begone your ragged call

In the forest thick a trick of light
Makes an image magnet to my sight
Gown of purple velvet enchanted glazed eye
The sound of wings and sparkling rings behold a crimson sky

Tread so light so not to touch the grass
Breathe the air so slowly as you pass
Silent sudden dewdrop lies unseen until
Eyes to fall to hidden call the power of Love and Will

Symphonies of Seaweed dance and swoon
Surreal Celestial shore beneath the Moon
See the dark and mighty peaks pierce the Cumulus
Violet and mauve they sit Power you can Sus'

Elvin fingers clutch a deep black cloak of fine Damask
Aged rocks incarnate lie reveal a bejewelled cask

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ISLE OF ISLAY

How high the gulls fly o'er ISLAY
How sad the farm lad deep in play
Felt like a grain on your sand

How well the sheeps bell music makes
Rovin' the cliff when fancy takes
Felt like a tide left me here

How blest the forest with birds song
How neat the cut peat laid so long
Felt like a seed on your land

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THE MANDOLIN MAN AND HIS SECRET

He came into town with his Mandolin
Calling all the people and they came to him

He said I wanna hear all that's Pretty
He said I wanna hear all that's Nice

They laughed at him with his Mandolin
They left him there with his funny Grin

He said I wanna hear all that's Pretty
He said I wanna hear all that's Nice

The Children of the town then came to him
Magically called with his Mandolin

He said I wanna hear all that's Pretty
He said I wanna hear all that's Nice

They smiled at him with his Mandolin
Their eyes like his were sparkling

They said d'ya wanna hear all that's Pretty
They said d'ya wanna hear all that's Nice

He said I wanna hear all that's Pretty
He said I wanna hear all that's Nice

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LAY OF THE LAST TINKER

I can see by your eyes you're a good man
and the sparkle of the ring on your hand
You have a muzzled dancing Monkey
a little cup in a hairy hand

Break cheese with me
won't you break bread and have some wine
Break cheese with me
won't you break bread and have some wine

You hang your cloak in a Gypsy fashion
I see a scar of an ancient lashing
born a babe in Macedonia
to the sound of seas a-crashing

You have a Goat-skin Tamborine
what sights that has seen
blazing eyes of dancers
Daughters of Tinker Queens

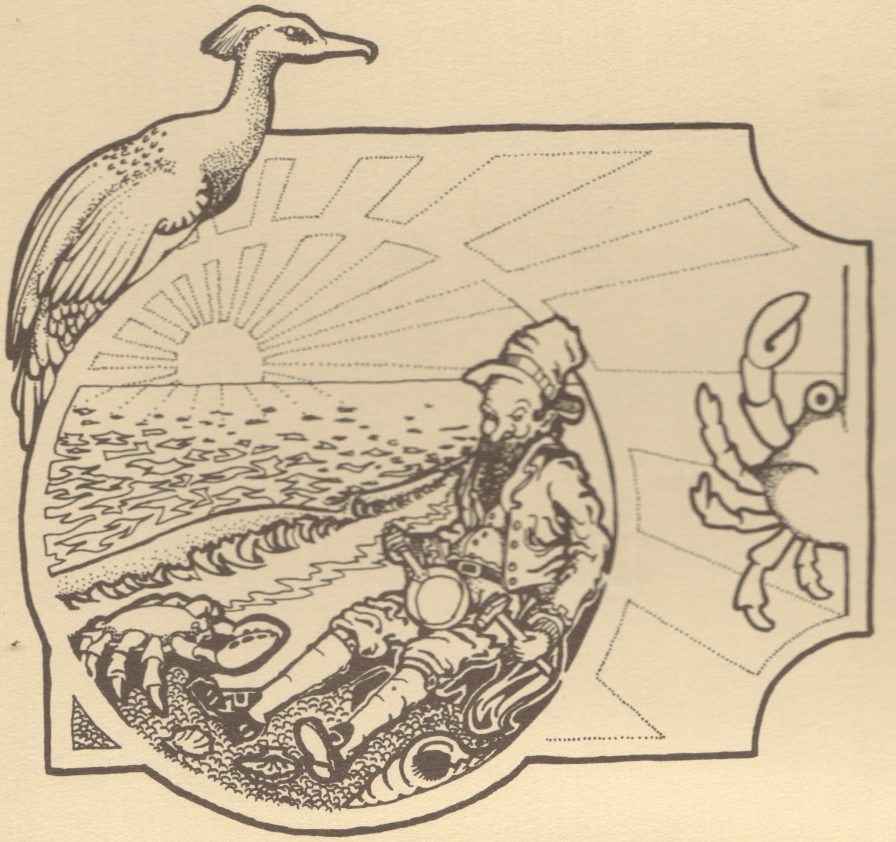
I can see by your eyes you're a good man
and the sparkle of the ring on your hand
to the house of the Painted Dragon
there a Tatoo awaits your hand

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THE TINKER AND THE CRAB

On the windy beach the sun is shining through with weather fair
White horses riding on the seas pasture onto the sand
Over the Dunes came a travelling man
Sack on back Wild flowers in his hand
Old rusty cans,pebbles 'bedded in the sand stand and stare

Scratching his beard through the grass he steered his sandy shoe
Disappearing in the dips pondering and wandering along
Nice as you please comes the travelling man
Drinking a bottle of milk in his hand
Speaking to no one in particular but happily



The Tinker and the Crab
The Tinker and the Crab
The Tinker and the Crab

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Down where the gulls dance driftwood lying drying for the fire
Yellow beak and sleek now the gulls are crying flying higher
Out from the sea came a little green Crab
Taking the Sun the morning being very drab
Old rusty cans,pebbles 'bedded in the sand stand and stare



WIDOW WITH SHAWL (a portrait)

dear wind that shakes the barley free
blow home my true love's ship to me
fill her sails i aweary wait upon the shore

forsake her not in times of storm
protect her oaken beams from harm
fill her sail i aweary wait upon the shore

whether he be in Africa
or deep asleep in India
fill his dreams i aweary wait upon the shore

seven years and seven days
no man has seen my woman ways dear God i aweary
wait upon the shore

and in my chariot of sleep
i ride the vast and dreamy deep deep sea
i awake aweary on the shore

dear snow white gulls upon the wing
i, like you, am lamenting
for my love i aweary cry upon the shore

along the shingle beach i go
the wind about me as i make my way
to my weary dream upon my bed

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THE LULLABY OF SPRING

rain has showered far her drip
splash and trickle running
plant has flowered in the sand
shell and pebble sunning

so begins another spring
green leaves and of berries
chiff-chaff eggs are painted by
motherbird eating cherries

in a misty tangled sky
fast a wind is blowing
in a newborn rabbit's heart
river life is flowing

so begins another spring
green leaves and of berries
chiff-chaff eggs are painted by
motherbird eating cherries

from the dark and whetted soil
petals are unfolding
from the stony village kirk
easter bells of old ring

so begins another spring
green leaves and of berries
chiff-chaff eggs are painted by
motherbird eating cherries

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THE  AGPIE

The magpie is a most illustrious bird
dwells in a diamond tree
one brings sorrow and one brings joy
sorrow and joy for me

the magpie is a most royal bird
black and blue as night
i would that i had feathers three
black and blue and white

i saw the gentle magpie birds
in dusky yester-eve
one brought sorrow and one brought joy
and sooner than soon did leave

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STARFISH-ON-THE-TOAST

Fine rock-pooling Coast
This Starfish-On-The-Toast
The men in the Crabbin' boats they cry

Far across the Harbour
And round the Sandy Cove
The Shepherd wi' his pipe and Sheepy-Drove

Big Cloud tumbling high
The Amazing Flying Sky
How the gulls are pillaging the town



Fanfaring Daffodilly trumpetingly small
All along the Bathing hut wall

Far along the empty beach the Tide has left a World
Old men in tweed find study there

Holding Whelks and Periwinkles tingling in his hand
Little does he know they hold him too

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EPISTLE TO DERROLL

Come all ye starry starfish
living in the deep blue sea
crawl to me i have proposition to make thee
would you walk the north sea floor
to Belgium from England
Bring me word of a banjo man
With a tattoo on his hand.

The spokesman of the starfish
spoke as spokesman should
"If you met our fee then
certainly we would,
If you cast a looking-glass
upon the scallopped sand
You'll have word o' this banjo man
with a tattoo on his hand."

"Come ye starry starfish
I know your ways are caped
maybe its because your astrologically shaped,
Converse with the herring shoals
as I know you can
Bring me word o' the banjo man
with a tattoo on his hand."

The eldest of the starfish
spoke, after a sigh,
"Youthfull as you are young man
you have a 'Wisdom Eye';
Surely you must know a looking-glass
is made from sand?
These youngfish are fooling you
about this banjo man."

"Come then aged starfish
Riddle me no more,
for news I am weary
and my heart is sore;
All on the silent seashore,
help me if you can,
Tell to me if *you* know
of this banjo man."

"All through the seven oceans
I am a star, most famed,
Many 'leggys' have I lost
and many have I gained,
Strange to say quite recently
I've been to Flemish Land
And if you are courteous
I'll tell you all I can."

"You have my full attention"
I answered him with glee,
His brother stars were twinkling
in the sky above the sea
So I sat there with rapt
attention, on the sand,
very anxious for to hear
of the banjo man.

"I have seen this tattooed hand
through a ship port-hole,
Steaming on the watery main
through the waves so cold,
Heard his tinkling banjo and
his voice so grand
but you must come to Belgium
to shake his tattooed hand."

"Gladly would I come oh
gladly would I go,
Had I not my work to do
and my face to show,
I rejoice to know he's well
but I must go inland,
thank you for the words you brought
of the banjo man."

I walked along the evening sand
as charcoal clouds did shift
revealing the moon shining
on the pebble drift
Contemplating every other word
the starfish said
whistly winds they filled my dreams
in my dreaming bed.

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