


The Turtle Dove

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TRAD.

Allegretto



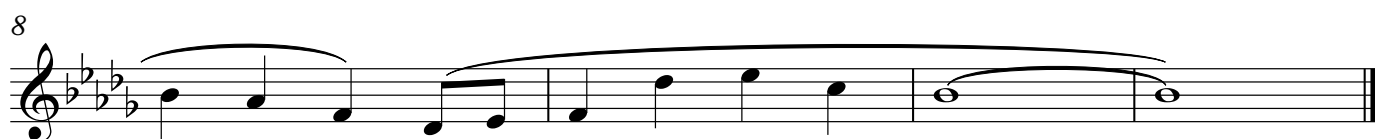
Fare you well my dear I must be__ gone and_ leave you_ for a -
p

4



while. If I roam a__ way I'll come back a-gain though I roam ten thou-sand

8



miles my dear, though I roam ten thou - sand miles.

So fair though art my bonny lass
So deep in love am I
But I never will prove false to the bonny lass I love
Till the stars fall from the sky my dear
Till the stars fall from the sky

The sea will never run dry my dear
Nor the rocks never melt with the sun
But I never will prove false to the bonny lass I love
Till all these things be done my dear
Till all these things be done

O yonder doth sit that little turtle dove
He doth sit on yonder high tree
A-making a moan for the loss of his love
As I will do for thee my dear
As I will do for thee