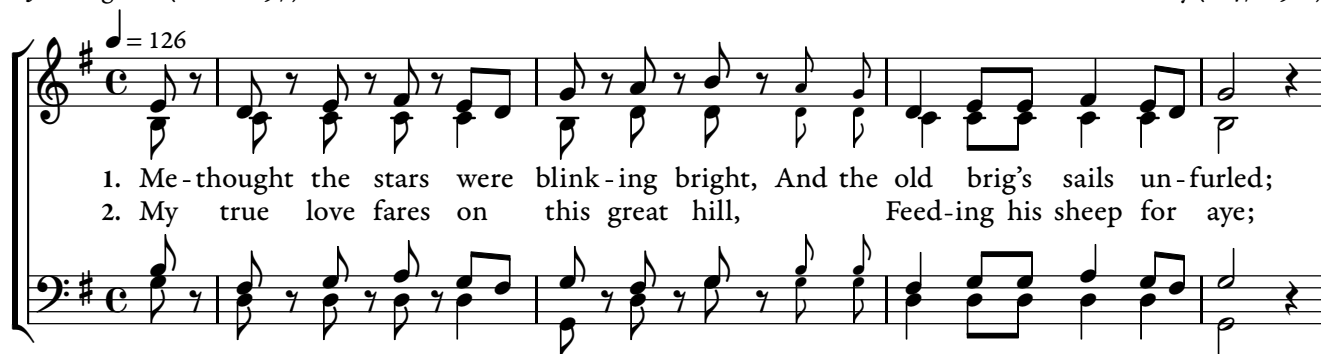


O FAIR DOVE, O FOND DOVE

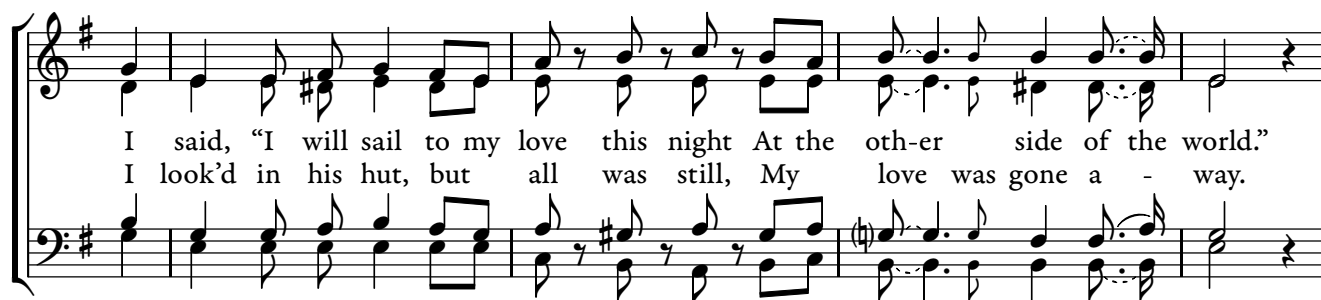
Jean Ingelow (1820-1897)

Alfred Scott Gatty (1847-1918)

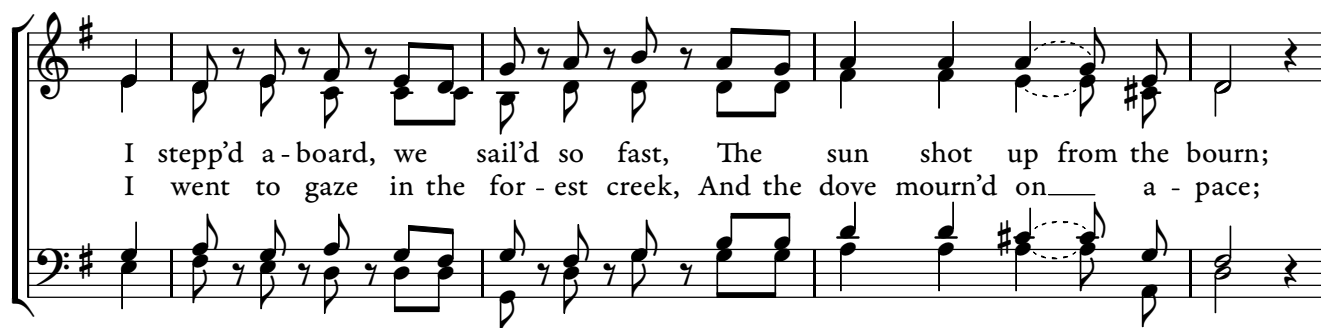
$\text{♩} = 126$



1. Me-thought the stars were blink-ing bright, And the old brig's sails un-furled;
2. My true love fares on this great hill, Feed-ing his sheep for aye;

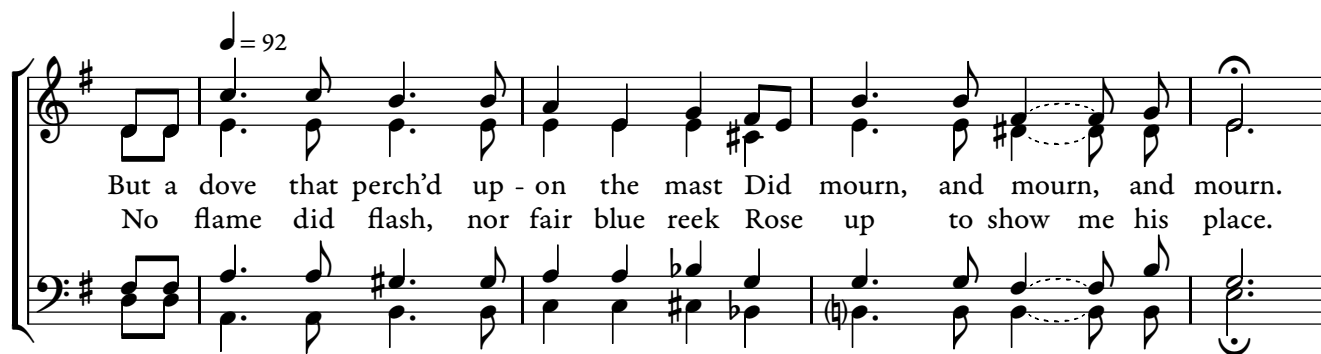


I said, "I will sail to my love this night At the oth-er side of the world."
I look'd in his hut, but all was still, My love was gone a - way.

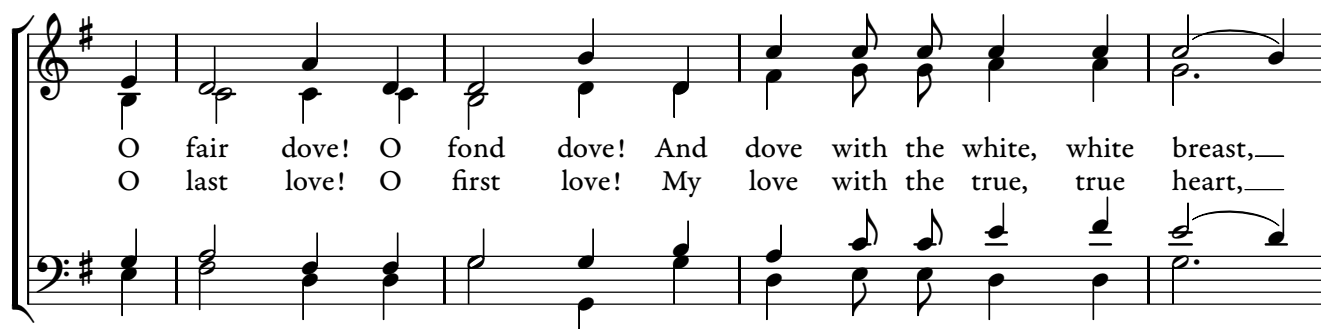


I stepp'd a-board, we sail'd so fast, The sun shot up from the bourn;
I went to gaze in the for-est creek, And the dove mourn'd on a - pace;

$\text{♩} = 92$



But a dove that perch'd up - on the mast Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn.
No flame did flash, nor fair blue reek Rose up to show me his place.



O fair dove! O fond dove! And dove with the white, white breast,—
O last love! O first love! My love with the true, true heart,—

Let me a - lone, the dream is my own, And my heart is full of rest.
To think I have come to this thy_ home, And yet we are a - part.

3. My love! He stood at my right hand, His eyes were grave and sweet.

Me-thought he said, "In this far land, O, is it thus we meet? Ah! maid, most dear,

I am not here; I have no place, no part, No dwell-ing more by sea or shore,

But on-ly in thy heart." O fair dove! O fond dove! Till night rose o-ver the bourn

The dove on the mast, as we sail'd fast, Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn.—