The Turtle-Dove

Andante con sentimento ♩ = 66

'Oh! don't you see the tur - tle - dove Sit - ting un - der yon - der tree

La - men - ting for her own true love? And

I will mourn for thee, my dear, And I will mourn for thee.'

'If you must suf-fer grief and pain, 'Tis but for a lit - tle while,

'Tis but for a lit - tle while; For though I go a - way, I'll re - turn

a - gain, If I row ten thou - sand mile, my dear, If I

Lyrics below the music:

row ten thou - sand mile!' 'Ten thou - sand mile is ve - ry far For

me to bide a - lone With a hea - vy, hea - vy sigh, and a bit - ter, bit - ter cry;

No - one to hear my moan, my

dear, No one...'

C *Allegro inquieto* ♩= 112

p

'I may not stay your grie - vous moan, Your

p

marc.

pain I may not ease; Yet I will love but

f patetico

f

Lyrics:

thee a - lone; Till the streams run from the

seas, my dear, Till the streams run from the

D *Tempo I*

seas!'

'The tides shall cease to beat the shore, The stars fall from the
sky; Yet I will love thee more and more Un - til the day I die, my dear.

Poco meno ♩ = 60

'Then let the seas run dry, sweet - heart, The rocks melt in the sun, Yet here I will

molto ritard... à tempo

stay, nor e - ver from thee part, Till all my days are done, my dear, Till all my days are done!'