

O fare you well, my own true love
Ten Thousand Miles

O fare you well, my own true love,
So fare you well for a while
I'm going away, but I'm coming back
If I go ten thousand miles.

If I prove false to you, my love
The earth may melt and burn
The sea may freeze and the earth may burn
If I no more return.

Ten thousand miles, my own true love
Ten thousand miles or more
The rocks may melt and the seas may burn
If I no more return.

And who will shoe your pretty feet
Or who will glove your hand
Or who will kiss your red rosy cheek
When I'm in the foreign land.

My father will shoe my pretty little feet
My mother will glove my hand
And you can kiss my red, rosy cheek
When you return again.

O don't you see yon little turtle dove
A-skipping from vine to vine
A-mourning the loss of her own true love
Just as I mourn for mine.

Don't you see yon pretty little girl
A-spinning on yonder wheel
Ten thousand gay gold guineas would I give
To feel just like she feels..