

# My Own True Love - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

MY OWN TRUE LOVE.

Oh, fare you well, my own true love,  
Fare you well, my dear,  
I am going away, but coming back again  
If it be ten thousand miles away.

Ten thousand miles, my own true love.  
Ten thousand miles, my dear,  
I shall travel through Scotland, France and Spain  
Ere I see your face again.

Oh, who will shoe your feet, my, dear?  
And who will glove your hands?  
Who will kiss those ruby lips  
While I am in foreign lands?

I wish that I had never been born,  
Or died when I was young,  
For I cannot bear to be left alone  
To weep for those who have gone.

Don't you see yon turtle dove  
Flitting from vine to vine?  
It is weeping for its own true love,  
As I am weeping for mine.

If I should prove false to you  
Ere again I do return,  
May the sun melt the rocks, the moon cease to shine,  
And may the wild sea burn.