

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Turtle Dove

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Oh don't you see that little turtle dove
In yonder mulberry tree?
He's mournin' for his own true love
As I shall mourn for thee, my love
As I shall mourn for thee.

So fare thee well, my own true love
And fare the well for a while.
For though I go I'll surely come again
Though it take ten thousand mile, my dear.
Though it take ten thousand mile.

Ten thousand miles is a very long time
For you to be gone from me.
For though you leave me here to lament
My tears you shall not see, my love.
My tears you shall not see.

The crow that's black, my little turtle dove,
Shall turn its color white
Ere I prove false to the maiden that I love
And the noon-day be as night, my love.
And the noon-day be as night.

The hills shall fly, my little turtle dove,
And the raging billows burn
Before my heart shall suffer me to fail
Or I a traitor turn, my love
Or I a traitor turn.

Folksing has something like this one.
EL