

The Storms Are on the Ocean

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I'm going away for to leave you, love
I'm going away for awhile.
But I'll return to you some time
If I go ten thousand miles.

cho: The storms are on the ocean
The heavens may cease to be.
The world may lose its motion, love
If I prove false to thee.

Now who will shoe your pretty little feet?
And who will glove your hand?
Who will kiss your red rosy cheek
Till I come back again?

Poppa will shoe my pretty little feet,
Momma will glove my hand.
And you can kiss my red rosy cheeks
When you return again.

See that lonesome turtle dove
As he flies from pine to pine.
He's mourning for his own true love
Just the way I mourn for mine.

I'll never go back on the ocean love
I'll never go back on th sea.
I'll never go back on the blue-eyed girl
Till she goes back on me.

A Carter Family derivative of Annie of Lochroyal/Turtle Dove