

# Answer To Sweet Dove - song lyrics

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

ANSWER TO SWEET DOVE.

Fly back o'er the billowy wave, sweet bird,  
To my lover so constant and true;  
You may tell him I've wet with tears each word  
Of the message I send by you.  
A feather I've plucked from thy wings of snow,  
Some down from thy panting breast;  
He will wonder I've robbed his friend, I know.  
Then fly to my dear one and rest.

You may tell him I seek his bower at light,  
But his footsteps I do not hear,  
That I wander forth again at night.  
For, perchance, he may then be there;  
But now he is chained in a distant land-  
He weeps when no sympathy comes.  
Oh! had I thy wings, sweet dove, for a time,  
I would fly to thy desolate home.

Then go thou and seek his cell once more,  
Gentle dove, o'er the dark blue sea;  
You may tell him he'll tread his native shore  
And sing in my bower to me.  
The light of this paper is cheering me now,  
And warms my heart with love;  
I shall live to see his lofty brow;  
Fly quick and God speed thee, sweet dove.