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O fair dove! O fond dove!.

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Mary H. Mearns
Nashua N.H.

O FAIR DOVE,

O FOND DOVE.

Words by

JEAN INGELLOW.

Music by

Alfred Scott Gatty.

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O FAIR DOVE! O FOND DOVE!

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Allegro moderato.

1. Me - thought the stars were
2. My true love fares on

mf *rall.* *p a tempo*

blink - ing bright, And the old brig's sails un - furled: I said "I will sail to my
this great hill, Feed - ing his sheep for aye: I look'd in his hut, but

love this night, At the oth - er side of the world" - I stepp'd a - board, we
all was still, My love was gone a - - way, I went to gaze in the

cres.

sail'd so fast - The sun shot up from the bourne; But a dove that perch'd up -
for - est creek, And the dove mourn'd on a - pace, No flame did flash, nor

cres. *mf*

poco lento con molto espress.

on the mast, Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn. O fair dove! O fond dove! And
 fair blue reek, Rose up to shew me his place. O last love! O first love! My

dim. e rall. *poco lento.*

dove with the white, white breast! Let me a-lone, the dream is my own, And my
 love with the true, true heart! To think I have come to this your home, And

pp rall.
 heart is full of rest. 3. My
 yet we are a-part.

pp rall. *mf a tempo.* *rall.*

mf *cres.*
 love he stood at my right hand, His eyes were grave and sweet; Me-thought he said In

mf a tempo. *cres.*

O FAIR DOVE! O FOND DOVE!

mf *dim.* *agitato.*

this fair land, O is it thus we meet! Ah, maid, most dear, I am not here, I

mf *dim.* *agitato.*

mf *f* *dim. e rall.*

have no place, no part— No dwelling more by sea or shore, But on - ly in thy

mf *f* *dim. e rall.*

pp *poco lento con molto espress.*

heart. O fair dove! O fond dove! 'till night rose o - ver the bourne, The

poco lento.

pp

dim. e rall.

dove on the mast, as we sail'd fast, Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn.

dim. e rall.

O FAIR DOVE! O FOND DOVE!

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