



## O fair dove! O fond dove!.

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Mary E. Webster,  
Nashua N. H.

# O FAIR DOVE, O FOND DOVE.

Words by

JEAN INGELOW.

Music by

Alfred Scott Gatty.

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# O FAIR DOVE! O FOND DOVE!

Words by JEAN INGELOW.

Music by ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

Allegro moderato.

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

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

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!



