

The turtle dove

Folksong
Arr. R. Vaughan Williams, 1872-1958

Solo
p

1. Fare you well, my dear, I must be gone, And leave you for a while; If I
4. O yonder doth sit that lit-le turtle dove, He doth sit on yon-der high tree, A -

ppp
(closed lips)

ppp
(closed lips)

ppp
(closed lips)

ppp
(closed lips)

roam a - way I'll come back a - gain, Though I roam ten thou-sand miles, my dear, Though I
mak - ing a moan for the loss of his love, As I will do for thee, my dear, As

Schluß 1. Strophe Schluß 4. Strophe Fine

roam ten thou-sand miles. thee.

I will do for

Sop. I *p*

2. So *ppp*

Sop. II *pp*

Con. 2. So *ppp*

ppp

ppp

ppp

ppp

fair thou art my bon ny lass, So deep in love am

fair thou art,

2. So fair thou

I; But I nev-er will prove false to the bon-ny lass I love, Till the

So deep in love,

art,

So

stars fall from the sky, my dear, Till the stars fall from the sky.

Till the stars fall from the sky.

deep in love, so deep in love am I.

Sop. I *mp*

3. The sea will nev-er run dry, Nor the rocks.

Sop. II *mp*

3. The sea will nev-er run dry, my dear, Nor the rocks nev-er

Con. *mp*

3. The sea will nev-er run dry, my dear, Nor the rocks

mp

3. The sea will nev-er run dry, my dear, Nor the rocks nev-er

melt with the sun, But I *cresc.* nev-er will prove false,

melt with the sun, But I *cresc.* never will prove false to the bonny lass I love,

melt with the sun, But I *cresc.* nev-er will prove false,

melt with the sun, But I *cresc.* never will prove false to the bonny lass I love,

But I nev-er will prove false,

dim. *p.* D.C. al Fine

Till all be done, my dear, Till all these things be done. *mp.*

Till all these things be done, my dear, Till all these things be done. *p.*

Till all be done, my dear, Till all these things be done. *mp.*

Till all these things be done, my dear, Till all these things be done. *mp.*