

O Fair Dove! O Fond Dove!

JEAN INGELOW

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Allegro moderato

a tempo p

mf *rall.* *p*

Me - thought the stars were
My true love fares on

blink - ing bright, And the old brig - 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 other 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
for - est creek, And the dove mourn'd on — a pace, No —

cres. *mf*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo starts as 'Allegro moderato' and changes to 'a tempo' with a 'p' dynamic. The piano part includes dynamics like 'mf', 'rall.', and 'p'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal staff and a piano staff. The key signature has one flat (Bb) and the time signature is common time (C). The piece concludes with a 'mf' dynamic in the piano part.

Poco lento con molto espress.

dove that perch'd up - on the mast, Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn. O fair dove! O
flame did flash, nor fair blue reek, Rose up to shew me his place. O last love! O

dim. e rall. *poco lento*

espress.

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

pp rall. *a tempo* *rall.* *D.S.*

heart is full of rest. yet we are a - part.

pp rall. *mf* *rall.* *D.S.*

mf *a tempo*

My love, he stood at my right hand, His eyes were grave and sweet, Me -

cresc. *mf* *dim.*

thought he said In this far land, Oh, is it thus we meet? Ah! maid, most dear, I

cresc. *mf* *dim.*

mf *f*

am not here; I have no place, no part, No dwelling more, by sea or shore, But

mf *f*

dim. e rall. *pp*

on - ly in thy heart. O fair dove! O fond dove! till night rose ov - er the bourne The

dim. e rall. *pp*

dim. e rall.

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

dim. e rall.