

# O Fair Dove! O Fond Dove!

JEAN INGELOW

ALFRED S.GATTY

*Allegro moderato* *a tempo 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

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 \_

*mf* *rall.* *p* *cres.* *cres.* *mf*

*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.*