The Turtle Dove (solo).

Fare you well, my dear, I must be gone,
And leave you for a while;
If I roam away I'll come back again,
Though I roam ten thousand miles, my dear,
Though I roam ten thousand miles.

As fair thou art my bonny lass,
So deep in love am I;
But I never will prove false to the pretty girl I love,
Till the stars fall from the sky, my dear,
Till the stars fall from the sky.

The sea will never run dry, my dear,
Nor the rocks never melt with the sun,
But I never will prove false to the pretty girl I love,
Till all those things be done, my dear,
Till all those things be done.

O yonder doth sit that little turtle dove,
He doth sit on yonder high tree,
A making a moan for the loss of his love,
As I will do for thee, my dear,
As I will do for thee.

The Turtle Dove (1. tenor)

(1. og 4. vers med lukket munn)

As fair thou art my lass,
So deep in love am I;
But I never will prove false,
Till the stars fall, my dear
Till the stars fall from the sky.

The sea will never run dry,
Nor the rocks melt with the sun,
But I never will prove false,
Till all be done, my dear,
Till all those things be done.

The Turtle Dove (2. tenor).

(1. og 4. vers med lukket munn)

As fair thou art my bonny lass,
So deep in love am I;
But I never will prove false,
Till the stars fall, my dear,
Till the stars fall from the sky.

The sea will never run dry, my dear,
Nor the rocks melt with the sun,
But I never will prove false,
Till all be done, my dear,
Till all those things be done.

The Turtle Dove (1.og 2. bass).

(1. og 4. vers med lukket munn)

As fair thou art my bonny lass,
So deep in love am I;
But I never will prove false,
Till the stars fall from the sky, my dear,
Till the stars fall from the sky.

The sea will never run dry, my dear,
Nor the rocks never melt with the sun,
But I never will prove false,
Till all those things be done, my dear,
Till all those things be done.