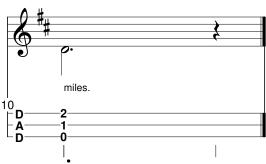
## THE TURTLE DOVE (Fare Thee Well, My Love)

Traditional TablEdited by James Kuder





The sea will never run dry, my dear,
Nor the rocks ever melt in the sun;
But I never will prove false to the pretty girl I love
Till all these things be done, my dear,

Till all these things be done.

3. Oh, yonder doth sit that little turtle dove, He doth sit in yon 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.