

THE CARRIER DOVE  
Ballad

Sung by

MISS WATSON

Composed by D. Johnson.

Arranged for the Guitar by

W. V. Z

Alfred Burt  
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Slow with much expression



Fly a-way to my na-tive land sweetdove, Fly a-way to my na-tive



land; And bear these lines to my 'la-dy love, That I've



traced with a fee-ble hand, She mar-vels much at my long delay A

Xp161

rumour of death she has heard Or she thinks perhaps I

falsely stray Then fly to her bower sweet dove.

2

Oh! fly to her bower and say the chain,  
 Of the tyrant is o'er me now,  
 That I never shall mount my steed again,  
 With helmet upon my brow?  
 No friend to my lattice a solace brings,  
 Except when your voice is heard,  
 When you beat the barr's with your snowy wings;  
 Then fly to her bower sweet bird.

3

I shall miss thy visit at dawn sweet dove,  
 I shall miss thy visit at eve,  
 But bring me a line from my lady love,  
 And then I shall cease to grieve?  
 I can bear in a dungeon to waste away youth,  
 I can fall by the conqueror's sword,  
 But I cannot endure she should doubt my truth,  
 Then fly to the bower sweet bird.