

The Carrier Dove

Fly away to my native land sweet dove,  
Fly away to my native land;  
And bear these lines, to my lady love  
That I've traced with a feeble hand,  
She marvels much at my long delay,  
A rumor of death, she hath heard,  
Or she thinks perhaps I falsely stray;  
Then fly to her bower sweet bird

Oh! fly to her bower and say the chain  
Of the tyrant is on me now,  
That I never shall mount my steed again  
With helmet on my brow;  
No friend to my lattice a solace brings  
Except when your voice is heard  
When you beat the bars <sup>with</sup> your snowy wings,  
Then fly to her bower sweet bird.

I shall miss thy visits, 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 <sup>truth</sup>  
Then fly to her bower sweet bird,

I'll hang my harp

I'll hang my harp on a willow tree  
And off to the wars again,  
My peacefull home has no charms for me,  
The battle field no pain;

For the Lady I love will soon be a bride  
With a diadem on her brow;  
Oh! why did she flatter my boyish pride  
She is going to leave me now } repeat

She took me away from my warlike lord  
And gave me a silken suit

I thought no more of my masters sword  
And I played on my masters lute  
She seem'd to think me ~~above~~ <sup>above</sup> a boy  
Her pages of low degree

Oh! had I but loved with a  
boyish love.

It would have been better for me } repeat

But I'll hide in my heart every selfish  
fear } repeat