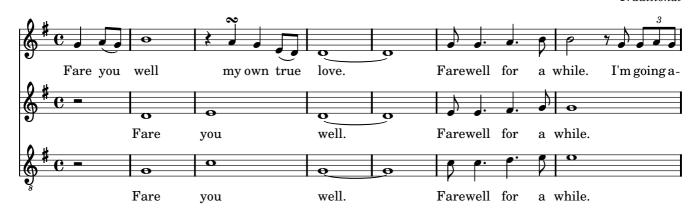
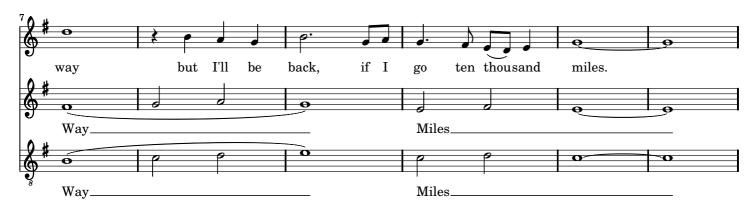
Ten Thousand Miles

Traditional





Ten thousand miles, my own true love. Ten thousand miles or more, And rocks may melt and seas may burn, if I no more return.

Oh don't you see that lonesome dove, sitting on you ivy tree? She's weeping for her own true love, just as I shall weep for thee.

Oh come back my own true love, stay a while with me. For if I had a friend all on this earth, you've been a friend to me.

 $Fare you well my own true love, farewell for a while. \\ I'm going away, but I'll be back, if I go ten thousand miles.$