

The Dove

Judy Collins

The dove she is a pretty bird, she sings as she flies
She brings us glad tidings and tells us no lies
She drinks the spring waters to make her voice clear
When her nest she is building and summer is near

Come all you young fellows take warning by me
Don't go for a soldier, don't join no army
For the dove she will leave you, the raven will come
And death will come marching at the beat of a drum

Come all you pretty fair maids, come walk in the sun
And don't let your young man ever carry a gun
For the gun, it will scare her, and she'll fly away
And then there'll be weeping by night and by day.

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