

My Own True Love

Traditional
arr. Holland Hopson

gDGBD two-finger, thumb lead style

1. As I walk'd out one morn - ing

late. A drink - ing of sweet wine.

I thought my heart would al - most

break For the girl I left be - hind.

2. Farewell, farewell, my own true love.
Farewell, farewell, for awhile.
I go away; I'll come again
If it be ten thousand miles.

3. Ten thousand miles, my own true love.
I hope it never will be.
For the leaving you, my own true love.
Will be the death of me.

4. I wish to god I never was born,
Or died when I was young.
Or never did kiss your ruby red lips
Or heard your flattering tongue.