

FARE THEE WELL!

Written by

Lord Byron.

Composed with an Accompaniment for the

Piano Forte

BY
G. KJALLMARK.

Printed at the

LONDON.

Pr. 2s.

Published by Goulling, D'Almaine, Letter & Co. 20, Soho Sq. & to be had at Westminster St. Dublin.

FARE THEE WELL!

FARE thee well! and if for ever.
Still for ever, fare THEE WELL.
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.
Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er can'st know again:
Would that breast by thee glanc'd over,
Every inmost thought could show!
Then, thou would'st at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so -
Though the world for this commend thee -
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe -
Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound!
Yet, oh, yet, thyself deceive not -
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not,
Hearts can thus be torn away;
Still thine own its life retaineth -
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat,
And the undying thought which paineth
Is, that we no more may meet -
These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead,

Both shall live - but every morrow
Wake us from a widowed bed -
And when thou would'st solace gather -
When our child's first accents flow -
Wilt thou teach her to say - "Father!"
Though his care she must forego!
When her little hands shall press thee -
When her lip to thine is prest -
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee -
Think of him thy love had blessed.
Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see -
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me -
All my faults - perchance thou knowest -
All my madness - none can know;
All my hopes - where'er thou goest -
Wither - yet with THEE they go -
Every feeling hath been shaken,
Pride - which not a world could bow -
Bows to thee - by thee forsaken
Even my soul forsakes me now -
But 'tis done - all words are idle -
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will -
Fare thee well! thus disunited -
Torn from every nearer tie -
Seared in heart - and lone - and blighted -
More than this, I scarce can die.

FARE THEE WELL!

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Written by Lord Byron.

Composed by G. Hallmark.

ANDANTE

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ad lib.

well! Though the world for this com-

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MINORE.

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Fare thee well!

ALLEG^{ro} non tanto

ab lib:

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bridle Force their way without the will Fare thee

well thus dis-u-ni-ted Torn from ev-ry nearer tie Seard in

heart_ and lone and blighted More than this I scarce can die Fare thee

ad lib.

well! Ah fare thee well!

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Fare thee well.