

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL.

By JOHN BLOCKLEY.

Moderato con espress.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with a crescendo from *mf* to *ff*, marked with a *rit.* (ritardando) towards the end. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment.

KEY G. dolce.

1. My beau - ti - ful, my beau - ti - ful, that stand - est meek - ly by, With thy
2. The morn - ing sun shall dawn a - gain, but never more with thee Shall I

The piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics is marked *pp* (pianissimo) and features a flowing, arpeggiated texture in both hands.

proud - ly arch'd and glos-sy neck, and dark and fie - ry eye,
gal-lop thro' the des-ert paths, where we were wont to be;

The piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte) and continues the arpeggiated texture.

D.t.

Fret not to roam the de sert now, with all thy wing-ed speed - I may not mount on
Ev'n-ing shall dark - en on the earth, and o'er the sand - y plain - Some o-ther steed, with

The piano accompaniment for the third line of lyrics is marked *mf* and features a more active, rhythmic accompaniment.

espressione. f.G.

thee a - gain, thou'rt sold, my A - rab steed!
slow - er step, shall bear me home a - gain. Fret not with that im - pa - tient hoof,
When the dim dist - ance cheats mine eye, and

The piano accompaniment for the fourth line of lyrics is marked *mf* and concludes the piece with a final arpeggiated flourish.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL—Continued

snuff not the breez-y wind: The fur-ther that thou fli-est now, so far am I. be-hind, The
thro' the gath'r-ing tears Thy bright form for a mo-ment, like the false mi-rage ap-pears, Then

cres.

strang-er hath thy bri-dle rein— thy mast-er hath his gold— Fleet limb'd and beau-ti-ful,
sit-ting down by that green well, I'll pause and sad-ly think, 'Twas here he bow'd his

p

fare thee well! thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!
gloss-sy neck when last I saw him drink."

dim e rall. *a tempo. mf* *dim.* *f*

D.S. al. 2

Agitato e accelerando.

3. When last I saw thee drink!— a-way! the fever'd dream is o'er,— I could not live a day and know that

mf *f* *ff*

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL—Continued.

tempo. D.t.

we should meet no more. They tempt-ed me, my beau-ti-ful, "for hun-ger's pow'r is strong, They

ff *mf*

cres. *f.G.* *risoluto.*

tempt-ed me, my beau-ti-ful, but I have lov'd too long! Who said that I had giv'n thee up,

f *f* *3* *3* *3* *3*

appassionato. *D.t.* *animato. f.G.*

who said that thou wert sold? 'Tis false, 'tis false, my A-rab steed, I fling them back their gold! Thus,

f *sf* *sf* *f*

thus, I leap up-on thy back, and scour the dis-tant plains; A-way, who o-ver-

f *sf* *ff*

-takes us now, shall claim thee for his pains.