

THE
Celebrated Poem
Fare Thee Well!
Written by
LORD BYRON,
Composed
By
John Whitaker.

Pr. 25 cts.

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*ANDANTE
MODERATO.*

Flauto

Pa.

Clarinetto

Corni

Tutti

hr.

Fare thee well! and if for ever — Still for e — ver fare thee

Pia.

well — E'en tho' un — for — giv — ing, never 'Gainst thee shall my

heart re — bel — Would that breast were bared be — fore thee, Where thy

head so oft hath lain, While that pla — cid sleep came o'er thee,

Which thou ne'er canst know a — gain; Would that breast, by thee glanc'd

Fare thee well.

o-ver, Ev-ry in-most thought could show, Then thou wouldst at

least dis-co-ver 'Twas not well to spurn it so. — Flauto
 Clarinetto
 Corni

Tutti

2.

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 defac'd me,
 Could no other arm be found,
 Than the one which once embrac'd me
 To inflict a cureless wound?
 Yet — oh, yet — thyself deceive not —
 Love may sink by slow decay,
 But by sudden wretch, believe not,
 Hearts can thus be torn away.

3.

Still thine own its life retaineth —
 Still must mine — tho' 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 widow'd bed, —
 And when thou wouldst solace gather —
 When our child's first accents flow —
 Wilt thou teach her to say — "Father!"
 Though his care she must forego?

Fare thee well.

4.

When her little hand shall press thee —
 When her lip to thine is prest —
 Think of him whose pray'r shall bless thee —
 Think of him thy love had blest
 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 thy go —

5.

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. —