

FARE THEE WELL!

Written by

Lord Byron.

Composed with an Accompaniment for the

Piano Forte

BY

G. KIALLMARK.

Ent. 41a Ball

L O N D O N.

Pr. 2.

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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

The first system of musical notation for 'Fare Thee Well!'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 3/4 time, and begins with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 3/4 time, and begins with a bass clef. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE'. The system ends with a 'dim.' (diminuendo) marking and a 'ff' (fortissimo) marking.

The second system of musical notation for 'Fare Thee Well!'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 3/4 time, and begins with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 3/4 time, and begins with a bass clef. The lyrics 'Fare thee well and if for ever Still for e-ver Fare THEE WELL! Even though' are written below the vocal line.

The third system of musical notation for 'Fare Thee Well!'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 3/4 time, and begins with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 3/4 time, and begins with a bass clef. The lyrics 'un = for-gi-ving never 'Gainst thee shall my heart re = bel' are written below the vocal line.

The fourth system of musical notation for 'Fare Thee Well!'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 3/4 time, and begins with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 3/4 time, and begins with a bass clef. The lyrics 'Would that breast were bared before thee Where thy head so oft hath lain While that' are written below the vocal line.

Ere thee well!

ad lib.

placid sleep came o'er thee Which thou ne'er canst know a = gain Fare thee well! Ah fare thee

well! Though the world for this com =

p

= mend thee Though it smile upon the blow E'en its praises must offend thee Founded

on a = no = thers woe - Though my ma = ny faults de =

= = fac'd me Could no o=ther arm be found Than the soft one which em =

ad lib.
= brad' me To in=flit a cure=less wound Fare thee well! Ah fare thee

well! And when thou wouldst solace

p

MINORE.

gather When our child's first accents flow Wilt thou teach her to say-

Fare thee well!

ab lib:

"Father!" 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 pray'r shall bless thee Think of

him Think of him thy love had blest But 'tis done all

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Fare thee well.

bridle Force their way without the will Fare thee

well thus dis=uni=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!

p

Fare thee well.