

**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!

1

Written by Lord Byron.

Composed by G. Hallmark.

ANDANTE

dim. *f*

Fare thee well and if for ever Still for e- ver Fare THEE WELL! E'en though

un- for- gi- ving never 'Gainst thee shall my heart re = bel

Would that breast were bared before thee Where thy head so oft hath lain While that

Ere thee well!

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

*ad lib.*

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 =

= = facd me Could no o= =ther arm be found Than the soft one which em =

ad lib:  
= bracd me To in = =flict a cure = less wound Fare thee well! Ah fare thee

well! And when thou wouldst solace

*p*

MINORE.

gather When our childs first accents flow Wilt thou teach her to say =

Fare thee well!

ALLEG<sup>ro</sup> non tanto

*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

words are idle. Words from me are vainer still But the thoughts we cannot

Ere 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!

Fare thee well.