



## FARE THEE WELL.

Words by LORD BYRON.

Fare thee well, and if for ev...er, Still for ev...er, fare thee well,  
 E'en though un--for--giv...ing, nev-er 'Gainst thee shall my heart  
 re--bel. 'Gainst thee shall my heart re--bel. Would that breast  
 were-bared be-fore thee, Where thy head so oft has lain,  
 While that pla-cid sleep came o'er thee, Which thou ne'er canst  
 know a...gain, Which thou ne'er canst know a...gain.

2  
 Tho' the world for this commend thee,  
 Tho' its smile upon the blow,  
 E'en its praises must offend thee,  
 Founded on another's woe.  
 Tho' 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?

3  
 And when thou would'st solace gather  
 When our child's first accents flow,  
 Wilt thou teach her to say "Father,"  
 Tho' his care she must forego?  
 When her little hands shall press thee,  
 When her lips to thine are press'd,  
 Think of him whose pray'r shall bless thee,  
 Think of him thy love had bless'd.

4  
 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,  
 Whither yet with thee they go.

5  
 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,  
 Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,  
 More than this, I scarce can die.

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