

Farewell, unkind!

John Dowland

Fare-well, un-kind, fare-well! To me no more a fa-ther,
 Tis not the vain de-sire of hu-man fleet-ing beau-ty

Since Makes my my heart, - my heart holds
 my mind - to live though

- my love most dear. The wealth which thou dost
 - my means do die. Nor do I Na-ture

reap an-no-ther's hand must ga-ther, Though my heart,
 wrong, though I for-get my du-ty. Love not in

10

Third system of the musical score for 'Farewell, unkind!'.

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[15]

- my heart still - lies bur- ied there.
- the blood but in the spirit doth lie.

Then fare- well, then fare- well, O fare- well!

[20]

Wel- come, my love! Wel- come my joy for

ev- er! ev- er!