

# Farewell, unkind!

John Dowland

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ev- er! ev- er!