

# THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL;

THE WORDS BY MISS M. L. BEEVOR—COMPOSED BY THOMAS WILLIAMS.

ESPRESSIVO—ANDANTINO.

Legati. Farewell, mother!

fears are streaming, Down thy pale and ten - der cheek,

I in gems and ro - ses gleaming, Scarce this

sad fare - well may speak! Fare - well, mo - ther!

now I leave thee, (Hopes and fears my bo - som

swell,) One to trust who may de - ceive me;

Fare - well, mo - ther! fare thee well.

II.

Farewell, father! thou art smiling—  
 Yet there's sadness on thy brow,  
 Winning me from that beguiling  
 Tenderness, to which I go.  
 Farewell, father! thou didst bless me,  
 Ere my lips thy name could tell;  
 He may wound, who can caress me;  
 Father! guardian! fare thee well!

III.

Farewell, sister! thou art twining  
 Round me with affection deep,  
 Wishing joy, but ne'er divining  
 Why "a blessed bride" should weep.  
 Farewell, brave and gentle brother,  
 Thou'rt more dear than words can tell!  
 Father! mother! sister! brother!  
 All belov'd ones, fare ye well!

Original.

TO MARY.

FAREWELL! since thou wilt roam  
 From thine own land, and from thy childhood's bowers,  
 To seek a clime of sunshine and of flowers,  
 Far o'er the wild waves foam—  
 But wheresoe'er thy wandering footsteps be,  
 May life be bright for thee!

Yet, though the glowing skies  
 Of that fair isle unfold its fruits and flowers  
 In gorgeous beauty all unknown to ours,  
*There*, none but strangers' eyes  
 Will meet thine own, and pensive thou wilt hear  
 Their foreign accents falling on thine ear.

Though soft those sounds may be,  
 Sung in the light of the pale evening star,  
 Or to the breathings of the gay guitar,  
 Beneath the citron tree—  
 Yet not to thee so sweetly will they come,  
 As if they spoke of home.

Then, why wilt thou depart  
 From those whose hearts have clung to thine through  
 years  
 Of gloom and brightness? Mary! will not tears  
 Even to those glad eyes start,  
 When in a stranger land thy thoughts shall dwell  
 On friends, that love thee well?

I would not have thee grieve,  
 But yet remember those whose prayers shall be,  
 Still for thy safe return breathed fervently,  
 In the lone silent eve—  
 Firm be the links that bind affection's spell,  
 Till we shall meet again, farewell! farewell!

THEY TELL ME LIFE, &c.

BY H. C. DEAKIN, ESQ.

THEY tell me life is like a dream, a bright, brief dream  
 and o'er;  
 They tell me life is like a stream, that seeks the ocean  
 shore;  
 They tell me life is like a flower, that blooms but to  
 decay;  
 If so, then life is only death, in holiday array!

But ah! I cannot think thy brow, my beautiful and  
 bright,  
 Is but the seat where death enthroned, feeds on thine  
 eye of light;  
 Nor can I think that thy dear cheek, so redolent of  
 bloom,  
 Is damasked only to attract the despot of the tomb.

For have not on thy brow, my love, my fond lips oft  
 been prest?  
 And have I not in rapture oft, reclined upon thy  
 breast?  
 And ah! how often have thy lips to thy betrothed's  
 frown!  
 They tasted not of death, my love, I felt them but  
 mine own!

Out on the withering thought that dooms such lustre  
 to the grave!  
 I say 'tis false, for unto me, Heaven all thy beauty  
 gave;  
 Away! away! I give to Death, to despot Death the  
 lie,  
 For God himself in love has said, "the virtuous never  
 die!"