



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 canst know
again;
Would that breast, by thee
glanced over,
Every inmost thought could
show!
Then thou wouldst 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 widow'd bed.
And when thou wouldst 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 press'd
Think of him whose prayer shall
bless thee,
Think of him thy love had bless'd!
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
Sear 'd in heart, and lone, and
blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.



Rosycompany.co.uk