

Adieu! My native shore

Great Bass Recorder

Robert Lucas Pearsall
(1795-1856)

$\text{♩} = 82$

p

A - dieu! a - dieu! my na - tive shore, Fades, _ fades o'er the wa - ters blue; The

5 *cresc.* *f* *dim.* *mf*

night winds sigh, the break - ers roar, And shrieks the wind sea - mew. Yon

9 *pp*

sun that sets u - pon the sea, We fol - low_ in his flight. Fare - well a -

13 *cresc.*

while to him and thee, My na - tive land, good night! Fare - well a-while to him and

17 *p*

thee, My na - tive land, good night! With thee, my bark, I'll

21 *cresc.* *f*

swift - ly go, go _ A - thwart the foam - ing brine, Nor care what land thou

25 *dim.* *mf*

bear'st me to so not a - gain to mine. Wel - come, wel - come, ye dark blue

29 *pp*

waves, And when _ ye _ fail my sight, Wel - come, ye de - serts and ye caves,

33 *cresc.*

My na - tive land good night! ye de - serts and ye

36 *p* *pp*

caves, My na - tive land good night!