

# Adieu! My native shore

Bass Recorder

Robert Lucas Pearsall  
(1795-1856)

$\text{♩} = 82$   
*p*

A - dieu! a - dieu! my na - tive\_ shore, Fades,\_\_\_ fades o'er the\_

4 *cresc.* *f* *dim.*  
wa - ters blue; The night winds sigh, the break - ers\_ roar, And shrieks the wind sea -

8 *mf*  
mew. Yon sun u - pon the sea,\_\_\_ u - pon the sea, We fol - low in his

12 *pp*  
flight, Fare - well a - while\_\_\_ to him\_\_\_ and thee, My na - tive

15 *cresc.*  
land, good night! Fare - well a - while\_\_\_ to him and thee, My na - tive land, good

19 *p*  
night! With thee, my bark, I'll swift - ly\_\_\_ go, go\_\_\_ A - thwart the\_

23 *cresc.* *f* *dim.*  
foam - ing brine, Nor care what land thou bear'st me\_ to so not a - gain to

27 *mf*  
mine. Wel - come, wel - come, ye dark blue waves, And when\_\_\_

30 *pp*  
\_\_\_ ye fail my sight, Wel - come, ye de - serts and ye caves,\_\_\_ My\_ na - tive

34 *cresc.*  
land good night! ye\_\_\_ de - serts

36 *dim.* *p* *pp*  
and ye caves, My na - - - tive land good night!