

Adieu! My native shore

Treble Recorder

Robert Lucas Pearsall
(1795-1856)

$\text{♩} = 82$
p

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

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

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

9 *mf* *pp*

Yon sun 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

17 *p*

him and thee, My na - tive_ land, good - night! With thee, my bark, I'll

21 *cresc.* *f*

swift - ly 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,

29 *pp*

ye blue waves, And when — ye fail my sight, Wel - come, ye de - serts and ye

33 *cresc.*

caves, My na - tive land, — good night! Wel - come ye — de - serts

36 *dim.* *p* *pp*

and ye caves, My na - - - tive — land good night!