

cres *for p dolce*

tell, When wrung from guilt's ex - pi - ring eye, Are in that word, fare -

con express.

well. Are in that word, farewell, fare - well, When wrung from guilt's ex - pi - ling

for pp rall.

eye, Are in that word, are in that word, fare - well.

ff *f* *pp*

SECOND VERSE.

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry,
 But in my breast and in my brain,
 Awake the passions that pass not by,
 The thought, that ne'er shall sleep again!

My Soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
 Though guilt and passion there rebel,
 I only know we lov'd in vain—
 I only feel—farewell!