XIII. Farewell unkind farewell
CANTUS.

1. Fare-well un-kind fare-well, to mee no more a
2. Tis not the vaine de-sire of hu-manefleet-ing

fa- ther, since my heart my heart holdes my love most beau- tie, Makes my mind to live though my meanes do

dear: The wealth which thou dost reape, A- no-thers hand must ga- ther, die, Nor do I Na-ture wrong, though I for-get my du-tie:

Though thy heart thy heart still lies bur- ied there, Then fare-well, then

Love, not in the bloud, but in the spirit doth lie.

fare-well, O fare-well, wel-come my love, wel-come my joy for-e-ver.
XIII. Farewell unkind farewell  

**ALTUS.**  

John Dowland

1. Fare-well un-kind fare-well, to mee no more a fa-ther,
2. Tis not the vaine de-sire of hu-man fleet-ing beau-tie, 

since my heart, since my heart, my heart holds my love most deare: The
Makes my mind, makes my mind, to live though my meanes do die, Nor

wealth which thou doest reape, A-no-thers hand must ga-ther,
do I Na-ture wrong, though I for-get my du-tie:

Though thy heart, though thy heart thy heart still lies bur-ied there, Then fare-well, 

Love, not in the bloud, but in the spi-rit doth lie. 

then fare-well, then fare-well, O fare-well, wel-come my joy, my joy for-e-ver.

XIII. Farewell unkind farewell

TENOR.

John Dowland

1. Fare-well un-kind fare-well, to mee no more a fa-ther,
2. Tis not the vaine de-sire of hu-man fleet-ing beau-tie,
since my heart, my heart, my heart holds my love most deare: The
Makes my mind, my mind to live though my meanes do die, Nor
wealth which thou doest reape, A-nothers hand must ga-ther, Though thy heart, thy
do I Na-ture wrong, though I for-get my du-tie: Love, not in, not
heart, thy heart, thy heart lies burried there, Then fare-well, then fare-well,
in the bloud, but in the spi-rit lies.

then fare-well, O fare-well, wel-come my love, wel-come my joy for-e-ver.
XIII. Farewell unkind farewell

BASSUS.  

1. Fare-well un-kind fare-well, to mee no more a fa-ther,

2. Tis not the vaine de-sire of hu-man fleet-ing beau-tie,

since my heart, my heart, my heart holdes my love most deare: The
Makes my mind, my mind to live though my meanes do die, Nor

wealth which thou doest reape, A-nothers hand must ga-ther, Though thy heart thy

do I Na-ture wrong, though I for-get my du-tie: Love, not in, not

heart thy heart still lies bur-ied there, Then fare-well, then fare-well,
in the bloud, but in the spi-rit lies.

O fare-well, wel-come my love, wel-come, wel-come my joy for-e-ver.