KATY DARLING'S FAREWELL TO DERMOT.

H. KLEBER.

VOICE.

Moderato.

PIANO.

They tell me I am dying dear est Dermot, And my

heart with the sorrow is sore,

And my eyes with bitter tears are
brimming, When I think I shall see thee no more; Oh! we
dream'd not when we parted, By the wicket in the lane.... When the
wild-birds were singing in the morning, That we never should meet a-
again.... That we never should meet again. Fare thee well, fare thee
well—For I'm going far away dearest Dermot, Far a—

way from this bright world and thee, I hear the Angels singing up in

heaven, And I know they are waiting for me.
VERSE.

Thou'lt not forget the past dearest Dermot, Nor that night in the sweet summer tide, When I

listen'd to thy words low and loving, Till I promised to be thy bride: And oft in the purple twilight, When the flowers are all asleep, And the pure stars are looking on thee kindly, Thou wilt sit by my grave and weep; Thou wilt sit by my grave and weep. Fare thee well, fare thee well. But I'll not forget thee dearest Dermot, And my soul ever loving and free will be stealing from the home of Angels, To the earth with a blessing for thee.

VERSE.

Thou'st been to me a treasure dearest Dermot, Thy love was the light of my life, And the last joy that withered in my bosom was the hope of becoming thy wife: Oft how can I leave thee darling, And never again see thy face; Even death would be welcome dearest Dermot, If he found me in thy embrace: If he found me in thy embrace, Fare thee well, fare thee well. But I will not forget thee where I'm going, And my soul ever loving and free, Will be stealing from the home of Angels, To the earth with a blessing to thee.