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THE EMBARKATION
OR
FAREWELL DEAR FRANCE!

On the death of her husband, Francis the Second, the beautiful and accomplished Mary Queen of Scots quitted her beloved France, (of which she was now Queen Dowager) with a heavy heart, to return to her own kingdom. She was escorted to St. Germain by the French King, the Royal family, and a splendid train of the principal nobility. It is recorded by Brantome, that just after she had embarked at Calais, she was appalled by the sight of a vessel striking in distress against the pier, and then sinking to rise no more, and exclaimed, "O God! what fatal omen is this!" As the royal galley made at first but little way, she watched for several hours, with tearful eyes, the slowly receding shores of France, and repeated her mournful adieux. When the shades of night began to fall, she redoubled her lamentations, exclaiming with prophetic earnestness, "Farewell, dear France! you disappear from my sight; it is all over! Farewell, sweet France! I shall never see you more!"

Words by MRS CRANFORD.

Music by GEORGE BARKER.

Andantino con espressione.

PIANO

Farewell, dear France! land of my love, farewell! These weeping eyes my parting anguish

tell: Ye bounding waves that bear my barque along! Ye

mouraful winds that breathe your dirge-like song! Ye waft me far across the trackless

deep, For parted joys and ear-ly friends to weep. Wid-ow'd in

ritard.
soul I watch the coming night, when those lov'd shores will banish from my sight.

Adagio.
Farewell, dear France! land of my love, farewell! These weeping eyes my parting anguish

tell: These weep- ing eyes my part- ing an- guish tell; Farewell, dear France! land
 of my love, fare- well!

2.

Farewell! sweet France, thy Louvre's golden bowers;
 Where first, a bride, I wore my crown of flowers,
 That wreath, far dearer than the regal crown,
 That decks my brow, but weighs my spirit down.
 Ah me! what fatal omen meets my eyes!
 Yon vessel strikes.— hark to those dreadful cries!
 She sinks! and so my fondest hopes would seem
 To fade in night, and vanish like a dream.
 Farewell, sweet France! thy Louvre's golden bowers!
 Where first, a bride, I wore my crown of flowers,
 That wreath, far dearer than the regal crown
 That decks my brow, but weighs my spirit down.

3.

Farewell, dear France! adieu thou pleasant shore!
 I feel these eyes shall ne'er behold thee more;
 I feel within my soul the saddening spell,
 That tells me now to take a last farewell:
 Land of my love! 'neath ebb'd ungenial skies,
 Thy blooming bowers will oft before me rise:
 And while I sail across the lonely sea,
 My heart, my soul, dear France! will turn to thee.
 Farewell, dear France! land of my love, farewell!
 These weeping eyes my parting anguish tell:
 These weeping eyes my parting anguish tell:
 Farewell, dear France! land of my love, farewell!