

# THE SEPARATION

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

J. C. Engelbrecht, 1857

1. With all my soul then let us part, Since both are anx - ious to be free,  
 2. We've had some hap - py hours to - gether, But Joy must of - ten change its wing,  
 3. Fare - well, and when some fu - ture lov - er Shall claim the heart which I re - sign,  
 4. I think I should be sweet - ly blest, If in a fond im - per - fect sigh,

And I will send you home your heart, If you will send back mine to me,  
 And spring would be but gloom - y weather, If we had no - thing else but spring.  
 And in ex - ult - ing joy dis - cov - er All the charms that once were mine,  
 You'd say while to his bo - som prest, He loves not half so well as I.

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