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SLOW

## FAREWELL ANTHEM—Continued

LIVELY

Hark! hark, my dear friends! for death hath call - ed me, and I must go and lie down in the cold and silent tomb, Where the mourners cease from mourning

SLOW

and the pris'ner is set free, Where the rich and the poor are both a - like; Fare you well! Fare you well! Fare you well! Fare you well! Fare you well, my friends!