

# Farewell, My Own

From SULLIVAN's "Pinafore"

RALPH

*Allegretto moderato*

Fare - well, my own, Light of my life, fare-well!

For crime un-known I go to a dun - geon cell.

JOSEPHINE

I will a - tone; In the meantime, fare-well! And all a -

lone Re-joice in your dun - geon cell! . A bone, . . a bone, . I'll

FINE Sir J. PORTER

pick with this sai-lor fell;      Let him be shown at once to his dun - geon cell.

*p* SOPRANO & ALTO.  
He'll hear no tone Of the maid - en he loves so well! No tel - e -

TENOR & BASS  
*p*

LITTLE BUTTERCUP (*Mysteriously*)

phone Com - mu - ni - cates with his cell!      But when is known The

*D.S.*

se - cret I have to tell,      Wide will be thrown The door of his dun - geon cell.

*cres.*