

Standard tuning

♩ = 120

Soft the cloud that veils the moun-tain's height, the

T
A
B

west - ern wind now fills our sail, and a song is born a-cross the

T
A
B

night, Breath - ing mem-ries of Love which can-not Fail . Fare -well to thee, Fare

T
A
B

well to thee, the brood-ing hills give back the sad re- frain, ; May Heav-en guard and

T
A
B

Keep our Love so true, Un- til we meet a- gain

T
A
B