

37. FAREWELL GOOD ANGEL

(Rochester)

1 *Molto Agitato*

2 3

4 5 6 **ROCHESTER**
IS

7 8 9
THIS HOW YOU WOULD LEAVE ME IN RU - IN AND DES - PAIR

10 MY HOPE IS QUENCHED, MY LIFE IS LOST LAID

11 12

13 WASTE BE - YOND RE-PAIR. I WAS WRONG WHEN I DE-CEIVED YOU, BUT THERE

14 15 16

17 WAS NO OTH - ER WAY. YOUR CHAR - AC - TER WONT LET -

18 19

20 YOU LIVE THE LIE MINE MUST O - BEY. AND

21 22

8vb

23 I DON'T MEAN TO CLAIM 24 THAT HON-OR 25 HAS BEEN SERVED. 26 BUT

27 WHY 28 MUST I HAVE EYES 29 TO 30 SEE YOU'RE NOT THERE?

31 WHY 32 MUST I TAKE ONE MORE BREATH? 33 LET LIGHT-NING STRIKE.

34 THAT'S NOT THE WORST. 35 NOW THAT YOU'VE SHAT - TERED MY 36 SOUL, I DIE AC -

MRS. FAIRFAX: "Her travelling bag is gone...And all her own things."

ROCHESTER: "Everything I gave her she has left behind."

MRS. F: "I'm so sorry."

ROCHESTER: "Everything!"

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39

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CURSED.

(8va)

8va

VAMP

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SO FARE - WELL, — GOOD AN - GEL.

AN - OTH - ER DAY — IS DONE.

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WRAPPED MY LIFE A - ROUND — YOU

AND FOR A TIME, TWO FUSED — AS ONE.

GOD SHOULD STRIKE — ME DOWN —

IF YOU ARE TRU - LY GONE.

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WHY— MUST I HAVE EYES TO SEE YOU'RE NOT THERE?—

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WHY— MUST I TAKE ONE MORE BREATH? LET LIGHT-NING STRIKE. THAT'S NOT THE WORST.

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Deliberate
I'D RATH-ER BURN IN HELL DEEP WHERE MY DEM-ONS DWELL LOST IN MY
Deliberate

rit.
rit.

poco più mosso
poco più mosso
cresc.

67 68 69 70 71 72

molto rall.

PAIN. THAN TO LIVE HERE ON EARTH WITH-OUT MY

molto rall.

73 74 75 76

Bright

JANE!

Bright

mf *cresc.*

Segue as O