The Last Farewell

Music: Mark Richins
Words: William Richins (1806 - 1873)

My friends the time is growing nigh,
When scattered saints to say goodbye.

Thy friends the time hast en there,
For I must obey thy will.

I know the time is growing nigh,
When scattered saints to say goodbye.

Then to the happy home shall I go,
And gather home to dwell.

And the saints to dwell;
And the saints to dwell.

And the saints to dwell;
And the saints to dwell.

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