

The Last Farewell

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

My friends the time is grow - ing nigh When I to you must
Do you glad - ly I know the will hast - en come there, For Those scat - tered saints to
How you glad - ly I know the will hast - en come there, For Those bless - ings how I

say good - bye. Twill be god my last fare - well. I soon shall join a
gath - er home? My With'e saints I must long o - bey; But when glad - ly will I
long to share. My With'e saints I must long o - bey; But when glad - ly will I
in

no - ble band And jour - ney from a na - tive land Far
say a - dieu To all - ney from a na - tive land Far
Des - er - et My ab - sent friends and coun - try too I
thou

in the West to dwell. Far in the west to dwell.
have no wish say to stay. I I have no wish say to stay.
now I say fare - well. Though now I say fare - well.

