

1. Farewell, mother! Je-sus calls me Far a-way from home and thee; } Fare-well moth-er! do not pain me, By thine ag-o-ni-zing woe,
Earth-ly love no more en-thralls me, When the blood-y cross I see. }

2. Farewell, father! oh how ten-der Are the chords that bind me here, } No, my Sa-vior!—wert thou tear-less Bend-ing o'er the bu-ried dead?
Je-sus, aid me to sur-ren-der All I love with-out a tear. }

3. Farewell, sister! do not press me To thy young and throb-bing heart, } Fare-well pale and si-lent broth-er! How I grieve to pain thee so;
O, no long-er now dis-tress me! Sis-ter, sis-ter, we must part! }

Those fond arms can not detain me; Dearest mother, I must go.
At this hour so sad and cheerless May not burning tears be shed?
Fa-ther—Mother—Sister—Brother—Je-sus calls; O, let me go!