

1. My dear-est, love-ly, na-tive land, Where peace and pleas-ures grow, Where joy with fair-est, soft-est hand, Wipes off the tears of woe—

2. O sac-red home, how sweet thou art, And all thy scenes how dear! Thou dost with chords entwine my heart, And seem'st to say, "stay here!"

3. My pa-rents, bro-thers, sis-ters, friends, My warm af-fec-tion know, And love from each my path at-tends, And can I from them go?

4. No sighs of grief my bosom heave, No tears of an-guish roll; My friends, my *all* I *glad-ly* leave, For Je-sus cheers my soul.

Thy Sab-baths, laws, and hap-py shores, And names, I love them well, And look-ing o'er those rich-est stores, How can I say, Fare-well!

Thou al-ways didst an an-gel prove, My youth-ful fears to quell, Thou still art clad with smiles of love, And can I say, Fare-well!

The thoughts of days that now are past, No pen nor tongue can tell; Though to my heart they cling so fast, Yet I *must* say, Fare-well!

Ye winds, then waft me far a-way, The tale of love to tell; To coun-try, home, and friends I say, Fare-well! O yes! Fare-well!