

SISTER'S FAREWELL. C.M.D.

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." -- Matt. 19:14.

F Major A. J. McLendon, 1905.

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1. Fare - well, dear broth - ers, fare you well, Pray, do not weep for me, I'm go - ing home with Christ to dwell Though - out e - ter - ni - ty.
2. Dear sis - ter, thou art left a - lone, But thou art kind and true, And when God calls you to come home, I hope to meet you, too.

3. Dear fa - ther, you've been kind to me, When I was young and wild, But now, dear fa - ther, do not weep, For - give your lov - ing child.
4. My lov - ing moth - er, fare you well, But do not fear a - harm, The Sav - ior dear is ev - er near To shield you from all harm.

When I get home to that bright world, And meet my Sav - ior there, And all the loved ones gone be - fore, I'll no more shed a tear.
Thus we'll sur - round the great white throne, And dwell for - ev - er there, And sing God's praise thro' end - less days, From sor - row, pain and care.

O may we all to - geth - er meet, And shout and praise and sing Hal - le - lu - jah then to our God, Our Sav - ior and our King.
Yet may we meet and be com - plete, With all the blood - washed throng, And cast our crown at Je - sus' feet, And sing re - demp - tion's song.