

F Major John Blain, 1818.

Hugh W. McGraw, 1985.

1. And now, my friends, both old and young, I hope in Christ you'll still go on; And if on earth we meet no more, O may we meet on Ca-naan's shore.

2. How oft I've seen your flowing tears And heard you tell your hopes and fears; Your hearts with love were seen to flame, Which makes me hope we'll meet again.

3. O glo-r'ous day, O bless-ed hope! My soul leaps for-ward at the thought; When, on that hap-py, hap-py land We'll no more take the part-ing hand.

I hope you'll all re-mem-ber me If you on earth no more I'll see; An in-t'rest in your prayers I crave, That we may meet be-yond the grave.

Ye mouming souls, light up your eyes To glor'ous mansions in the skies; O trust His grace -- in Ca-naan's land We'll no more take the parting hand.

But with our bless-ed ho-ly Lord, We'll shout and sing with one accord, And there we'll all with Jesus dwell, So lov-ing Christians, fare you well!