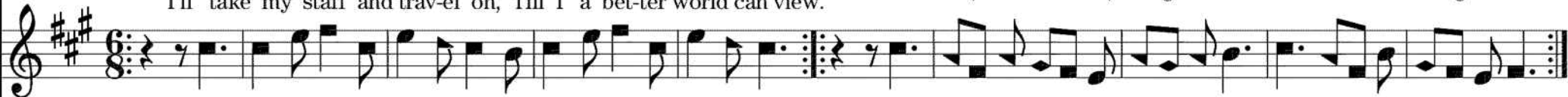


F# Minor. Samuel Crossman, 1664, alt.

E. L. King, 1850; arr. in *The Southern Harmony*, 1854.

1. Farewell, my friends, I must be gone, I have no home nor stay with you,
I'll take my staff and trav-el on, Till I a bet-ter world can view.

O heav'n, sweet heav'n, I long for thee! O when shall I get there?



2. Farewell, my friends, time rolls along, Nor waits for mortal cares or bliss;
I'll leave you here and trav-el on, Till I ar - rive where Jesus is.

O heav'n, sweet heav'n, I long for thee! O when shall I get there?



3. Farewell, my brethren in the Lord, To you I'm bound in cords of love;
If we believe his gracious word, We all ere long shall meet above.

O heav'n, sweet heav'n, I long for thee! O when shall I get there?