

Farewell, My Friends, Since We Must Part

George Nathaniel Fenn, 1904

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♩ = 105

1. Fare - well, my friends, since we must part, The sep - a -
2. But peace, my soul! that pain - ful word Shall cease to
3. Till then, let's hope and trust and pray, And wait, and

- ra - tion grieves my heart; The Mas - ter do - eth all things
pierce as with a sword, When an - gels come the news to
watch for that sweet day, When we'll go home, with Christ to

well, And yet I grieve to say fare - well. This is my prayer to God most
tell, That we may bid all grief fare - well.
dwell, Where friends no more shall say fare - well.

Refrain

high, That we may ga - ther by and by, A-round the throne where an - gels

dwell; But for a while fare-well, fare-well, Fare-well, fare-well.