

Farewell

William Pell Fife, 1891

Peter Philip Bilhorn

♩ = 90

1. How swift - ly the years of our pil - grim - age fly, As
2. The right - eous and wick - ed move swift - ly a - long, In
3. To you, fel - low Chris - tians, I turn with de - light; The
4. Fare - well, fel - low sin - ners, I'm free from your blood; My

weeks, months and sea - sons roll si - lent - ly by; Our
crowds to the grave, both the old and the young; The
grave can not harm you, your fu - ture is bright; Be
mes - sage de - li - vered, I leave you with God; I've

days are soon num - bered, and death sounds our knell; We
good rise to Hea - ven, the bad sink to hell; They
faith - ful and hum - ble, temp - ta - tions re - pel; You'll
begged and per - suad - ed, but can not com - pel; Till

scarce know our friends till we bid them fare-well.
take on life's verge an e - ter - nal fare-well. Fare - well, fare-
soon leave this world with a smil - ing fare-well. I'll bid you fare-well, I'll
judg - ment day, there - fore, I bid you fare-well.

rit. *Refrain*

- well;
bid you fare - well; I've begged and per - suad - ed, but can not com - pel; I'll

Fare-

- well, fare - well;
bid you fare - well, I'll bid you fare - well; Till judg - ment day, there - fore, I'll

rit.

bid you fare-well.