

BURROUGHS. L.M.

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Rev. J.R. Hamlin

1. Fare-well, fare-well to all be - low, My Sav-ior calls and I must go; I launch my barque up-on the sea, This land is not the land for me.

2. 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, Oh may we meet on Ca-naan's shore.

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