

PARTING HAND. L.M.D.

Jeremiah Ingalls

1. My Chris-tian friends, in bonds of love, Whose hearts in sweet-est un-ion join,
Your friend-ship's like a draw-ing band, Yet we must take the part-ing hand. Your com-p'ny's sweet, your un-ion dear, Your words de-light-ful to my ear;

2. How sweet the hours have passed a-way, Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loath we are to leave the place Where Je-sus shows His smil-ing face. O could I stay with friends so kind; How would it cheer my droop-ing mind!

3. And since it is God's ho-ly will, We must be part-ed for a while,
In sweet sub-mis-sion, all as one, We'll say, our Fa-ther's will be done. My youth-ful friends in Chris-tian ties, Who seek for man-sions in the skies,

Yet when I see that we must part, You draw like cords a-round my heart.

But du-ty makes me un-der-stand That we must take the part-ing hand.

Fight on, we'll gain that hap-py shore, Where part-ing will be known no more.

4. 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.
Ye mourning souls, lift up your eyes To glor'ous mansions in the skies;
O trust His grace in Canaan's land, We'll no more take the parting hand.
5. 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 Canaan's shore.
I hope you'll all remember me, If you on earth no more I see;
An int'rest in your prayers I crave, That we may meet beyond the grave.
6. O glor'ous day! O blessed hope! My soul leaps forward at the thought,
When, on that happy, happy land, We'll no more take the parting hand.
But with our blessed, holy Lord, We'll shout and sing with one accord;
And there we'll all with Jesus dwell, So, loving Christians fare you well.