

Alto by William Walker

1. Fare-well broth-er, deep and low-ly Rest thee on thy bed of clay; Kin-dred spir-its, an-gels ho-ly, Bear thy heav'n-ward soul a-way.  
 2. Hear our pray'r, O God of glo-ry, Low-ly breathed in sor-row's song; Bleed-ing hearts lie bare be-fore Thee Come, in ho-ly trust made strong;

3. Fare-well broth-er, soon we'll meet thee Where no cloud of sor-row rolls; For glad tid-ings float, how sweet-ly! From the glo-r'ous land of souls;

4. Broth-er, rest from sin and sor-row; Death is o'er and life is near; On thy slum-ber dawns no mor-row; Rest thine earth-ly race is run.  
 5. Broth-er, wake, for He who loved thee, He who died that thou mightst live, He who gra-cious-ly ap-proved thee, Waits thy crown of joy to give.

Sad we gave thee to the num-ber Laid in yon-der cit-y halls; And a-bove thy peace-ful slum-ber Man-y show'rs of sor-row fall.  
 Hark! a voice moves near-er, stron-ger From the shad-<sup>2</sup>wy land we dread; Mor-tals! mor-tals! seek no lon-ger Those that live a-mong the dead.

Death's cold gloom now parts a-sun-der, Lo! the fold-ing shades are gone; Mourn-er, up-ward! yon-der yon-der, God's broad day comes pour-ing on.

Broth-er, wake, the night is wan-ing End-less day is round thee poured; En-ter thou the rest re-main-ing For the peo-ple of the Lord.  
 Fare thee well; tho woe is blend-ing With the tones of earth-ly love. Tri-umph high and joy un-end-ing Wait thee in the realms a-bove.

This beautiful tune is taken from "Fruits and Flowers," one of the best Sunday-School Music-Books in the world.—W.W.