Farewell! farewell! a sad, a long farewell. To this pale clay, whose life hath fled, Resign it back to kind red dust, Till the last trump a–wake the dead, Adieu, thou dear departing soul, Thou goest from hence to Christ above; There to partake of endless bliss, and celebrate redeeming love. We...
mourn thy sudden swift remove, From each and all enjoyments here; When Christ commands, We must obey, Without a murmur or a tear, Submitting to thy

sovereign will, Let us be silent, and adore, The God who hath created all, And all shall rule for - ev - er more. Farewell, farewell, a sad, a long farewell.