Missionary’s Farewell

Isaiah Baltzell (1832-1893)

1. Far a - way, be - yond the sea, Where the fields are bright and fair, There’s a call, a plaint - ive plea; I must hast - en to be - go, I can-not stay, 'Tis the Mas - ter calling me; Let me go, I must o - bey; Na - tive land, fare-well to thee.

2. Hark! I hear the Mas - ter say, “Up, ye reap - ers! why so slow?” To the vine - yard far a - way, Earth - ly kin - dred, let me do, I can-not stay, Mas-ter, 'tis the Mas-ter, Fare-well to thee.

3. Just be - yond the roll - ing tide The up - lift - ed hand I see; Lo! the gates are o - pen wide, And the lost are call - ing swell; Af - ric’s shore I long to see, Na - tive land, fare - wel - l, fare - well, fare -

4. Fa - ther, mo - ther, sis - ter dear, I must bid you all a - there. Let me go, I must o - bey; Na - tive land, fare - well to thee.

5. Bear me on, thou rest - less sea, Let the winds the can - vas - dieu; Hark! the call is sound - ing clear, There’s a work for me to see; Lo! the gates are o - pen wide, And the lost are call - ing swell; Af - ric’s shore I long to see, Na - tive land, fare - well, fare -

Refrain

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