

Missionary's Farewell
Isaiah Baltzell(1832-1893)

Far away, beyond the sea,
Where the fields are bright and fair,
There's a call, a plaintive plea;
I must hasten to be there.

Refrain

Let me go, I cannot stay,
'Tis the Master calling me;
Let me go, I must obey;
Native land, farewell to thee.

Hark! I hear the Master say,
"Up, ye reapers! why so slow?"
To the vineyard far away,
Earthly kindred, let me go.

Refrain

Just beyond the rolling tide
The uplifted hand I see;
Lo! the gates are open wide,
And the lost are calling me.

Refrain

Father, mother, sister dear,
I must bid you all adieu;
Hark! the call is sounding clear,
There's a work for me to do.

Refrain

Bear me on, thou restless sea,
Let the winds the canvas swell;
Afric's shore I long to see,
[substitute name of country to suit]
Native land, farewell, farewell.

Refrain