

Sire and Son, or The Quaker's Farewell
Words and Music by Philip Paul Bliss

1.
[SIRE]
Farewell, my son, if thee must go
To find a western home,
Thy fathers blessings follow thee,
Tho far thy feet may roam.
Thee was a frail and feeble lad
How soon to manhood grown!
Now I am feeble, failing too;
Tis hard to stay alone,
Tis hard, tis hard to stay alone.

2.
[SON]
Good cheer! my sire, a year or two,
And you my home will share,
In peace and comfort spend your days
Without a want or care.
Old neighbor Williams letter says
That he is well to do,
And gives consent to my request
About his daughter Sue.
Good cheer! my sire a year or two,
And you my home will share,
In peace and comfort spend your days
Without a want or care.

3.
[SIRE]
Tis well, my son, long since I mind
Another brighteyes maid
How like thy mothers is that smile
But now Im sore afraid
Theell hardly find a place for me;
A year! how long twill be!
My son I may not need thy care,
God bless thy home and thee,
God bless, God bless thy home and thee.

4.
[DUET, SIRE and SON]
Farewell, my sire|son, tho miles away,
For thee my prayers shall rise,
That heavn may cheer lifes fleeting hours,
And peace illume thy skies;
My heart to thee will fondly turn
Whereeer|ev my|or feet|thee may roam;
And by and by well meet again,
My sire,|son, well meet at home,
My sire,|son, well meet at home,
Well meet, well meet at home.