

3. This wilderness now fleeing, fare ye well!
 The homeland's coasts I'm seeing, fare ye well!
 The winds blow me t'wards home!
 From this world I'll flee so gladly, turning t'ward my Father's Home.
 Fare ye well, fare ye well!

298. FAREWELL, FAREWELL, MY MORNING DAWNS

ZBOGOM, GLE DAN MI SVANJIVA

1. Fare - well, fare-well, my morn - ing dawns, Fare - well, my rest I see.
 2. Fare - well, fare-well, I wait - ed long For this glad hour and bright,
 3. Fare - well, fare-well, soon shall be - gin, With an - gels hand in hand,
 4. Fare - well, fare-well, let me go on That end - less rest to share;

The strife is o'er, my morn - ing dawns, The Mas - ter call - eth me.
 When through earth's night vic - to - rious - ly Breaks heav - en's morn - ing light.
 The sweet - est of blest Zi - on's songs In yon - der fa - ther - land.
 Be faith - ful till the Sav - ior calls, Fare - well, till we meet there.

Fare - well, fare - well, fare - well, I go to rest.
 Fare-well, fare-well,

Fare - well, fare - well, I go to rest.
 Fare-well, fare-well,