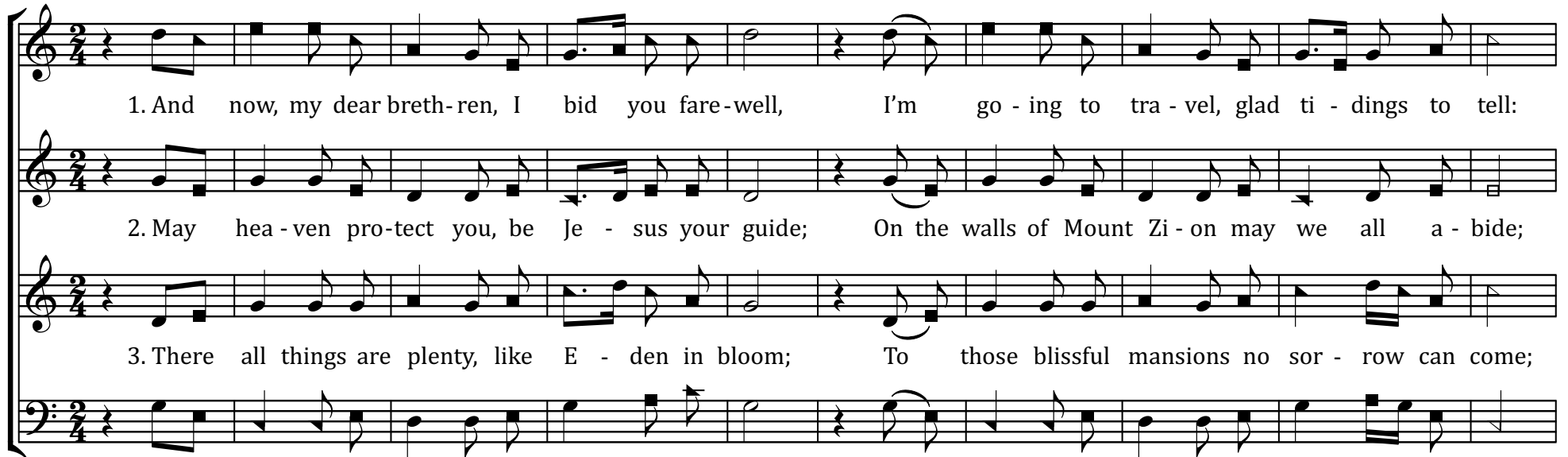


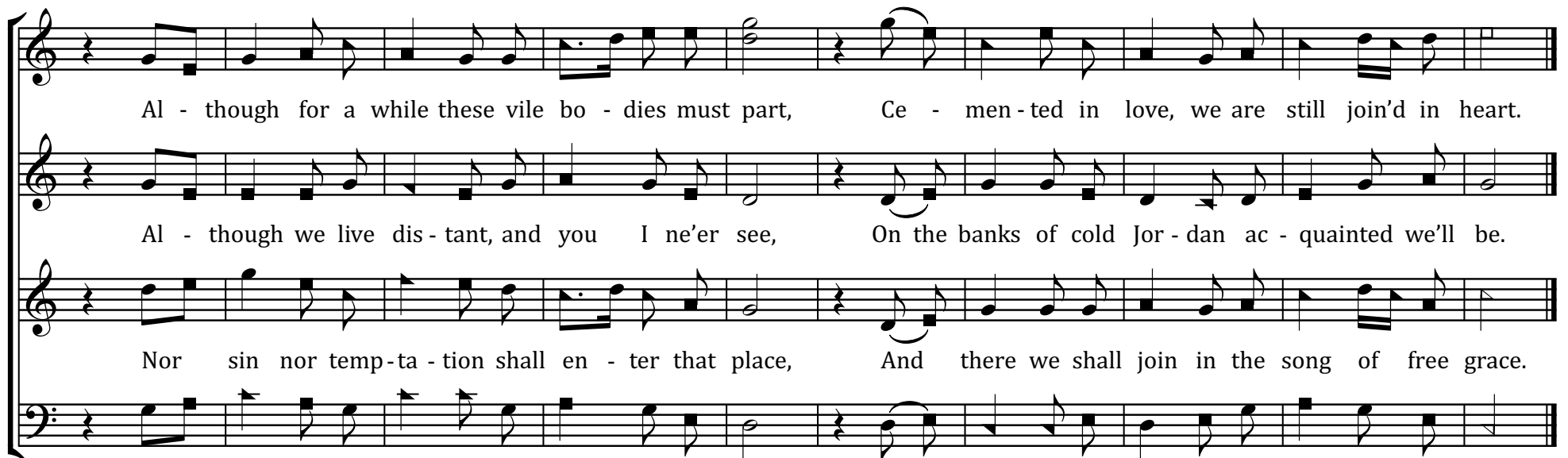
BRADWELL. 11s (irregular)



1. And now, my dear brethren, I bid you fare-well, I'm going to travel, glad tidings to tell:

2. May heaven protect you, be Jesus your guide; On the walls of Mount Zion may we all abide;

3. There all things are plenty, like Eden in bloom; To those blissful mansions no sorrow can come;



Al - though for a while these vile bodies must part, Ce - men - ted in love, we are still join'd in heart.

Al - though we live dis - tant, and you I ne'er see, On the banks of cold Jor - dan ac - quainted we'll be.

Nor sin nor temp - ta - tion shall en - ter that place, And there we shall join in the song of free grace.