

Farewell, All Earthly Honors

1. Fare - well, all earth - ly hon - ors, I bid you all a - dieu; Fare -
 2. I want my name en - grav - en A - mong the right - eous ones, Who
 3. I'm will - ing to be chast - ened, And bear my dai - ly cross; I'm

5 well, all sin - ful pleas - ures, I want no more of you. I want my
 wor - ship God, the Fa - ther, And wear a right - eous crown. For such e -
 will - ing to be cleans - ed From ev - 'ry kind of cross. I see a

hab - i - ta - tion On that e - ter - nal soil, Be - yond the pow'rs of
 ter - nal rich - es I'm will - ing to pass through All need - ful trib - u -
 fier - y fur - nace, I feel its pierc - ing flame, The fruits of it are

14 Sa - tan, Where sin can ne'er de - file. **REFRAIN.**
 la - tions, And count them my just due. There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is
 ho - ly, The gold will still re - main.

19 sweet rest in heav'n, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heav'n.

Text: Mary W. Bone

Music: William B. Bradbury (1816–1868)

Source: *Relief Society Song Book*, 1919—no. 37