

E Minor.

Wyeth.

1. Ye wea - ry hea - vy la - den'd souls, Who are op - pres - sed sore; Ye trav'lers thro' the wil - derness To Canaan's peaceful shore, —

2. Tho' storms and hur - ri - canes a - rise, The de - sert all a - round, And fie - ry ser - pents oft ap - pear Thro' the en - chan - ted ground. —

3. We're of - ten like the lonesome dove, That mourns her absent mate; From hill to hill, from vale to vale, Her sor - rows doth re - late. —

Thro' chill - ing winds and beating rains, The wa - ters deep and cold, And en - e - mies sur - round - ing me, Take cou - rage and be bold.

Dark clou - dy nights and gloo - my fears, And dra - gons of - ten roar, But while the gos - pel trump we hear, We'll press for Canaan's shore.

But Canaan's land is just be - fore, Sweet spring is com - ing on; A few more winds and beat - ing rains And win - ter will be gone.