

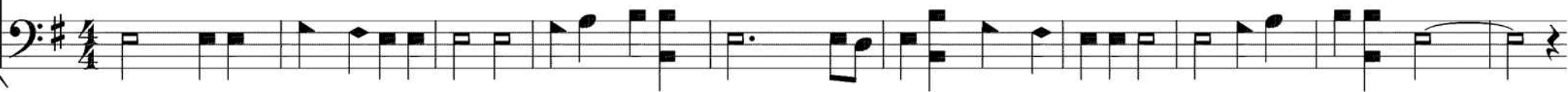
E Minor. John Adam Granade, 1804.

Wyeth's Repository, Part 2nd, 1813.

1. Ye wear - y heav - y laden souls, Who are op-press-ed sore; Ye trav' - lers thro' the wilderness To Canaan's peaceful shore,
 2. We're of - ten like the lonesome dove, That mourns her absent mate; From hill to hill, from vale to vale, Her sorrows doth re - late.



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- Thro' chilling winds and beating rains, The waters deep and cold, And en - e - mies sur-rounding me, Take courage and be bold. bold.
 But Canaan's land is just be-fore, Sweet spring is coming on; A few more winds and beat-ing rains And win - ter will be gone. gone.



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