

E Minor. John Adam Granade, 1804.

Rebecca Wright, 2011.

1. Ye wear - y heav - y lad - en souls, Who are oppress'd and sore, Ye trav'lers thro' the wilderness To Ca-naan's peace - ful shore.

2. Fare-well my breth-ren in the Lord, Who are from Canaan bound, And should we never meet again Till Ga-briel's trump shall sound.

Tho' chill - ing winds, and beat - ing rains, The wa - ters deep and  
I hope that I shall meet you there, On that de - light - ful

Tho' chill - ing winds, and beat - ing rains, The wa - ters deep and  
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cold, And en - e - mies sur - round - ing you, Take cour - age and be bold, Take cour - age and be bold. bold.  
shore, In man - sions of e - ter - nal bliss, Where part - ing is no more, Where part - ing is no more. more. 1. 2.

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