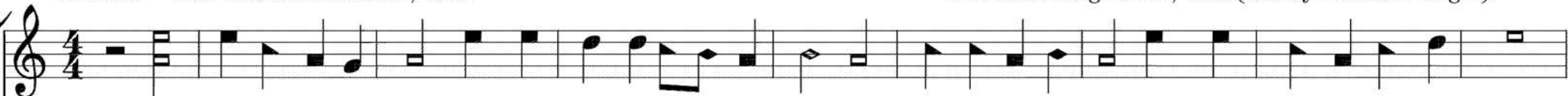
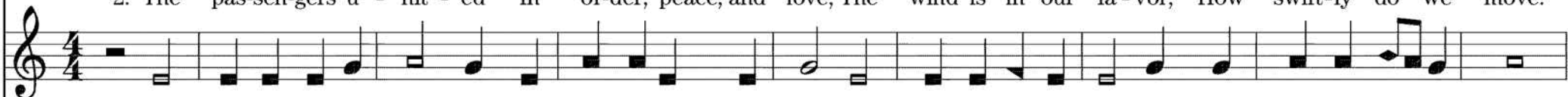


A Minor. Attr. Richard McNemar, 1813.

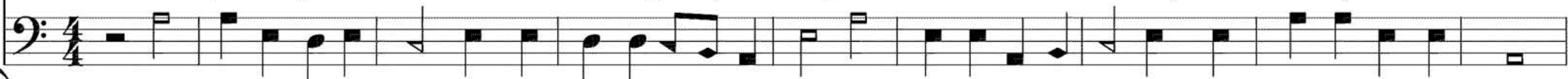
Arr. Isaac Neighbours, 1835 (alto by Rebecca Wright).



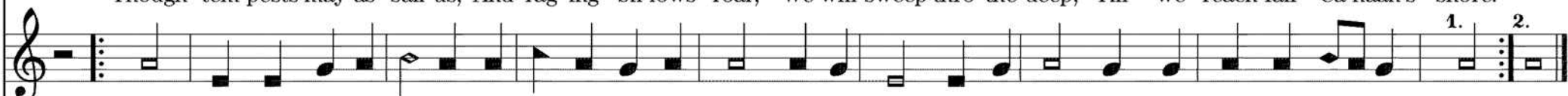
1. The peo-ple call-ed Chris-tians Have man-y things to tell A - bout the land of Ca-naan, Where saints and an - gels dwell;
 2. The pas-sen-gers u - nit - ed In or-der, peace, and love; The wind is in our fa - vor, How swift-ly do we move!



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 2. The pas-sen-gers u - nit - ed In or-der, peace, and love; The wind is in our fa - vor, How swift-ly do we move!



But here a dis-mal o-cean, En-clos-ing them a - round, With its tides still di-vides Them from Ca-naan's hap - py ground.
 Though tem-pests may as-sail us, And rag-ing bil-lows roar, We will sweep thro' the deep, Till we reach fair Ca-naan's shore.



But here a dis-mal o-cean, En-clos-ing them a - round, With its tides still di-vides Them from Ca-naan's hap - py ground.
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