

THE WEARY SOUL. C.M.D.

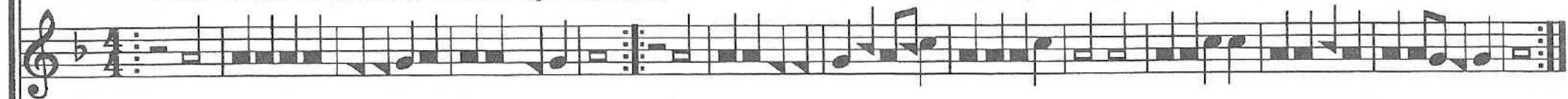
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." -- Matt. 11:28.

F Major John A. Granade, 1803.

J. T. White, 1844.



1. Ye weary, heavy-laden souls Who are oppressed and sore, Tho' chilling winds and beating rains, And enemies surrounding us, Take courage and be bold.
Ye trav'lers thro' the wilderness To Canaan's peaceful shore, And waters deep and cold,



2. Farewell, my brethren in the Lord, Who are for Canaan bound, I hope that I shall meet you there In man-sions of e-ter-nal bliss,
And should we never meet again Till Gabriel's trump shall sound, On that delightful shore, Where parting is no more.

