

CANAAN'S LAND. C.M.D.

95

E.J. King

1. Oh for a breeze of heav'n-ly love, To waft my soul a - way To that ce - les - tial world a - bove, Where plea - sures ne'er de - cay.
2. I need the in - flu'nce of Thy grace To speed me on my way, Lest I should loi - ter in my race, Or turn my feet a - stray.

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E - ter - nal spir - it deign to be My pi - lot here be - low, To steer thru life's tem - pes - tuous sea, Where storm - y winds do blow.
Are not Thy mer - cies sov - 'reign still, And Thou a faith - ful God? Wilt Thou not grant me warm - er zeal To run the heav'n - ly road?

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