

WEARY SOULS. C.M.D.

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J.T.W.

Jesse T. White

1. Ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den souls, Who are op - pressed and sore; Ye trav - 'lers thru this wil - der - ness, To Ca - naan's peace - ful shore;
2. Tho storms and hur - ri - canes a - rise, The des - ert all a - round, And fi - ery ser - pents oft ap - pear In this en - chant - ed ground;

3. We're of - ten like the lone - some dove, That mourns her ab - sent mate; From hill to hill, from grove to grove, Her woes she doth re - late;
4. Fare - well, my breth - ren in the Lord, Who are for Ca - naan bound, And should we nev - er meet a - gain Till Ga - briel's trump shall sound,

Thru chill - ing winds and beat - ing rains And wa - ters deep and cold, And en - e - mies sur - round - ing you, Take cour - age and be bold.
Dark nights and clouds, and gloom - y fears, And drag - ons of - ten roar; Yet, in the great Re - deem - er's strength, We'll press to Ca - naan's shore.

But Ca - naan just be - fore us lies, Sweet spring is com - ing on; A few more beat - ing winds and rains And win - ter will be gone.
I hope that I shall meet you there On that de - light - ful shore, In man - sions of e - ter - nal bliss Where part - ing is no more.

This tune, *Lonesome Dove*, and *Redeeming Love* seem to have sprung from the same theme; but I have no doubt that the latter, by William Caldwell, of Tennessee, is the original tune.—W.W.