

THE LONESOME DOVE. C.M. 8 lines.

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1. Ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den souls, Who are op - press - ed sore;
 Ye trav - 'llers through this wil - der - ness, To Ca - naan's peace - ful shore; Through chill - ing winds and

2. Though 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; Dark nights and clouds, and

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; But Ca - naan just be -

beat - ing rains, And wa - ters deep and cold, And en - e - mies sur - round - ing you, - Take cour - age, and be bold.

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.

fore us lies, Sweet spring is com - ing on; A few more beat - ing winds and rains, And win - ter will be gone.