

Forster

John Granade, 1804

86. 86. 86. 86. (C. M. D.)

Transcribed from *Wyeth's Repository, Part Second*, 1813

E minor

Anonymous, 1813

Tr.
1. Ye wea-ry, hea-vy la-den souls, Who are op-pres-sed sore; Ye tra-veler thro' the wil-der-ness, To Ca-naan's peace-ful shore; Thro'
2. We're of-ten like the lonesome dove, Who mourns her ab-sent mate; From hill to hill, from vale to vale, Her sor-rows to re-late; But

T.
3. Me-thinks I now be-gin to see The bar-riers of that land; The trees of life with hea-venly fruit In beau-teous or-der stand; The
4. Fare-well, my bre-thren in the Lord, Who are to Ca-naan bound; And should we ne-ver meet a-gain Till Ju-bal's trump shall sound; I

B.

Tr.
15
chil-ling winds and bea-ting rains, The wa-ters deep and cold, And en-e-mies sur-roun-ding you, Take cou-age and be bold.
Ca-naan's land is just be-fore, Sweet spring is co-ming on; A few more winds and bea-ting rain, And win-ter will be gone.

T.
8
win-tery time is past and gone, Sweet flo-wers do ap-pear; The fif-tieth year is now rolled round, The great Sab-ba-tic year.
hope that I shall meet you there, On that de-light-ful shore; In o-ceans of de-light-ful bliss, Where par-ting is no more.

B.

A folk hymn (Lowens 1964).

Also appears in *Supplement to the Kentucky Harmony* (1820), and Moore's *Columbian Harmony*.