

THE WEARY SOUL

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

Key of F Major

J. T. White, 1844

1. { Ye wea - ry, heav - y lad - en souls, Who are op - pressed and sore, } Tho' chill - ing winds and
Ye trav - el'rs thru the wil - der - ness To Ca - naan's peace - ful shore, }

2. { Fare - well, my breth - ren in the Lord, Who are for Ca - naan bound, } I hope that I shall
And should we nev - er meet a - gain Till Ga - briel's trump shall sound, }

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

meet you there On that de - light - ful shore, In man - sions of e - ter - nal bliss, Where part - ing is no more.