

O the Way Is Long and Weary

George Frederick Root (1820-1895)

♩=103



1. O the way is long and wear-y, And our bleed-ing feet are sore; Is it
2. Thro' the wil-der-ness we're foll-ing Where the strong-er ones have led; Is it
3. O how sweet would be a rest-ing place, A safe and qui-et home; Is it



far to Ca-naan's land? Is it far to Ca-naan's land? In the
far to Ca-naan's land? Is it far to Ca-naan's land? Where the
far to Ca-naan's land? Is it far to Ca-naan's land? Where the



des-ert we are long-ing For its shel-ter more and more Is it
sand is oft-en burn-ing, And the ground our on-ly bed. Is it
cru-el days of bond-age And of fear will nev-er come, Is it



Refrain



far, is it far to Ca-naan's land? We are wear-y We are
far, is it far to Ca-naan's land? wear-y, faint and sore, We are
far, is it far to Ca-naan's land?





wear-y Sad-ly wand'-ring thro' the wil-der-ness, And o'er the des-ert sand; We are
wear-y, faint and sore



wear-y, oh so wear-y, Is it far, is it far to Ca-naan's
wear-y, faint, and sore, oh, so wear-y, faint and sore



land?

