

Yes, My Native Land, I Love Thee

1. Yes, my na - tive land, I love thee, All thy scenes I love them well,
 2. Home! thy joys are pass - ing love - ly; Joys no stran - ger - heart can tell!
 3. Ho - ly scenes of joy and glad - ness, Ev - 'ry fond e - mo - tion swell,
 4. Yes! I has - ten from you glad - ly, From the scenes I love so well!
 5. In the des - erts let me la - bor, On the moun - tains let me tell,
 6. Bear me on, thou rest - less o - cean; Let the winds my can - vass swell;

9 Friends, con - nex - ions hap - py coun - try! Can I bid you all fare - well!
 Hap - py home! 'tis sure I love thee! Can I— can I say, fare - well?
 Can I ban - ish heart - felt sad - ness While I bid my home fare - well?
 Far a - way, ye bil - lows, bear me: Love - ly, na - tive land, fare - well!
 How he died — the bless - ed Sav - ior — To re - deem a world from hell!
 Heaves my heart with warm e - mo - tion, While I go far hence to dwell,

17 Can I leave thee, can I leave thee— Far in dis - tant lands to dwell?
 Can I leave thee, can I leave thee— Far in dis - tant lands to dwell?
 Can I leave thee, can I leave thee— Far in dis - tant lands to dwell?
 Pleased I leave thee, pleased I leave thee— Far in dis - tant lands to dwell.
 Let me has - ten, let me has - ten— Far in dis - tant lands to dwell.
 Glad I bid thee, glad I bid thee— Na - tive land, Fare - well, Fare - well.

Text: Samuel Francis Smith (1808 - 1895), 1832

Music: Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712 - 1778), 1752

Poetic Meter: 8 7 8 7 8 7

Tune Name: Greenville