

# Yes, My Native Land

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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;



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 tar hence 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?  
 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.



*Music:* Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712 - 1778)

*Source:* A Collection of Sacred Hymns, 1844 (no. 23)