

# FLORENCE C. M.

"The harvest is the end of the world." Matt. 13:39

Key of F Major

T. W. Carter, 1844. Alto by S. M. Denson, 1911

1. { Not man - y years their rounds shall roll, Each mo - ment brings it nigh, } Ye wheels of na - ture  
Ere all its glo - ries stand re - vealed, To our ad - mir - ing eye. }

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

3. { Tho' storms and hur - ri - canes a - rise, The de - sert all a - round, } Dark nights, and clouds, and  
And fier - y ser - pents oft ap - pear Thru the en - chant - ed ground. }

speed your course, Ye mor - tal pow'rs, de - cay; Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring e - ter - nal day.

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

gloom - y fear - And drag - ons of - ten roar - But while the gos - pel trump we hear, We'll press for Ca - naan's shore.