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

Not many years their rounds shall roll, Each moment brings it nigh,
Ere all its glories stand revealed, To our admiring eye.

Ye wheels of nature

Ye weary heavy laden souls, Who are oppressed sore,
Ye travelers thru the wilderness To Canaan's peaceful, bold shore.

Tho' chilling winds and

Tho' storms and hurricanes arise, The desert all around,
And fiery serpents oft appear Thru the enchanted ground.

Dark nights, and clouds, and

Speed your course, Ye mortal pow'rs, decay; Fast as ye bring the night of death, Ye bring eternal day.

Beating rains, The waters deep and cold, And enemies surrounding you, Take courage and be bold.

Gloomy fear And dragons of ten roar But while the gospel trumpet we hear, We'll press for Canaan's shore.