

FLORENCE. C.M.

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

F Major Philip Doddridge, 1755.

T. W. Carter, 1844.

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 la - den souls, Who are op - press - ed sore, Through chill - ing winds and
Ye trav - 'lers through the wil - der - ness To Ca - naan's peace - ful shore.

3. Though storms and hur - ri - canes a - rise, The des - ert all a - round. Dark nights and clouds and
And fie - ry ser - pents oft ap - pear Through 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.