

## **Crooked Still** **"Florence"**

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Not many years their rounds shall roll  
Each moment brings it nigh  
And all your glories stand revealed  
To our admiring eye  
You wills of nature speed your course,  
You mortal powers decay  
Fast as you bring the night of death  
You bring eternal day

You weary heavy-laden souls  
Who are oppressed sore  
You travelers through the wilderness  
To Canaan's peaceful shore  
Through beating winds and chilly rains,  
And waters deep and cold  
And enemies surrounding you  
Have courage and be bold

The storms and hurricanes arise  
The desert all around  
And fiery serpents oft appear  
Through the enchanted ground  
Dark night and clouds and gloomy fear  
And dragons often roar  
But when the gospel trump we hear  
We'll press for Canaan's shore

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