

Florence

Crooked Still

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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