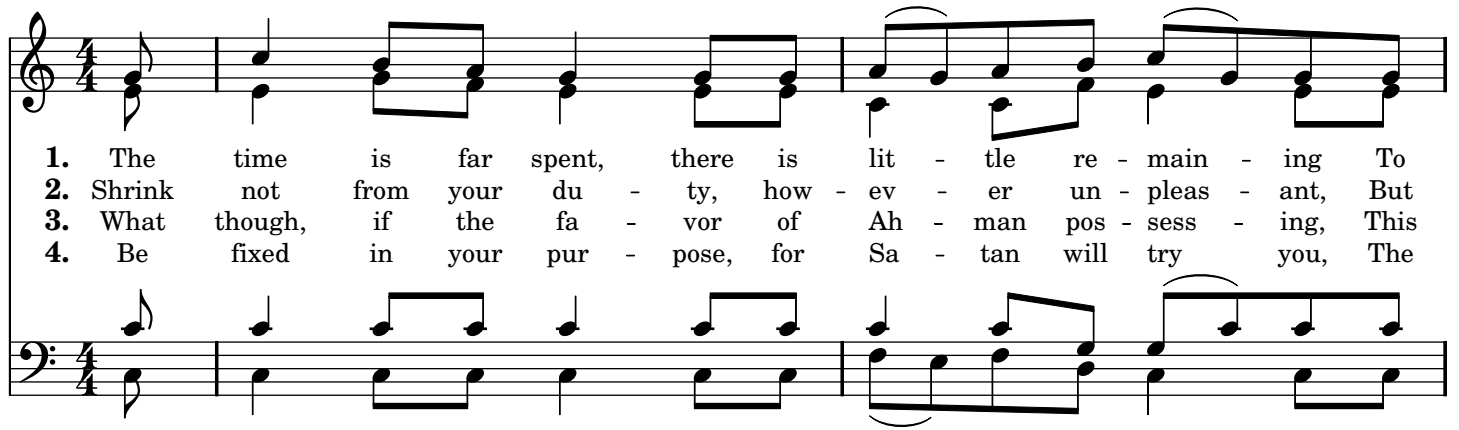
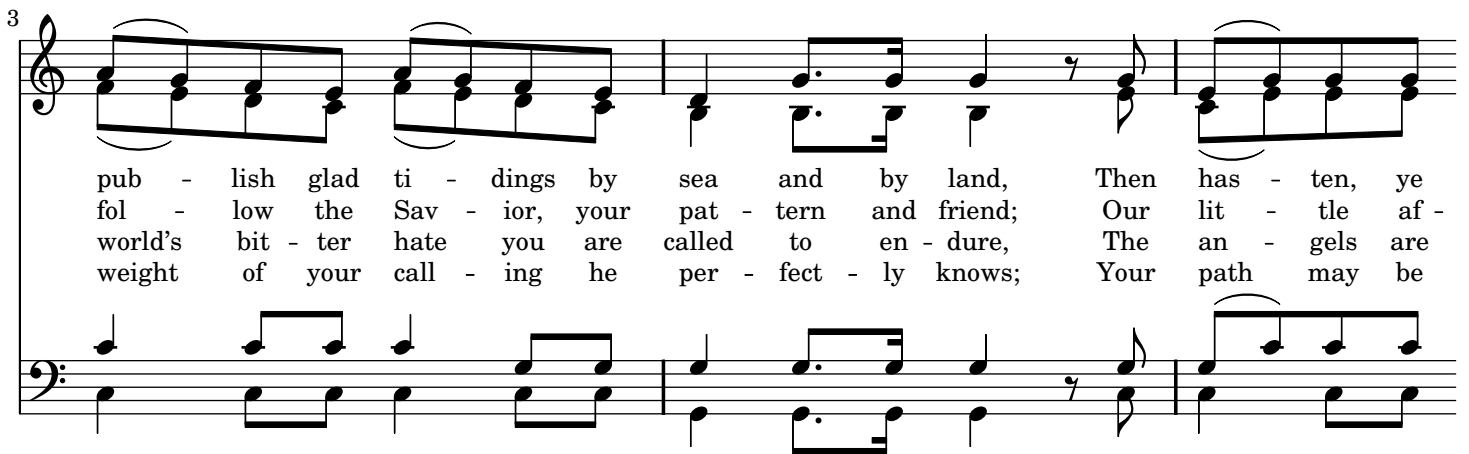


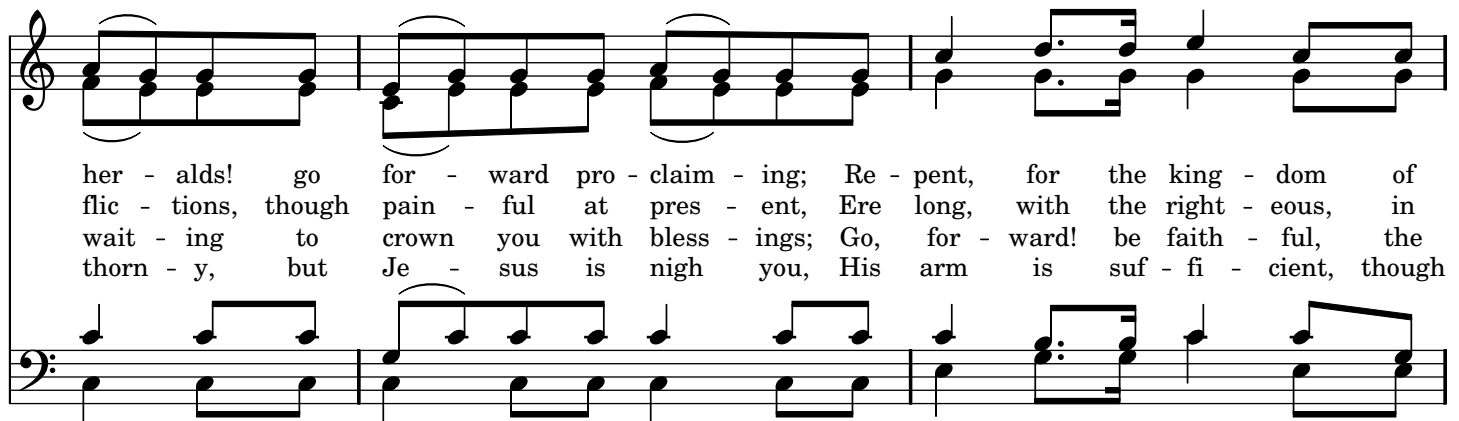
The Time Is Far Spent



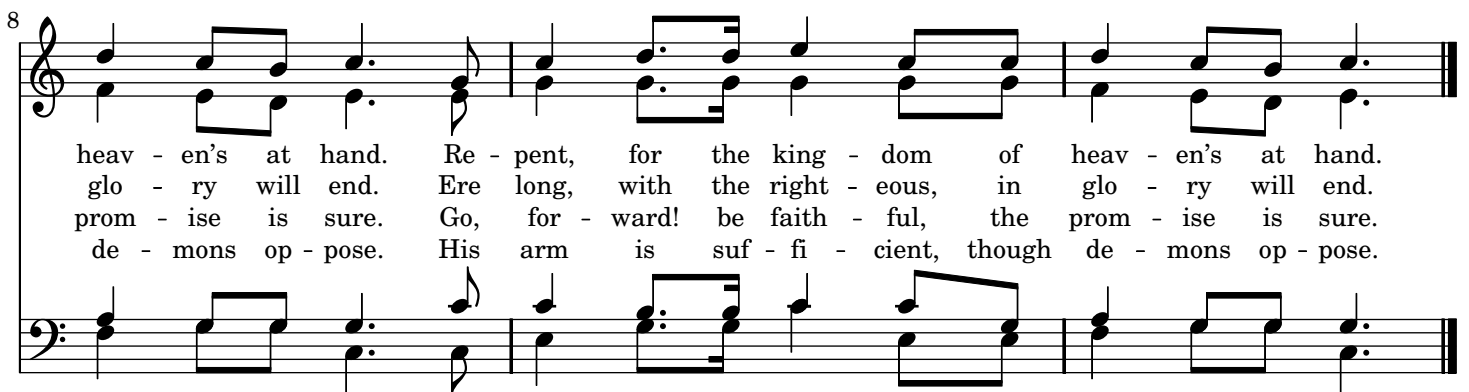
1. The time is far spent, there is lit - tle re - main - ing To
 2. Shrink not from your du - ty, how - ev - er un - pleas - ant, But
 3. What though, if the fa - vor of Ah - man pos - sess - ing, This
 4. Be fixed in your pur - pose, for Sa - tan will try you, The



pub - lish glad ti - dings by sea and by land, Then has - ten, ye
 fol - low the Sav - ior, your pat - tern and friend; Our lit - tle af -
 world's bit - ter hate you are called to en - dure, The an - gels are
 weight of your call - ing he per - fect - ly knows; Your path may be



her - alds! go for - ward pro - claim - ing; Re - pent, for the king - dom of
 flic - tions, though pain - ful at pres - ent, Ere long, with the right - eous, in
 wait - ing to crown you with bless - ings; Go, for - ward! be faith - ful, the
 thorn - y, but Je - sus is nigh you, His arm is suf - fi - cient, though



8
 heav - en's at hand. Re - pent, for the king - dom of heav - en's at hand.
 glo - ry will end. Ere long, with the right - eous, in glo - ry will end.
 prom - ise is sure. Go, for - ward! be faith - ful, the prom - ise is sure.
 de - mons op - pose. His arm is suf - fi - cient, though de - mons op - pose.

Text: Eliza R. Snow (1804–1887)

Music: German folk song, 18th century

Source: *Relief Society Song Book*, 1919—no. 50 (edited)