Federal Street L. M.

1. Haste, trav’ler, haste! the night comes on, And many a shining hour is gone; The storm is gathering in the west, And thou art far from home and rest.

2. O far from home thy footsteps stray; Christ is the Way, And Christ the Light; thy setting sun Sinks ere thy morning is begun. and fear Be - set thy path, nor refuge near. de - lay, O speed thee, speed thee on thy way. A - men.

3. The rising tempest sweeps the sky; The rains descend, the winds are high; The waters swell, and death life, the moun - tain gain; Look not behind, make no the night comes on, And many a shining hour is gone; The storm is gathering in the west, And thou art far from home and rest.

4. Then linger not in all the plain, Flee for thy Life, and Christ the Way, And Christ the Light; thy setting sun Sinks ere thy morning is begun. and fear Be - set thy path, nor refuge near. de - lay, O speed thee, speed thee on thy way. A - men.

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