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 Beset thy path, nor refuge near.

3. The rising tempest sweeps the sky; The rains descend, the winds are high; The waters swell, and death delay, O speed thee, speed thee on thy way. Amen.

4. Then linger not in all the plain, Flee for thy life, the mountain gain; Look not behind, make no de-tay, O speed thee, speed thee on thy way. Amen.

Words: William B. Collyer
Music: Henry K. Oliver

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