

HASTE TO THE MOUNT.

Inscribed to ROBERT J. KILPATRICK.

Words by N. K. GRIGGS.



Larghetto.

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1. Tho the dark flags of the tem-pest are stream-ing,
2. Tho the rare buds that in child-hood we cher-ish'd,

Waved by the hosts of the sky, ——— And the bright blades o'er the
Died in the morn-ing of June, ——— And the ripe fruits of af -

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ram-parts are gleam-ing, Flash'd by the co-horts on high, ———
fec-tion have per-ished, Sear'd by the glare of the noon, ———

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Tho the gray steeds of the win-ter are leap-ing, Craz'd by the lash of the air, —
 D.S. So to the One, who is lov-ing-ly call-ing, Sing we a song in ac - cord, —
 Tho the dear friends all a - round us are pal-ing, Chill'd by the breath of the frost, —
 D.S. So to the One, who is ten-der-ly call-ing, Breathe we a prayer in ac - cord, —

Fine.

And the wan earth in its sur-prise is sleep-ing, Hush'd by the dirge of De - spair, —
 And, when the shad-ows of dan-ger are fall - ing, Haste to the Mount of the Lord. —
 And the low notes of re - membrance are wail-ing, Wing'd o'er the breasts of our lost, —
 And, when the wa-ters of an-guish are fall - ing, Haste to the Mount of the Lord. —

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Still, on the height, and re-mov'd from all sor-row, Stung by no chast-en - ing rod, —
 Still, on the height, and be-set by no sor-row, Scourg'd by no chast-en - ing rod, —

Safe may we be, on the beau - ti - ful mor-row, Bath'd in the sun-light of God; —
 Glad may we be, on the beau - ti - ful mor-row, Kist by the sun-light of God; —

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D.S. al Fine.