

Haste O haste thou dreary moments ^{Written 1867}

Heaving moments & peeps thy flight
We'll me through this darkness night
Onward Onward wing thy way
Bear no instant of delay

Let those stages which make the gear
Life flashes come and disappear
Outlive the blast of fleeting time

Nor linger here in this dark clime
Haste haste O haste unto the end
And bring me to my absent friend
Through tempest storm thou shalt not wait
Shore wheels of time must not abate

Though all I ever gained were lost
Thou time must roll what'er the cost
For all is worthless that shall serve

Not unto my absent friend

Dark leaves about are covering here

Beyond is visions bright and clear

Come open then recording page

Though time itself were bowed with age

There mark the grate increases of time

Which hastens to that friend of mine

Let others court a dreamless sleep

Or they expectant friends shall meet

But here I ask no sleep to hide

Times dreary waste or lagging tide

But let me battle to the end

And run me back my absent friend

I then I shall feel when all is done

The task though hard I shall not shun

And joys which in my absence past

Within my view, beyond my grasp

May all return unto me when

I meet thee Dearest absent friend