

## THE TRAVELER. 7s.

*"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation." -- Heb. 2:3.*

A Minor

Arr. - Absalom Ogletree, 1868.



1. Trav'ler haste, the night comes on, Many a shining hour is gone; Oh, come, trav'ler, haste away, Oh, come, trav'ler, haste away,  
Storm is gathering in the west, And you are so far from home. You must walk while it is day, You will find in Christ the way.



2. Far from home thy footsteps stray; Christ the life and Christ the way. Oh, come, trav'ler, haste away, Oh, come, trav'ler, haste away,  
Christ the light, yon setting sun, Ere the noon is scarce be-gun. You must walk while it is day, You will find in Christ the way.



3. Rising tempest sweeps the sky, Rains descend, the winds are high, Oh, come, trav'ler, haste away, Oh, come, trav'ler, haste away,  
Waters swell and death and fear Sets thy path no ref-uge near. You must walk while it is day, You will find in Christ the way.