

Make Haste!

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1903

Benjamin Carl Unseld

♩ = 115

1. A storm ga - thers dark o'er the foam crest-ed deep, And souls on the bil - lows are
2. No bright beam-ing star in the dark - ness they see, No bells from the har - bor they
3. A light soft - ly breaks, and their per - il is o'er; They hear, and they an - swer our

tossed; Then forth let us go, with a mes-sage of hope, Speed on, lest their ves - sel be
hear; Their frail, shat-tered bark, still is drift-ing a - far, Speed on, with a mes - sage of
call; Our boat hur - ries on with the Pi - lot on board— In Him is a ref - uge for

Refrain

lost.
cheer. Make haste, make haste, Make haste to the res-cue, a - way! Speed
all. Make haste, make haste,

on, quick-ly on, with a mes - sage of hope— No time for a mo-ment's de - lay.