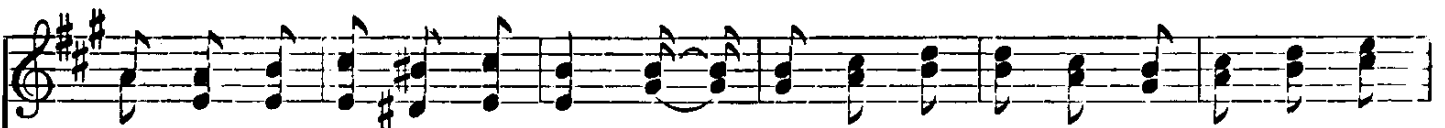


Speed Away! Speed Away

I. B. WOODBURY



1. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! on thine er-rand of light! There's a young heart a-
 2. Wilt thou tell her, bright song-ster, the old chief is lone; That he sits all the
 3. And oh! wilt thou tell her, blest bird on the wing, That her moth-er hath
 4. Go, bird of the sil-ver wing! fet-ter-less now; Stoop not thy bright



wait-ing thy com-ing to-night; She will fon-dle thee close, she will ask for the
 day by his cheer-less hearth-stone; That his tom-a-hawk lies all un-no-ted the
 ev-er a sad song to sing; That she stand-eth a-lone, in the still qui-et
 pin-ions on yon moun-tain's brow; But hie thee a-way o'er rock, riv-er and



loved, Who pine up-on earth since the "Day Star" has roved; She will ask if we
 while, And his thin lips wreath ev-er in one sun-less smile; That the old chief fain
 night, And her fond heart goes forth for the be-ing of light, Who had slept in her
 glen, And find our young "Day Star" ere night close a-gain. Up! on-ward! It



miss her, so long is her stay. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a-way!
 mourns her, and why will she stay? Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a-way!
 bo-som, but who would not stay? Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a-way!
 noth-ing thy mis-sion de-lay. Speed a-way! Speed a-way! Speed a-way!

