1. Speed a-way, speed a-way! O ye her-aids of light,
2. Speed a-way, speed a-way! You're commissioned of God,
3. Speed a-way, speed a-way! On your mis-sion so bright,
4. Speed a-way, speed a-way! O ye men-sa-geurs true,

To the mi-lions now
good ti-dings to
That mi-lions now
The har-vest is
dy-ing in sn's ew-ful night;
In dense mu-per-sti-tion and
peach this' im-man-u-el's blood;
Each slave of the tempt-er may

bar-dened may soon be at rest;
Throw o-ver their pris-ons, give
great and the la-bor-ers few;
Each need will the Lord of the

bondage they swell, While words are too weak of their suf-fering to tell;
Now be for-giv'n, And make out a ti-tle to man-sions in heav'n;
Lib-er-ty sweet, And bring them as tro-phies to Je-sus blest feet; Oh,
har-vest up-pon, And the mighty re-su-its will be seen by and by, When the

fly to their res-cue, oh, har-ven to-day! Speed a-way, speed a-way, speed a-way!
Je-sus that asks it, no lon-ger de-lay; Speed a-way, speed a-way, speed a-way!
lon-ger no lon-ger, but ac-tual while you may! Speed a-way, speed a-way, speed a-way!
reapers are paid at the end of the day; Speed a-way, speed a-way, speed a-way!