

## Haste "Off Parting Sound"

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Farther off the course, it seems we are drifting.  
Grab at anything just to call ourselves back home. This  
sea is furious.  
She has lost patience and thus, we will sip now from  
our early graves.  
We built the craft and chose the course farthest from  
suffering.  
Sleep now with proud hearts and with dreams to wake,  
should we weather this day.  
Shall we brave against the unknown obstacles set on  
our way,  
Or give her up to where the winds may lead?  
It seems the easy way. Moments from sinking,  
Monument gray faces are the weary from the strain.  
Our wills give way to hunger, is the sacrifice too great?  
As men do tired minds wander.  
Can our course now be changed?  
My captain, we are taking on water.  
This ship has run aground.  
We have risked this shallow channel...drowning off  
parting sound.  
The breath of Christ in me with every toss of the waves.  
I've found that there is so much more to this.  
Comfort still gets in the way.  
Somehow, at the end of this, with every wind at my sail  
I'll touch ground.  
When my comes in..."If only tired bones were made of  
wood" we could say,  
"we could give up this endless task."  
Despite the rising tide the weather-worn ship remains  
steady and upright.  
Set out in search of greater things and we nearly lost  
our way.  
The breath of Christ in me with every toss of the waves.  
I've found that there is so much more to this.  
Comfort still gets in the way.  
Somehow, at the end of this, with every wind at my sail  
I'll touch ground.  
When my comes in...

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