

The Good Old Way

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1889. Music: Howard Doane.

We are going forth with our staff in hand,
Thro' a desert wild in a stranger land;
But our faith is bright and our hope is strong,
And the Good Old Way is our pilgrim song.

Refrain

'Tis the Good Old Way, by our fathers trod;
'Tis the way of life, and it leadeth unto God;
'Tis the only path to the realms of day;
We are going home in the Good Old Way.

There are foes without, there are foes within;
They would turn us back to the path of sin;
We will stop our ears to the words they say,
While we onward press in the Good Old Way.

Refrain

In the blissful hour of communion sweet,
Let us come with joy to the Mercy-seat;
O we love to sing, and we love to pray,
And we bless the Lord for the Good Old Way.

Refrain

On the brink of time when we stand at last,
When our sun has set, and our work is past;
When we bid farewell to our mortal clay,
We will praise the Lord for the Good Old Way.

Refrain