

When I Get to the End of the Way
Charlie Tillman, 1895.

The sands have been washed in the footprints
Of the Stranger on Galilee's shore;
And the voice that subdued the rough billows
Will be heard in Judea no more,
But the path of that lone Galilean,
With joy I will follow today,

Refrain

And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way,
The toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward,
I often am longing for rest;
But He who appoints me my pathway,
Knows just what is needful and best.
I know in His Word He hath promised
That my strength it shall be as my day;

Refrain

He loves me too well to forsake me,
Or give me a trial too much;
His people have been dearly purchased,
And Satan can never claim such.
By and by I shall see Him and praise Him,
In the city of unending day;

Refrain

When the last feeble steps have been taken,
And the gates of that city appear,
And the beautiful songs of the angels
Float out on my listening ear;
When all that now seems so mysterious,
Will be bright and as clear as the day,

And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way,
Then the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.