The End Of The Way

1. The sands have been washed in the foot-prints Of the Stran-ger on
2. There are so man-y hills to climb up-ward, And I of-ten am
3. When the last fee-ble step have been tak-en, And the gates of that

Chorus— And the toils of the road will seem noth-ing When I get to the

Gal-i-lee's shore, And the voice that sub-dued the rough bil-lows
long-ing for rest; But the Lord who ap-points me my path-way
cit-y ap-pear, And the beau-ti-ful songs of the an-gels

end of the way; And the toils of the road will seem noth-ing

(3.) Then the toils of the road will seem noth-ing

Fine

Is heard in Ju-de-a no more; But the path of that
Knows just what is need-ful and best. I know in His
Float out on my lis-ten-ing ear; When all that now

When I get to the end of the way.
When I get to the end of the way.

D. C. al Fine

Ione Gal-i-lean Will I joy-ful-ly fol-low to-day;
Word He hath prom-ised That my strength it shall be as my day;
seems so mys-te-ri-ous Will be bright and as clear as the day;

Words and Music: Charlie D. Tillman