The End Of The Way

1. The sands have been washed in the foot-prints Of the Stranger on
   Galilee's shore, And the voice that subdued the rough bil-lows
   Is heard in Judea no more; But the path of that
   I alone Galilee-an Will I joy-ful-ly fol-low to-day;

2. There are so man-y hills to climb up-ward, And I of-ten am
   long-ing for rest; But the Lord who ap-points me my path-way
   Knows just what is need-ful and best. I know in His
   Word He hath prom-ised That my strength it shall be as my day;

3. When the last fee-ble step have been tak-en, And the gates of that
   cit-y ap-pear, And the beau-ti-ful songs of the an-gels
   Float out on my listen-ing ear; When all that now
   seems so mys-te-ri-ous Will be bright and as clear as the day;

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

Fine

Words and Music: Charlie D. Tillman