

# The Wayside Cross

C. L. St. John

Horatio Richmond Palmer (1834-1907)

1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice in the night, "I'm a  
 2. "Which way shall I take for the bright gold-en span Th - at  
 3. "See the lights from the palace i - n sil - ver - y lines, How they

pil - grim a - wear-ied, and spent is my light; And I seek for a  
 bridg-es the wa - ters so safe - ly for man? To the right? To the  
 pen - cil the hedg-es and fruit lad-en vines— M - y fortune! m - y

palace, that rests on the hill, But be - tween us, a stream li - eth  
 left? ah, me! if I knew— The night is so dark, and the  
 all! for one tan - gled gleam That sifts thro' the lil - ies, and

*Refrain*

sul - len and chill."  
 pass - ers so few." Near, near thee, my son, is the old way-side cross, Like a gray fri-ar  
 wastes on the stream."



cowled, in li-chens and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright gold-en span, That



brid-es the wa-ters so safe-ly for man; That brid-es the wa-ters so safe-ly for man.

