When I Get to the End of the Way

Charles Davis (Charlie) Tillman, 1895

1. 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 put out on my listening ear; When the last feeble steps have been taken, And the gates of that city ap-

2. There are so many hills to climb upward, I often am longing for rest; But He who appoints me my pathway, Knows much; His people have been dearly purchased, And the voice that subdued the rough billows Will be heard in Judea no more, But the path of that lone Galil-ean, With joy I will follow today, And the promised that my strength it shall be as my day; And the hear-the-sings, Will be bright and as clear as the day, Then the

3. He loves me too well to forsake me, Or give me a trial too pear, And the beautiful songs of the angels float way, The toils of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way. Fine

4. When the last feeble steps have been taken, And the gates of that city appear, And the beautiful songs of the angels float way, The toils of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way. Fine

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