1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no other way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the gates of light, If the way of the cross I miss.

2. I must needs go on in the blood sprinkled way, The path that the Saviour trod, If I ever climb to the heights sublime, Where the soul is at home with God.

3. Then I bid farewell to the way of the world, To walk in it never more; For the Lord says, "Come," and I seek my home, Where He waits at the open door.

The way of the cross leads home, The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to know as I on-ward go, The way of the cross leads home.