The Way of the Cross Leads Home

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no other way but this; I shall never 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 seek my home, Where He waits at the open door. The way of the cross leads home, It is sweet to know as I onward go, The way of the cross leads home.