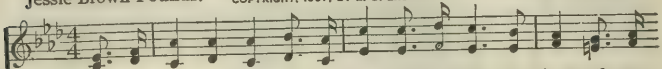


347 The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

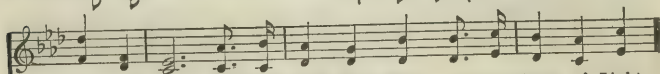
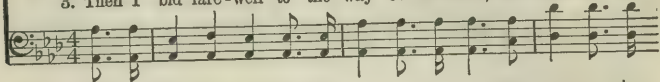
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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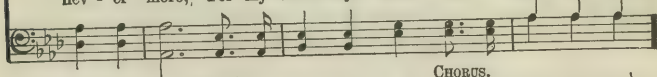
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To walk in it



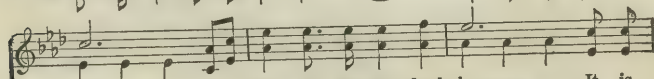
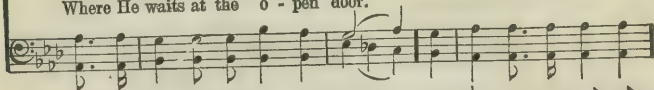
way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,



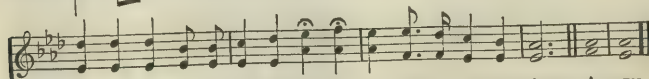
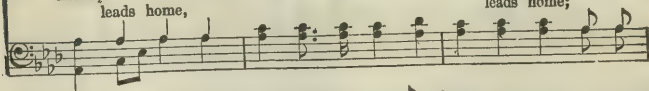
CHORUS.



If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.



home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home, leads home;



sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home. A - MEN.

