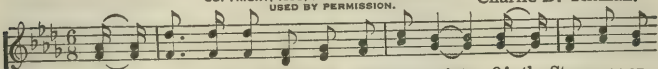


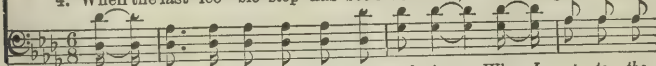
433 When I Get to the End of the Way.

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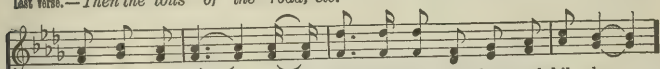
Charlie D. Tillman.



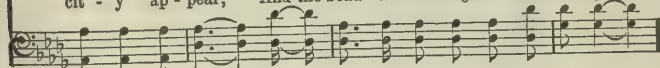
1. The sands have been washed in the foot - prints Of the Stran - ger on
2. There are so man - y hills to climb up - ward, I oft - en am
3. He loves me too well to for - sake me, Or give me a
4. When the last fee - ble step has been ta - ken, And the gates of that



D. C.—And the toils of the road will seem noth - ing, When I get to the
last verse.—Then the toils of the road, etc.

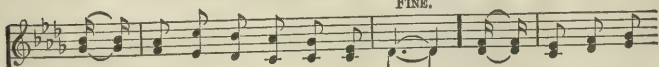


Gal - i - lee's shore— And the voice that sub - dued the rough bil - lows
long - ing for rest; But He who ap - points me my path - way,
tri - al too much; All His peo - ple have been dear - ly pur - chased,
cit - y ap - pear, And the beau - ti - ful songs of the an - gels

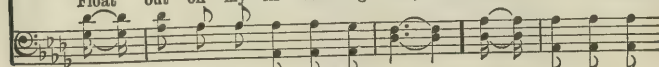


end of the way; And the toils of the road will seem noth - ing,

FINE.

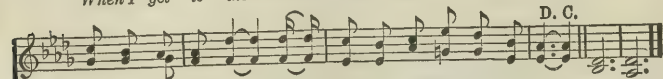


Will be heard in Ju - de - a no more. But the path of that
Knows just what is need - ful and best. I know in His
And Sa - tan can nev - er claim such. By and by I shall
Float out on my lis - ten - ing ear; When all that now



When I get to the end of the way.

D. C.



lone Gal - i - le - an With joy I will fol - low to - day;
word He hath prom - ised That my strength "it shall be as my day;"
see Him and praise Him, In the cit - y of un - end - ing day;
seems so mys - te - rious Will be bright and as clear as the day; A - MEN.

