

The Wayside Cross

C. L. St. John, 1884

Horatio Richmond Palmer

1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice in the night, "I'm a pil - grim a - wear-ied, and
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright gold-en span Th - at bridg-es the wa - ters so
3. "See the lights from the palace i - n sil - ver - y lines, How they pen - cil the hedg-es and

spent is my light; And I seek for a palace, that rests on the hill, But be - tween us, a
safe - ly for man? To the right? To the left? ah, me! if I knew— The night is so
fruit lad-en vines— M - y fortune! m - y all! for one tan - gled gleam That sifts thro' the

Refrain

stream li - eth sul - len and chill." Near, near thee, my son, is the old way-side cross, Like a
dark, and the pass - ers so few." Near, near thee, my son, is the old way-side cross, Like a
lil - ies, and wastes on the stream."

gray fri-ar cowled, in li-chens and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright gold-en span, That

bridg-es the wa-ters so safe-ly for man; That bridg-es the wa-ters so safe-ly for man.