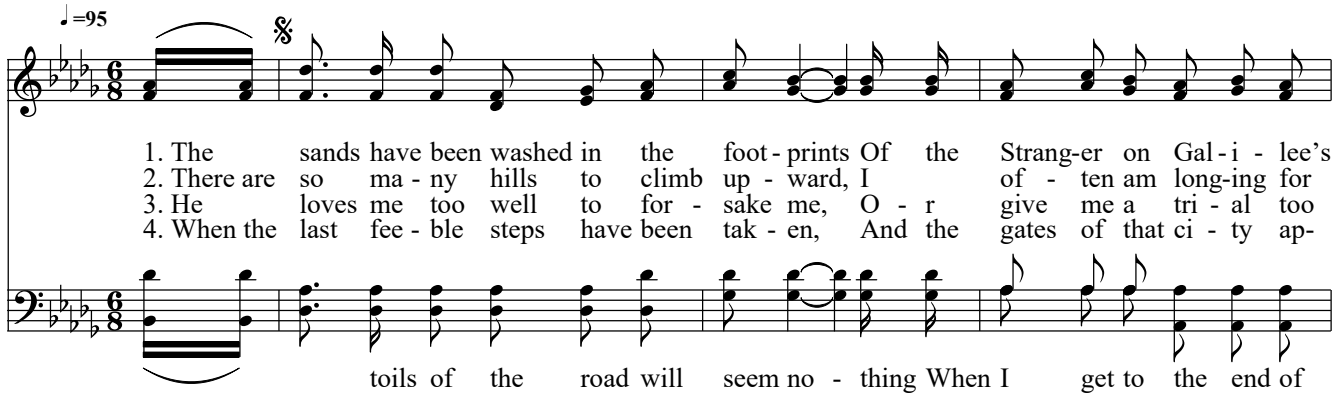


When I Get to the End of the Way

Charles Davis (Charlie) Tillman, 1895

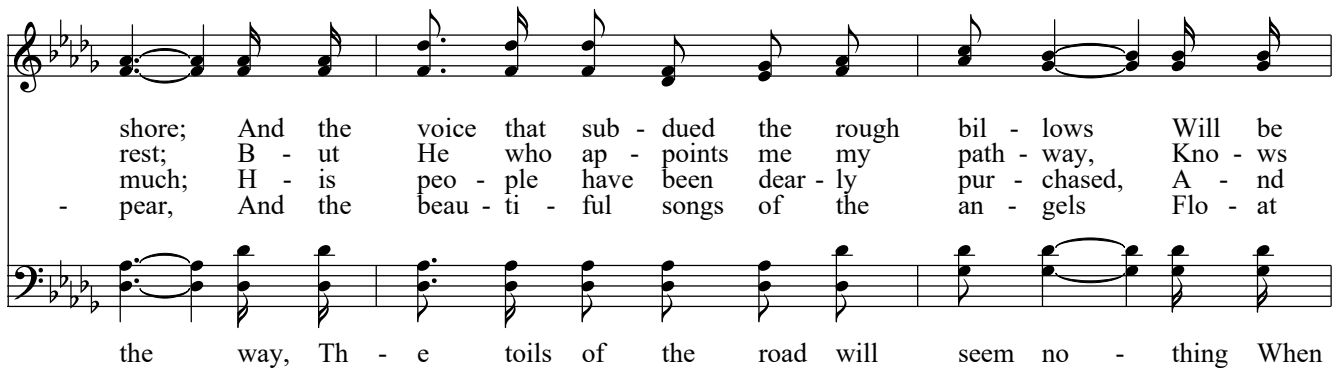
Charles Davis Tillman

$\text{♩} = 95$



1. The sands have been washed in the foot-prints Of the Strang-er on Gal-i - lee's
2. There are so ma - ny hills to climb up - ward, I of - ten am long-ing for
3. He loves me too well to for - sake me, O - r give me a tri - al too
4. When the last fee - ble steps have been tak - en, And the gates of that ci - ty ap -

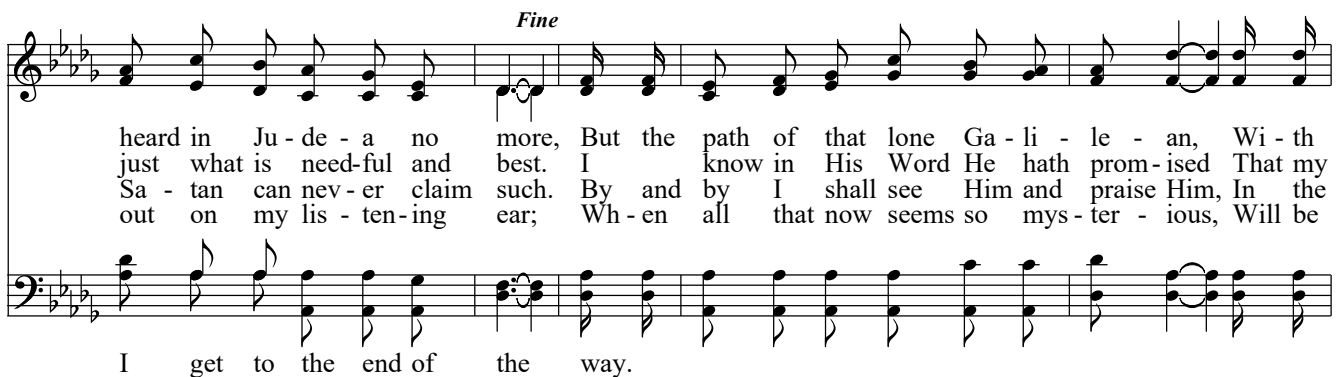
toils of the road will seem no - thing When I get to the end of



shore; And the voice that sub - dued the rough bil - lows Will be
rest; B - ut He who ap - points me my path - way, Kno - ws
- much; H - is peo - ple have been dear - ly pur - chased, A - nd
pear, And the beau - ti - ful songs of the an - gels Flo - at

the way, Th - e toils of the road will seem no - thing When

Fine



heard in Ju - de - a no more, But the path of that lone Ga - li - le - an, Wi - th
just what is need-ful and best. I know in His Word He hath prom - ised That my
Sa - tan can nev - er claim such. By and by I shall see Him and praise Him, In the
out on my lis - ten - ing ear; Wh - en all that now seems so mys - ter - ious, Will be

I get to the end of the way.

D.S. al Fine



joy I will fol - low to - day, And the
strength it shall be as my day; And the
ci - ty of un - end - ing day; And the
bright and as clear as the day, Then the