## Sometimes Even A Blue Sky The Way of the Cross — The Way of Following the Lord

(Guite	ar)						500
D		Α	D			G	Α
1. So	me - times	there's clear	blue sky,	but	clouds most	of	the time;
A	G	А	F‡m	Bm	Em	A <sup>7</sup>	D
	Some - times	I find a	sweet song in	the night;	more of - ten,	there's no	rhyme;
D	G	A <sup>7</sup>	F♯m	Bm	Em	A <sup>7</sup>	D
	Skies rare	- ly clear, most	-ly cloud - y an	id drear—	I pa - tience	learn	there - by,
D7	G		F#m	Bm	Em		D
	For I'm o	com - pelled then	to seek out G	od's will a	und His de		- light.
A <sup>7</sup>	D	А	D		G	Α	D
	Some - time	es all 'round	is dry,		re - fresh - me	nt's hard	to gain;
D	G	A <sup>7</sup>	F‡m	Bm	Em	G	Α
	How harsh	- ly, might - i -	ly must Thy	rod strike,	to drink	ob -	- tain?
<b>A</b> <sup>7</sup>	D	Α	Bm	D	G	A	D
	To what	hot blaze must	Thy fire	be raised	till tri - als	are	com - plete?
D <sup>7</sup>	G	A <sup>7</sup> F#	n B	Sm G	A <sup>7</sup>	G	D
	How deep, h	now pain - ful-ly m	ust Thy thorn p	oierce, till th	iere's an out	- flow swe	eet?

2. Sometimes a thorn must pierce, Thy pow'r to manifest; At times I have wandered, near death and loss, no food, no home, no rest. Sometimes I need to lose all that I have, to fully be set free; When penniless, I don't beg, having faith, not anxiety. Sometimes there's fighting too, between the brothers dear, Each wants to score the most powerful blow, rage everywhere; Refusing visitors, sing I to Thee, whose heart's most pained by these; My loss with Thine can't compare, but I'd learn to share Thy sufferings.

3. I've reached the end of life, my fleeting years passed by; Here in Thy presence, I hear time "tick" by, I feel the dusk draw nigh; The winter moon is beginning to wane; my life, too, ebbs away, Ahead, not many dark clouds yet remain, most lie behind; My future draws a line, which from my past divides, With each day's passing, the conflicts of life are all untied; As light from "visible" fadeth from sight, "invisible" is seen; My hope is set on that hope in the heav'ns, with it my heart shall be. 4. My days have turned to months, my months have turned to years, Years into a lifetime that waxes and wanes, and soon the end appears; In retrospect, which of these is most sweet? Sunrise, or set of sun? 'Tis set of sun, for it's nearer to Thee, to Thy dear home! Awaiting Thy return, my heart is weary, spent, My eyes are dimming, and soon I'll depart from this life's tent; The mountains smile as they call me to rest, my burdens to unload; Now ev'ry weight has been melted away. I go, I quickly go!