

Sometimes Even A Blue Sky

The Way of the Cross — The Way of Following the Lord

9007



1. Some - times there's clear blue sky, but clouds most of the time;
 Some - times I find a sweet song in the night; more of - ten, there's no rhyme;
 Skies rare - ly clear, most - ly cloud - y and drear - I pa - tience learn there - by,
 For I'm com - pelled then to seek out God's will and His de - light.
 Some - times all 'round is dry, re - fresh - ment's hard to gain;
 How harsh - ly, might - i - ly must Thy rod strike, to drink ob - tain?
 To what hot blaze must Thy fire be raised till tri - als are com - plete?
 How deep, how pain - ful - ly must Thy thorn pierce, till there's an out - flow sweet?

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!