

# Via Bethlehem we journey

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

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(Guitar: Capo 3)

1. Vi - a Beth-le-hem we jour - ney, We whose hearts on God are set;  
 Babe - like souls of Je - sus learn - ing, While our cheeks with tears are wet;  
 For the man-ger and the sta - ble Are not pleasant to our eyes,  
 But our feet must fol-low Je - sus, If our hands would grasp the prize.

2. Via Nazareth! the pathway  
 Narrows still as on we go,  
 Years of toil none understanding,  
 Yet God teaches us to know  
 That the servant is not greater  
 Than the Lord, who through long years  
 Hid Himself from this world's glory,  
 Follow Him! Count not the tears.

3. Via Galilee, we see Him!  
 Stones are hurled, and curses hissed  
 By the men who gather round Him,  
 Has He not the pathway missed?  
 No! unharmed the Savior passes,  
 And this rough bit of the way  
 We must travel, since like Jesus,  
 Nothing can our purpose stay.

4. Via too, the awful anguish  
 Of the hours beneath the trees,  
 Where the hosts of Satan linger,  
 Awful hours of anguish these!  
 Yet we fail not, for God's angels  
 Minister to us, and say,  
 "Look, beloved, at the glory,  
 Conflict is but for a day!"

5. Then the Cross! for via Calvary  
 Every royal soul must go;  
 Here we draw the veil, for Jesus  
 Only can the pathway show;  
 "If we suffer with Him," listen,  
 Just a little, little while,  
 And the memory will have faded  
 In the glory of His smile!

6. Then the grave, with dear ones weeping,  
 Knowing that all life has fled;  
 (Fellow-pilgrims, art thou numbered  
 With the men the world calls dead?)  
 Thence we rise, and live with Jesus,  
 Throned above the world's mad strife,  
 Gladly forfeiting forever,  
 All that worldlings count as life.

7. On we press! and yonder gleaming,  
 Nearing every day, we see  
 The great walls of that fair city,  
 God has built for such as we;  
 And we catch the tender music  
 Of the choirs that sing of One  
 Who once died to have us with Him  
 In His kingdom, on the throne.

8. Just a few more miles, beloved!  
 And our feet shall ache no more;  
 No more sin, and no more sorrow,  
 Hush thee, Jesus went before;  
 And I hear Him sweetly whispering,  
 "Faint not, fear not, still press on,  
 For it may be ere tomorrow,  
 The long journey will be done."