

81 The Footprints Of The Stranger

那加利利異人的腳蹤

Charles D. Tillman

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1. The sands have been washed in the foot-prints of the
 2. There are so many hills to climb up-ward, I
 3. He loves me too well to for-sake me, or



(Refrain) toils of the road will seem noth-ing when I



Stran-ger on Gal-i-lee's shore; And the
 of-ten am long-ing for rest; But
 give me a tri-al too much; His



get to the end of the way, the



voice that sub-dued the rough bil-lows will be
 He who ap-oints me my path-way, knows
 peo-ple have been dear-ly pur-chased, and



toils of the road will seem noth-ing when I




heard in Ju-de-a no more, But the
 just what is need-ful and best. I
 Sa-tan can nev-er claim such. By and



get to the end of the way.

path of that lone Gal - i - le - an, with
 know in His Word He hath prom - ised that my
 by I shall see Him and praise Him, in the

joy I will fol - low to - day.
 strength it shall be as my day. And the
 cit - y of un - end - ing day.

D.S.  al Fine

4. When the last feeble steps have been taken,
 And the gates of that city appear,
 And the beautiful songs of the angels
 Float out on my listening ear;
 When all that now seems so mysterious,
 Will be bright and as clear as the day.