

## From Bethlehem we journey

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1. Vi - a Beth - le - hem we jour - ney,  
 2. Vi - a Naz - a - reth! the path - way  
 3. Vi - a Gal - i - lee, we see Him!  
 4. Vi - a too, the aw - ful an - guish

We whose hearts on God are set;  
 Nar - rows still as on we go,  
 Stones are hurled, and curs - es hissed  
 of the hours be - neath the trees,

Babe - like souls of Je - sus learn - ing,  
 Years of toil none un - der - stand - ing,  
 By the men who gath - er round Him,  
 Where the hosts of Sa - tan lin - ger,

while our cheeks with tears are wet,  
 Yet God teach - es us to know  
 Has He not the path - way missed?  
 Aw - ful hours of an - guish these!

For the man - ger and the sta - ble  
 That the serv - ant is not great - er  
 No! un - harm - ed the Sav - iour passes,  
 Yet we fail not, for God's an - gels

Are not pleas - ant to our eyes,  
 Than the Lord, who thro' long years  
 and this rough bit of the way  
 Min - is - ter to us, and say,

But our feet must fol - low Je - sus,  
 Hid Him - self from this world's glo - ry,  
 We must trav - el, since like Je - sus,  
 "Look, be - lov - ed, at the glo - ry,

If our hands would grasp the prize.  
 Fol - low Him. Count not the tears.  
 Noth - ing can our pur - pose stay,  
 Con - flict 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 suffered with Him," listen, just a little, little while,  
 And the mem'ry 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 whisp'ring, "Faint not, fear not, still press on,  
 For it may be ere tomorrow, The long Journey will be done."