

A-flat Major

# Fletcher. P.M.

John Feddersen, 1999

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2. Your way has proved long, and often turned wrong,  
 When treacherous byways appeared;  
 They glittered and gleamed, men followed, it seemed,  
 To certain false promise endeared.  
 Did you check worthless pride that had turned you aside?  
 Did fanciful prophets prevail?  
 'Twas God kept your soul transparent and whole;  
 You searched, and your steps could not fail.

3. Don't start in surprise when, meeting your eyes,  
 Are folk you'd not thought here to see;  
 Will your life have been judged free from all sin,  
 When weighed in the balance you'll be?  
 They will dwell here in bliss and their brows he will kiss,  
 His angels serve manna to all;  
 You've all named him Lord, his love's your reward,  
 Come trav'ler, come feast in your hall!