

“If any here would follow me

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My heart of peace is proffered;
There is a way that I have walked -
Who lived and loved and suffered.
All, all the world may provide -
The fragile hopes, the hollow dreams –
Leave, leave and turn aside
And walk the way that’s offered.”

The world’s broad way is bright and wide;
And few those who refuse it -
He journeys by another road
And wills that we should choose it –
For, once through the narrow gate
The world seems less, a Kingdom more,
Who would keep the life they hold
Are doomed at last to lose it.

Yet those who will their lives let go -
Who risk the way forsaken -
Will come to see in every sign
The mending of what’s broken.
This, this is all their hope,
Their greatest wish, their one reward;
World’s wounding ways behind,
They walk the road not taken.

For Christ has forged a lonely way;
World’s bounds and barriers crossing.
The pain endured, the Cross embraced,
All this becomes our blessing.
Praise, praise the heavenly way,
The Kingdom road of the Christ of God -
There, there, at journey’s end
His endless light is rising.

Michael Docker

Tune: Greensleeves