1. We are going forth with our staff in hand, Thro' a desert wild in a stranger land; But our faith is bright and our hope is strong, And the
   path of sin; We will stop our ears to the words they say, While we
2. There are foes without, there are foes within; They would turn us back to the Good Old Way is our pilgrim song. 'Tis the Good Old Way, by our
   work is past; When we bid farewell to our mortal clay, We will
3. In the blissful hour of communion sweet, Let us come with joy to the Only path to the realms of day; We are going home in the Good Old Way.
   philly clay; O we love to sing, and we love to pray, And we
4. On the brink of time when we stand at last, When our sun has set, and our
   on ward press in the Good Old Way. 'Tis the Good Old Way, by our