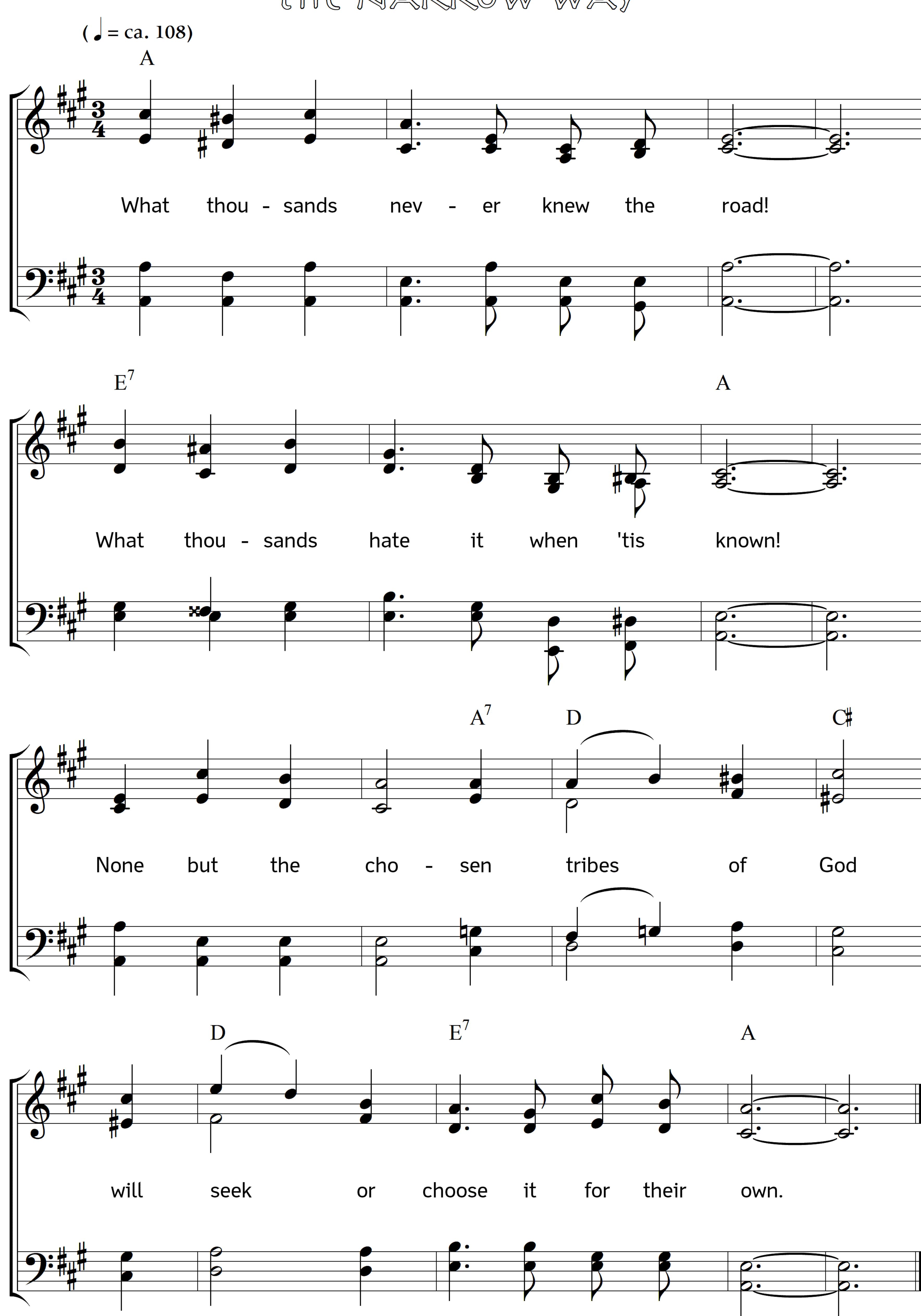
THE MARROW WAY



 A thousand ways in ruin end, one, only, leads to joys on high; by that my willing steps ascend, pleased with a journey to the sky.

3. No more I ask, or hope to find, delight or happiness below; sorrow may well possess the mind that feels where thorns and thistles grow.

4. The joy that fades is not for me, I seek immortal joys above; there glory without end shall be the bright reward of faith and love.

Words: William Cowper. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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