

The Reckless Way

'Follow me!', He says – 'and be my friend'.
And, ever since, we've tried to catch Him up;
and, always since, denied Him at the end –
through fear of drinking from His cup.
And *could* I walk that reckless Way?

*Or even try the paths He trod;
to stride the rocky, risky road
which leads to trouble – and to God?*

'Follow me!' He says – and off He darts,
(with us behind Him, running out of breath)
down ways where beaten people hold no hope,
planting new life, and putting Death to death.
But *can* I walk that reckless Way?

'Follow me!' He says – and off He strides
to where proud Power-people plot and hate,
to where slaves, and slave-masters, live in fear;
to where committees of cold tempters wait.
But *will* I walk that reckless Way?

'Follow me!' He says – and off He moves,
where difference is loathed and hatred fed,
and poverty gets punished, there He is;
walking His way. And still without a bed.
But *shall* I walk that reckless Way?

'Follow me!' You say – and off You float,
still urging us to follow where You've gone.
But can we get to where Your Kingdom comes
while Empire in our hearts, reigns on and on?

*I want to walk Your reckless Way;
to tread the path you always trod.
Lord, prod me down that risky road
which leads to trouble - and to God.*

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$\text{♩} = 60$

1. Fol - low me, He says, and be my friend, And_ ev - er since we've tried to catch Him up, And_ al ways since de-

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nied Him at the end through fear of drink - ing from His cup. And could I walk that reck - less way, Or

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ev - en try the paths He trod, To stride the rock - y risk - y road that leads to troub - le and to God! 2. Fol - low

FINE (v.5)