The cross that He gave may be heavy

Ballington Booth



The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er outweighs His grace; The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.

Refrain
The cross is not greater than His grace,
The storm cannot hide His blessed face;
I am satisfied to know
That with Jesus here below,
I can conquer every foe.

The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me; The cup that I drink not more bitter Than He drank in Gethsemane.

Refrain

The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe; The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.

Refrain

His will I have joy in fulfilling, As I'm walking in His sight; My trials more blessings are bringing, Christ in them is my delight.

Refrain

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