

The Cross Is Not Greater
Ballington Booth, 1892.

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 have I joy in fulfilling,
As I'm walking in His sight;
My all to the blood I am bringing,
It alone can keep me right.

Refrain