

B. B.

BALLINGTON BOOTH

1. The cross that He gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er out-weighs His grace.
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharp-er Than composed His crown for me;
 3. The light of His love shin-eth brighter As it falls on paths of woe.
 4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight;

The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er ex-cludes His face.
 The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Geth-sem-a-ne.
 The toil of my work groweth light-er As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the Blood I am bring-ing. It a-lone can keep me right.

CHORUS

The cross is not great-er than His grace. The storm can-not

hide His bless-ed face. I am sat-is-fied to know

That, with Je-sus, here be-low I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.