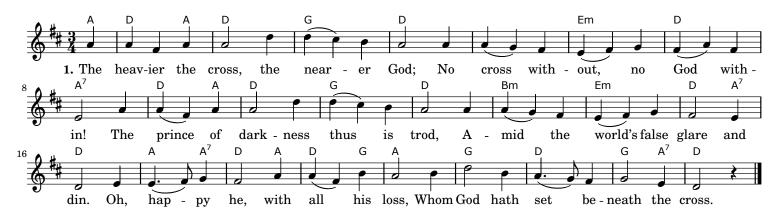
The heavier the cross, the nearer God

The Way of the Cross — Gain by Loss

624

(Guitar)



- 2. The heavier the cross, the better saint; This is the touchstone God applies. The gardens many would be faint, Unwet by showers from weeping eyes! The gold by fire is purified; The saint is by much trouble tried.
- 3. The heavier the cross, the stronger faith:
 The loaded palm strikes deeper root;
 The vine juice sweetly issueth
 When men have pressed the clustered fruit;
 And courage grows where dangers come,
 Like pearls beneath the salty foam.
- 4. The heavier the cross, the deeper prayer;
 The bruised herbs most fragrant are.
 If sky and wind were always fair,
 The sailor would not watch the star;
 And David's Psalms had ne'er been sung
 If grief his heart had never wrung.

- 5. The heavier the cross, the more inspired; From vales to climb to mountain crest; The pilgrim, of the desert tired, Longs for the Canaan of his rest. The dove has here no rest in sight, And to the ark she wings her flight.
- 6. The heavier the cross, the easier to die;
 Death is a kinder face to see;
 Our life's decay we dare defy,
 From life's distress we then are free.
 The cross sublimely lifts our faith
 To Him who triumphed over death.
- 7. Thou Crucified! the cross I bear.

 The longer, may it dearer be;

 And lest I faint while ling'ring here,

 Implant Thou such a heart in me

 That faith and love may flourish e'er

 Till for the cross the crown I wear.