

## **More Than Ever**

When I started my journey in fresh childlike trust  
I believed that the Lord's way was best.  
I would read in His Word how He mothered the bird  
And grieved when it fell from its nest.  
How I felt His delight when I chose to do right,  
And I prayed I would not make Him sad.  
We would meet on the way in the cool of the day,  
What a pure sweet communion we had.

Oh, but now more than ever I cherish the cross.  
More than ever I sit at His feet.  
All the miles of my journey have proved my Lord true,  
And He is so precious to me.

The road I have traveled has sometimes been steep,  
Through wild jagged places of life.  
Sometimes I've stumbled and fallen so hard  
That the stones cut my soul like a knife.  
But the staff of my Shepherd would reach out for me  
And lift me to cool pastures green.  
With oil of the spirit anointing my wounds,  
There I'd rest by the clear healing stream.

Oh, but now more than ever I cherish the cross.  
More than ever I sit at His feet.  
All the miles of my journey have proved my Lord true,  
And He is so precious to me.

Is Love's Old Sweet Story too good to be true?  
Do you find all this hard to believe?  
Has the cruel world we live in so battered your heart  
That the hurt child inside you can't grieve?  
I can't say I blame you.  
I've been where you are.  
But all I can say is  
It's true!  
You're wanted,  
You're precious,  
You're the love of His heart,  
And the old rugged cross was for you.

Oh, but now more than ever I cherish the cross.  
More than ever I sit at His feet.  
All the miles of my journey have proved my Lord true,  
And He is so precious to me.