There Is No Sorrow, Lord, Too Light
By:Mrs. Jane Crewdson (1809-1863)
From: A Little While, and Other Poems, 1862
Tune:Windermere
Comp:Walter G. Alcock, 1904

1)There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee;
Nor is there any care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.

2)Thou, Who hast trod the thorny road,
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

3)There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets the ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

4)Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe. Amen.