

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken



1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, It has left my Sav - ior too;
3. Man may trou - ble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast,



I am poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me, Thou art not, like man, un - true;
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest



Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought and hoped and known;
And, while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
O 'tis not in grief to harm me; While Thy love is left to me;



Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me Were that joy un - mixed with Thee.

Words: Henry F. Lyte

Music: Leavitt's Christian Lyre, Har. by Hubert P. Main