

Nettleton 8s, 7s, D

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; They have left my Sav - ior too;
 3. Go, then, earth - ly fame and treas - ure; Come dis - as - ter, scorn and pain;
 4. Man may trou - ble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
 5. Soul, then know thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
 6. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith and wing'd by pray'r;

Fine
 Na - ked, 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 them, un - true;
 In Thy ser - vice pain is pleas - ure; With Thy fa - vor loss is gain.
 Life with tri - als hard may press me; Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest.
 Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta - tion Some - thing still to do or bear.
 Heav'n's e - ter - nal days be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.

D. S.— Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.
D. S.— Foes may hate and friends dis - own me; Show Thy face and all is bright.
D. S.— Storms may howl and clouds may gath - er; All must work for good to me.
D. S.— O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee!
D. S.— Think that Je - sus died to win thee: Child of heav'n, canst thou re - pine?
D. S.— Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

D. S. at Fine
 Per - ish, ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 And while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
 I have called Thee, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, I have set my heart on Thee:
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me!
 Think what Spir - it dwells with - in thee; Think what Fa - ther's smiles are thine;
 Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion, Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days;