

# Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken



1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;  
2. Let the world des - pise and leave me, They have left my Sa - vior, too;  
3. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;



Des - ti - tute, des - pised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shall be;  
Hu - man hearts and looks de ceive me, Thou art not, like man, un - true;  
Heav'n's e - ter - nal days be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there;



Pe - rish 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,  
Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days;



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.  
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.



Text: Henry F. Lyte, 1793-1847  
Tune: Attr. Wolfgang A. Mozart, 1756-1791,  
in Leavitt's *The Christian Lyre*, 1831;  
arr. Hubert P. Main, 1839-1925



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