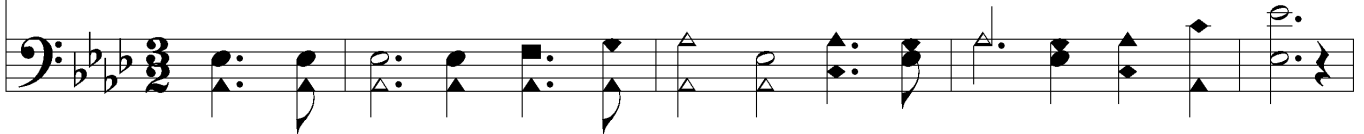


# Jesus, I my Cross have Taken

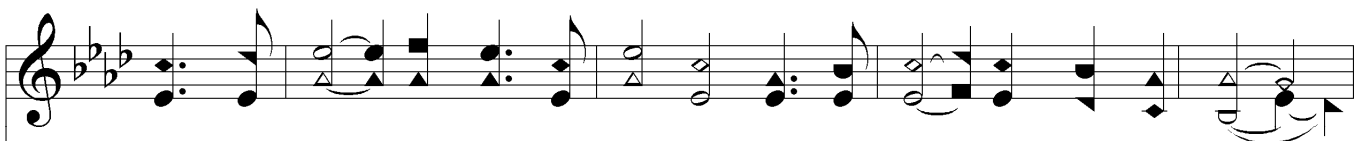
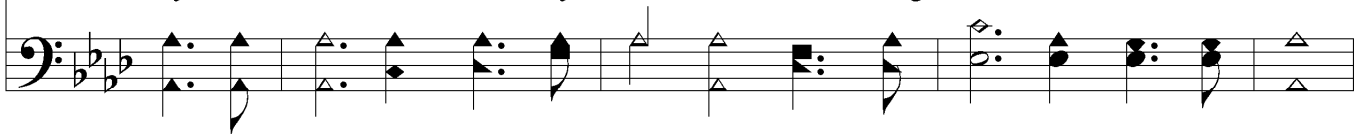
AUTUMN 8s, 7s, D



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. Man may trou - ble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;  
4. Know, my soul, Thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care:



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 man, un - true;  
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.



Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've so't, 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,  
Think what Spir - it dwells with - in thee; What a Fa - ther's smile is thine;



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.  
What a Sav - ior died to win thee; Child of heav'n, shouldst thou re - pine! A - men.



Words: Henry F. Lyte

Music: Francois H. Barthelemon