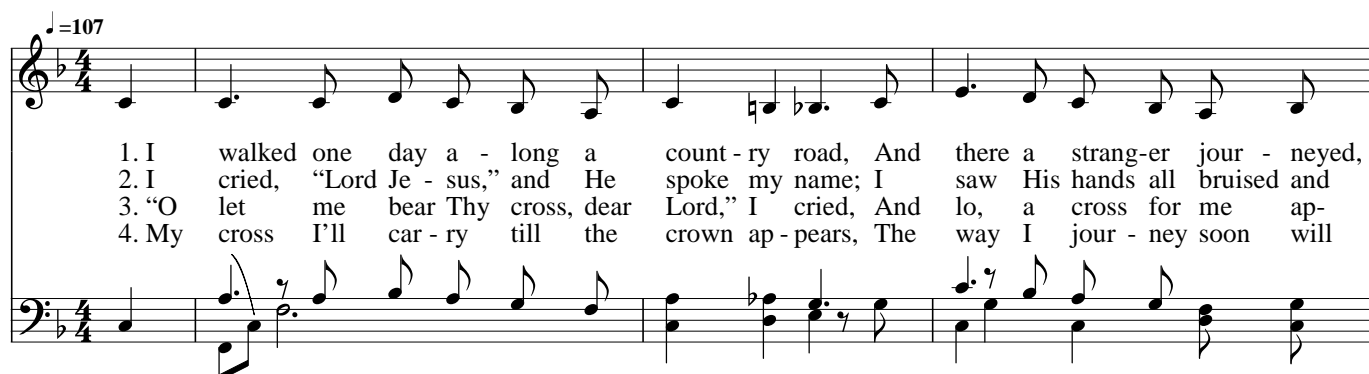


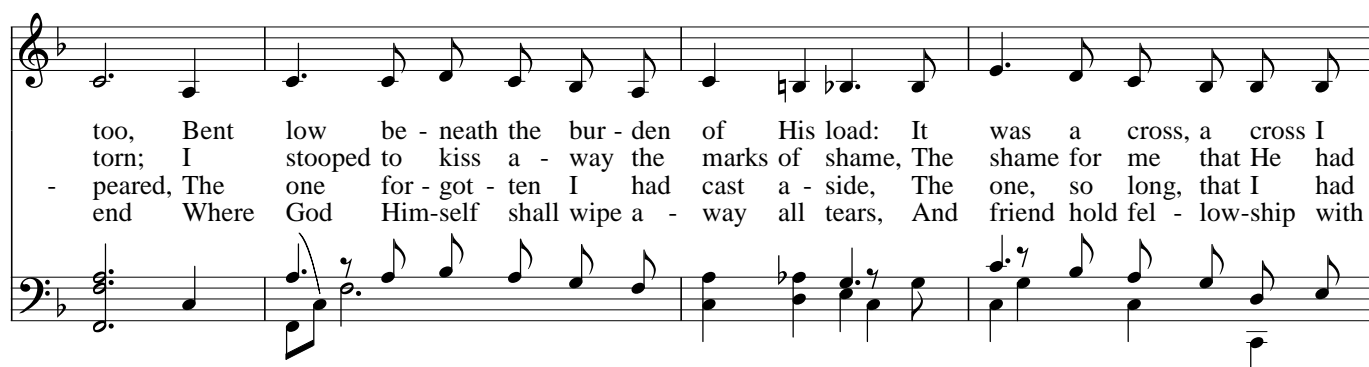
# Take Up Thy Cross

Alfred Henry Ackley, 1922

$\text{♩} = 107$




1. I walked one day a - long a count - ry road, And there a strang - er jour - neyed,  
2. I cried, "Lord Je - sus," and He spoke my name; I saw His hands all bruised and  
3. "O let me bear Thy cross, dear Lord," I cried, And lo, a cross for me ap -  
4. My cross I'll car - ry till the crown ap - pears, The way I jour - ney soon will



too, Bent low be - neath the bur - den of His load: It was a cross, a cross I  
torn; I stooped to kiss a - way the marks of shame, The shame for me that He had  
- peared, The one for - got - ten I had cast a - side, The one, so long, that I had  
end Where God Him - self shall wipe a - way all tears, And friend hold fel - low - ship with

*Refrain*



knew.  
borne.  
feared. "Take up thy cross and fol - low Me." I hear the bless - èd Sav - ior  
friend.



call; How can I make a less - er sac - ri - fice, When Je - sus gave His all?