Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

1. Je-sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave, and
fol-low Thee; Des-ti-tute, des-pised, for-saken,
Thou, from hence, my all shall be; Pe-rish ev'-ry
fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought or hoped or known;
Yet how rich is my con-di-tion:
God and heav'n are still my own!

2. Let the world des-pise and leave me, They have left my
Sa-vior, too; Hu-man hearts and looks de-ceive me,
Thou art not like man, un-true; And, while Thou shalt
smile up-on me, God of wis-dom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me:
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3. Hast thee on from grace to glo-ry, Armed by faith, and
wil-ling by prayer; Heav'n's e-ter-nal days be-fore thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there; Soon shall close thy
earth-ly mis-sion, Swift shall pass thy pil-grim days;
Hope shall change to glad fru-i-tion,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.