Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave, and follow Thee;
2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Savior, too;
3. Haste thee on from grace to glory, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;

Desolate, despised, forsaken, Thou, from hence, my all shall be;
Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not like man, untrue;
Heav'n's eternal days before thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there;

Perish every fond ambition, All I've sought or hoped or known;
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;

Yet how rich is my condition: 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 fruition, 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

This hymn is in the public domain. You may freely use this score for personal and congregational worship. If you reproduce the score, please credit Hymnary.org as the source.