Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

1. Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave, and
    follow Thee; Despised, destitute, forsaken,
    Thou, from hence, my all shall be; Perish ev'ry
    fond ambition, All I've sought or hoped or known;

2. Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my
    Saviour, too; Human hearts and looks deceive me,
    Thou art not like man, untrue; And, while Thou shalt
    smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might,

3. Haste thee on from grace to glory, Armed by faith, and
    winged by prayer; Heav'n's eternal days before thee,
    God's own hand shall guide thee there; Soon shall close thy
    earthy mission, Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;

   Yet how rich is my condition:
   Foes may hate, and friends may shun me:
   God and heav'n are still my own!
   Show Thy face, and all is bright.

   Hope shall change to glad fruition,
   Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

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