

## JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN

Words: Henry Lyte, 1825; Music: Bill Moore, 2001

F Am Bb F F Am Bb C  
Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow Thee;  
F Am Bb F F Am Bb F  
Destitute, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shall be.  
Dm C Bb F Dm C Bb F  
Perish every fond ambition, All I've sought or hoped or known;  
Dm C Bb F Gm F/A Bb C F  
Yet how rich is my condition, God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my savior 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,  
Foes may hate and friends may shun me; Show thy face, and all is bright.

Man may trouble and distress me, 'Twill but drive me to thy breast;  
life with trials hard may press me, Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me;  
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Take, my soul, thy full salvation, Rise o'er sin and fear and care;  
Joy to find in every station, Something still to do or bear;  
Think what spirit dwells within thee, What a father's smile is thine,  
What a savior died to win thee: Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

Hasten on from grace to glory, Armed by faith and winged by prayer;  
Heaven's eternal days before thee,  
God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;  
Hope shall change to glad fruition, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.