

# Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

Henry F. Lyte

Leavitt's *The Christian Lyre*  
Attr. to Wolfgang A. Mozart

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave  
2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left  
3. Go, then, earth - ly fame and treas - ure! Come, dis - as -  
4. Man may trou - ble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive  
5. Take, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin,  
6. Has - ten on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith,

and fol - low Thee; Des - ti - tute, de -  
my Sav - ior, too; Hu - man hearts and  
ter, scorn and pain! In Thy ser - vice  
me to Thy breast; Life with tri - als  
and fear, and care; Joy to find in  
and winged by prayer; Heav'n's e - ter - nal

spised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be.  
looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like them, un - true.  
pain is pleas - ure; With Thy fa - vor, loss is gain.  
hard may press me; Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest.  
ev - 'ry sta - tion Some - thing still to do or bear:  
day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Per - ish ev - 'ry shalt fond am - bi - tion,  
And while Thou shalt smile up - on me,  
I have called Thee, "Ab - ba, Fa - ther";  
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
Think what Spir - it dwells with - in thee;  
Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion,

All I've sought or hoped or known;  
God of wis - dom, love and might,  
I have set my heart on Thee:  
While Thy love is left to me;  
What a Fa - ther's smile is thine;  
Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days;

Yet how rich is my con - di - tion!  
Foes may hate and friends dis - own me,  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gath - er,  
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
What a Sav - ior died to win thee,  
Hope soon change to glad fru - i - tion,

God and heav'n are still mine own.  
Show Thy face and all is bright.  
All must work for good to me.  
Were that joy un - mixed with Thee.  
Child of heav'n, shouldst thou re - pine?  
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.