

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

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Henry F Lyte

Wolfgang A. Mozart

G D7 G D D7 D D7
 1. Je sus, I my cross have take - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
 2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sa - vior, too;
 3. Man may troub - le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
 4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by pray'r;

5 G C G D7 G D A7 D7 G D7 G
 Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from he - nce, m - y all shalt be:
 Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me, Thou art not, like man un - true;
 Life with tri - als hard may pre - ss me, Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest.
 Heav'n's e - ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.

9 D D7 D7sus4 D7 G D7 D D7
 Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
 And, while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
 Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,

13 G C G D7 G D A7 D7 G D7 G
 Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and Heav'n are still my own!
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee.
 Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.