HENRY F. LYTE

438 - Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

Key: G major Meter: 4/4

Attr. WOLFGANG A. MOZART, in Leavitt's The Christian Lyre arr. Hubert P. Main

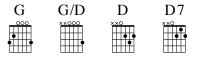
INTRO G G/D | **D D7** G/D **D7** G

| VERSE 1 | G | G D7 | G D | D7 G D |
|---------|----------------|----------------|---------------------------|--------------------|
| | Jesus, I my | cross have tak | en, All to leave and | fol- low Thee; |
| | G | G/D | D D7 | G/D D7 G |
| | Destitute, de- | spised, forsak | en, Thou, from hence, m | ny all shall be. |
| | D D7 | G/D D7 | 0 | |
| | | G/D D7 | G | D7 G D |
| | | • | n, ∣ All I′ve sought or | hoped or known; |
| | | • | - | |

G G/D | **D D7** G/D **D7** G TURN-

AROUND

- Let the world despise and leave me, They have left my Savior, too; VERSE 2 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.
- Haste thee on from grace to glory, Armed by faith and winged by prayer; VERSE 3 Heav'n'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.



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INTRO

VERSE 1

| | Jesus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and fol- low Thee; | | | | |
|-----------------|---|--|--|--|--|
| | Destitute, de- spised, forsaken, Thou, from hence, my all shall be. | | | | |
| | Perish every fond ambition, All I've sought or hoped or known; | | | | |
| | Yet how rich is my condition: God and heav'n are still my own! | | | | |
| TURN- AROUND | | | | | |
| VERSE 2 | 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. | | | | |
| VERSE 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 earthly mission, Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days; | | | | |
| | | | | | |

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