G	С	G	D	
Jesus, I r	ny cros	s have tal	ken, all	to leave and follow Thee;
G	С	G	D	
Destitute, despised, forsaken, Thou from hence my all shalt be.				
G	Em	С	D	
Perish every fond ambition, all I've sought, and hoped, and known;				
G	Em	С	D	G
Yet how rich is my condition, God and heaven are still my own!				
G	С	G	D	
Let the world despise and leave me, they have left my Savior, too;				
G	С	G	D	
Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not, like them, untrue.				
G	Em	С	D	
And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might,				
G	Em	С	D	G
Foes ma	v hate.	and frien	ds disov	vn me: show Thy face, and all is bright