





1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
 2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior too;
 3. *Man may trou - ble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;*
 4. Take, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion, Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
 5. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith and winged by pray'r;

Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be:
 Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un - true;
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest.
 Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta - tion Some-thing still to do or bear;
 Heav'n's e - ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.




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,
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
 Think what Spir - it dwells with - in thee, What a Fa - ther's smile is thine,
 Soon shall close thine earth - ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,




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.
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee.
 What a Sav - ior died to win thee: Child of Heav'n, shouldst thou repine?
 Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

