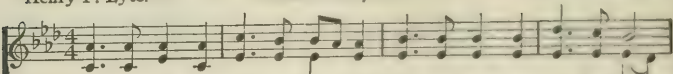


Jesus, Thy Cross Have Taken.

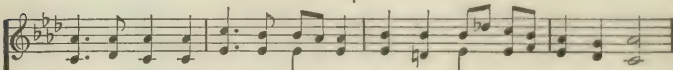
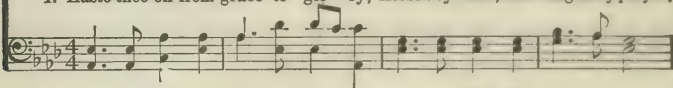
Henry F. Lyte.

Ellesdie. 8s. 7s. D.

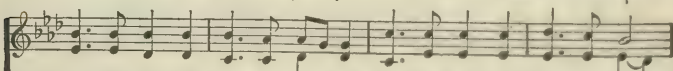
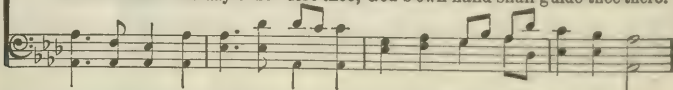
From Mozart.



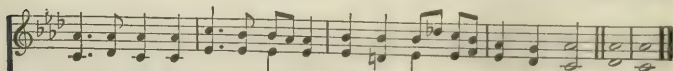
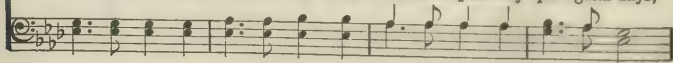
1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
3. Man may troub-le and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;



Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - sa - ken, 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.
 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,
 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,



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 unmixed with Thee.
 Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. A-MEN.

