

# Jesus, I my cross have taken

W.A. Mozart



Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee;  
Destitute, despised, forsaken,  
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;  
Yet how rich is my condition,  
God and Christ are still my own!

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 disown me;  
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Christ will bring me sweeter rest.  
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me;  
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Haste then on from grace to glory,  
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;  
God's eternal day's 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.

Henry Francis Lyte