

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

Words by Henry Lyte
Music by Mozart
(alt. by Bill Moore)
Arranged by Joel Littlepage

E G#m A E

1. Je - sus I my cross have ta - ken,
2. Let the world de - cross and leave me,
3. Man may trou - ble - and stress me,
4. Go then earth - ly fame and trea - sure,

3 E G#m A B

All to leave and fol low Thee
They have but left my sa - vior too
Twill drive me to scorn thy and breast
Come di - sas - ter, and pain

5 E G#m A E

Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sa - ken
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me,
Life with tri - als hard pain may press me,
In thy ser - vice is plea - sure,

7 E G#m A E

Thou from hence my all shalt be
Thou art not like them sweet un - be
Heaven will bring me sor - row loss er - true
With thy fa - vor is gain

9 C#m C#m/B A E

Per - ish while ev - ery fond am - bi - tion,
Oh - while thou - ery dost smile me,
Oh - 'tis have not called in thee grief A to bba harm me,
I have called thee A bba Fa - ther,

11 C#m C#m/B A E

All I've sought or hoped or known
God of thy wis - or dom, love left heart and to on might
I have love stayed is my heart on me thee

13 C#m C#m/B A E

Yet how rich is and my con - di - tion,
Foes may hate and in friends dis - own - tion,
Oh 'twere not howl and in and joy clouds to may charm me,
Storms may howl and and clouds may ga - ther,

15 F#m E/G# A B

God Show and thy heaven are still my
Show thy that face joy and un - all is
Were All that must joy work for - mixed good with
All that must joy work for - mixed good to

17

E A E B

own
bright
thee
me

5. Soul then know thy full salvation
 Rise o'er sin and fear and care
 Joy to find in every station,
 Something still to do or bear
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
 Think what Father's smiles are thine
 Think that Jesus died to win thee,
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine

6. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith and winged by prayer
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide the there
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight and prayer to praise.