

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

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, or hoped or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heav'n are still my own!

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heav'n 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.

Hasten on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heav'n's eternal days before me,
God's own hand shall guide me there.

Soon shall close my earthly mission,
Swift shall pass my pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Words by Henry F. Lyte. Music by Jeff Bourque.
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