

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 Heaven are still my own.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
It will drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
There is not a grief can harm me,
While I feel Thy love to me;
There is not a joy can charm me,
If it is apart from Thee.
- 4 Take, my soul, this full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care:
Find in every situation
Joy and peace—and service there;
Think what Spirit dwells within me,
What a Father's smile is mine,
What a Saviour died to win me:
Child of Heaven, can I repine?

5 Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before me;
God's own hand shall guide me there.
Soon shall close my earthly mission,
Swift shall pass my pilgrim days:
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847