

1. Je - sus I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee;  
 Na - ked, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shall be. Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known,  
*D.C. Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.*

2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior too;  
 Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me, Thou art not like them, un - true. And whilst Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love and might,  
*D.C. Foes may hate, and friends dis - own me, Show Thy face and all is bright.*

*D.C.*