

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken - #394

HENRY LYTE

BILL MOORE
Arr. by Thomas Grassi

Moderate, acoustic feel

Violin

Cello

mp

D F#m G6 G D

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak en, All to leave and fol -
2. Let the world - spise leave me, They have left my Sav -
3. Man may trou - ble and stress me, 'Twill but drive me to
4. Go, then, earth - ly fame and treas - ure, Come dis - as - ter, scorn
5. Soul, then know Thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin and fear

Vln

D F#m G6 G D F#m

mp

low Thee. Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en,
 ior too. Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive m
 Thy breast. Life with tri - als hard may press me;
 and pain. In Thy ser - vice, pain is pleas ure,
 and care. Joy to find in ev - 'ry sta tion,

Vln

Cel

mp

G6 G Asus A D F#m D2

8

Thou from hence art an - swer to be. Per - ish ev - 'ry fond
 Thou art not, like them, true. Oh, while Thou dost smile
 Heav'n will bring me sweet - ened st. Oh, 'tis not in grief
 With Thy fa - vor, I have called Thee, "Ab -
 Some - thing still to be or bear. Think what Spir - it dwells

Vln

Cel

mf

mf

D F#m G6 D Bm Bm7 A

11





am - bi - tion, All I've sought or hoped or known.
up - on me, God of wis - dom, love and might,
to harm me While Thy love is left to me;
ba - Fa - ther," I have stayed my heart on Thee.
with - in thee, Think what Fa - there's smiles are thine

Vln

Cel

G2 D Bm Bm7/A D

14



Yet how rich my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still
Foes may hate and friends down me, Show Thy face and all
Oh 'twere not in joy to harm me, Were that joy un - mixed
Storms may howl and clouds may gath - er; All must work for good
Think that Je - sus died to win thee, Child of heav'n, canst thou

Vln

Cel

Bm Bm7/A G2 D2 Em7 Dmaj7/F# Gmaj7

17

1., 2., 3., 4.

my
is
with
to
re-

own.
bright.
Thee.
me.

1., 2., 3., 4.

1., 2., 3., 4.

Asus A D G D Asus

20

5.

pine.

6. Haste thee on from grace

5.

5.

5.

G D B sus B E G#m

mf

mf

mf

23

to glo - ry, Armed by faith and winged by prayer.

Vln

Cel

A6 A E G#m A6 A B sus

26

Heav'ns e - ter - nal days are thee, God's own hand shall guide

Vln

Cel

E G#m A6 E2 E G#m

29

thee there. Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion,

Vln

Cel

A6 E C#m C#m7/B A2 E

32

Soon shall pass thy proud days, Hope shall change to glad

Vln

Cel

C#m C#m7/B A E C#m C#m7/B

35

fru - i - tion, Faith to sight and prayer to praise.

Vln

Cel

mf

rit.
rit.

A2 E2 F#m7 E^{maj7}
G# Amaj7 B^{sus} B E

mf

38

SAMPLE