

METRE 4 Henry Francis Lyte

DISCIPLE 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7 in Leavitt's *The Christian Lyre*, 1831

1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol-low thee; Na-ked, poor, de - spised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be;

2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sa-vior too. Hu-man hearts and looks de - ceive me—Thou art not like them un-true;

3. Go, then, earth-ly fame and trea-sure, Come, dis - as - ter, scorn and pain; In thy ser-vice pain is plea-sure, With thy fa - vor loss is gain;

4. Man may trou-ble and dis-tress me, 'Twill but drive me to thy breast; Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will give me sweet-er rest;

5. Soul, then know thy full sal - va-tion— Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find in eve - ry sta-tion, Some-thing still to do or bear;

DISCIPLE—Continued

The image shows four staves of musical notation for a hymn. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written on a single line with a treble clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The first staff contains the first line of lyrics, the second staff the second line, the third staff the third line, and the fourth staff the fourth line. The music consists of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final double bar line at the end of each line.

Per - ish eve - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought or hoped or known, Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own.

And whilst thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love and might, Foes may hate and friends disown me—Show thy face and all is bright.

I have called thee Ab - ba Fa - ther, I have set my heart on thee; Storms may howl and clouds may ga - ther, All must work for good to me.

Oh! tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me; Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with thee.
Think what Spir - it dwells with - in thee—Think what Fa - ther's smiles are thine; Think that Je - sus died to win thee, Child of heav'n, canst thou re - pine.