

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

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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.