Take Up Thy Cross and Follow Me

Words and music by Alfred H. Ackley, 1922

1. I walked one day along a country road, And there a Stranger
   jour-neyed too, Bent low be-neth the bur-den of His load:
   It was a cross, a cross I knew.

2. I cried, "Lord Je-sus," and He spoke my name; I saw His hands all
bruised and torn; I stooped to kiss a-way the marks of shame,
The shame for me that He had borne.

3. "Oh, let me bear Thy cross, dear Lord," I cried, And, lo, a cross for
me ap-peared, The one, for-got-ten, I had cast a-side,
The one, so long, that I had feared.

4. My cross I'll car-ry till the crown ap-ears— The way I jour-ney
soon will end— Where God Him-self shall wipe a-way all tears,
And friend hold fel-low-ship with friend.

I hear the bless-ed Sav-ior call; How can I make a
less-er sac-ri-fice, When Je-sus gave His all?