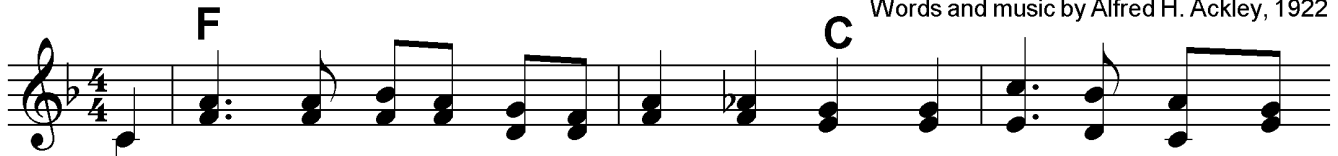


# Take Up Thy Cross and Follow Me

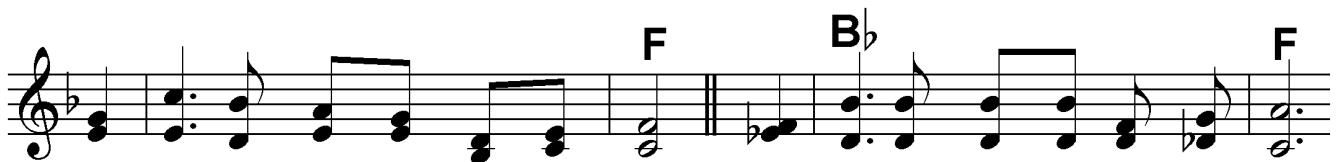
Words and music by Alfred H. Ackley, 1922



1. I walked one day a - long a coun - try road, And there a Stran - ger
2. I cried, "Lord Je - sus," and He spoke my name; I saw His hands all
3. "Oh, let me bear Thy cross, dear Lord," I cried, And, lo, a cross for
4. My cross I'll car - ry till the crown ap - pears - The way I jour - ney



jour - neyed too, Bent low be - neath the bur - den of His load:  
bruised and torn; I stooped to kiss a - way the marks of shame,  
me ap - peared, The one, for - got - ten, I had cast a - side,  
soon will end - Where God Him - self shall wipe a - way all tears,



It was a cross, a cross I knew.  
The shame for me that He had borne. Take up thy cross and fol - low Me,"  
The one, so long, that I had feared.  
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?