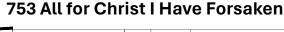
## 753 All for Christ I Have Forsaken

- All for Christ I have forsaken
   And have taken up my cross;
   Worldly joy, its fame and fortune,
   Now I count as worthless dross.
- Who is sweeter than Christ Jesus? No good thing in Him I lack! Hand to plow, at peace I follow Where He leads me . . . why look back?
- 3 Gone the past, unknown the future— Grace supplies my daily breath; Strong in Christ through death's dark valley, Firm and faithful unto death.
- When God takes me home to heaven, Should this be the day I die, God will keep my spouse and children As the apple of His eye.
  - Though the road ahead be thorny,
     Though dark clouds all light obscure,
     Though my cross-shaped path grows steeper,
     With the Lord, I am secure.





## LSB #957 Our Father Who Art in Heaven — I

