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## For My Sake.



Three little words! but full of tenderest meaning,  
Three little words! the heart can scarcely hold;  
Three little words! but on their import dwelling,  
Where wealth of love their syllables unfold.

*For my sake*, cheer the suffering, help the needy,  
On earth, this was My work, I give it thee,  
If thou wouldst follow in thy Master's footsteps,  
Take up My Cross, and come, and learn of Me.

*For my Sake*, let the harsh word die unuttered  
That trembles on the swift impetuous tongue.  
*For my Sake*, check the quick rebellious feeling,  
That rises, when thy brother does thee wrong.

*For My Sake*, press with steadfast patience onward  
Although the race be hard, the battle long  
Within My Father's house are many mansions  
There thou shalt rest, and sing the victor's song.

And if in coming days, the world reviles thee  
If for *My Sake*, thou suffer pain, and loss,  
Bear up faint heart! thy Master went before thee  
They *only* wear His crown, who *share his cross!*