
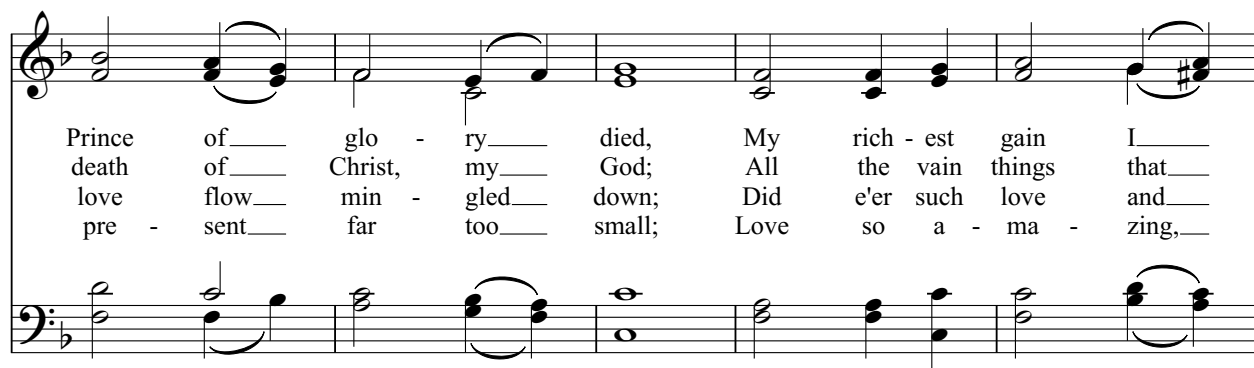


When I Survey the Wondrous Cross



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross, On which the
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
 3. See, from his head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a



Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
 death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that
 love flow - min - gled down; Did e'er such love and
 pre - sent far too small; Love so a - ma - zing,



count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748
 Tune: Lowell Mason, 1792-1872



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