

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross



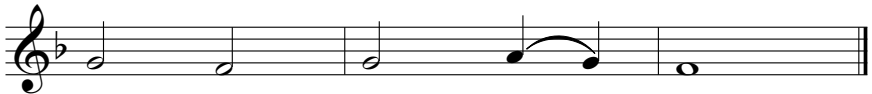
1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross
2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,



on which the Prince of glo - ry died, my rich-est
save in the death of Christ, my God! All the vain
sor - row and love flow min - gled down. Did e'er such
that were a pres - ent far too small. Love so a -



gain I count but loss, and pour con -
things that charm me most, I sac - ri -
love and sor - row meet, or thorns com -
maz - ing, so di - vine, de - mands my



tempt on all my pride.
fice them through his blood.
pose so rich a crown?
soul, my life, my all.