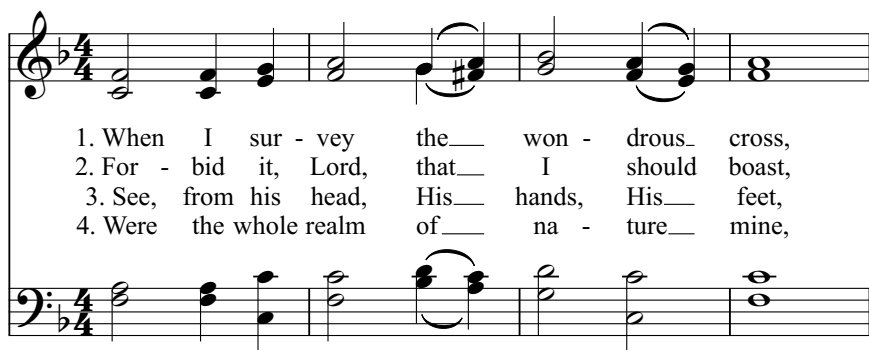
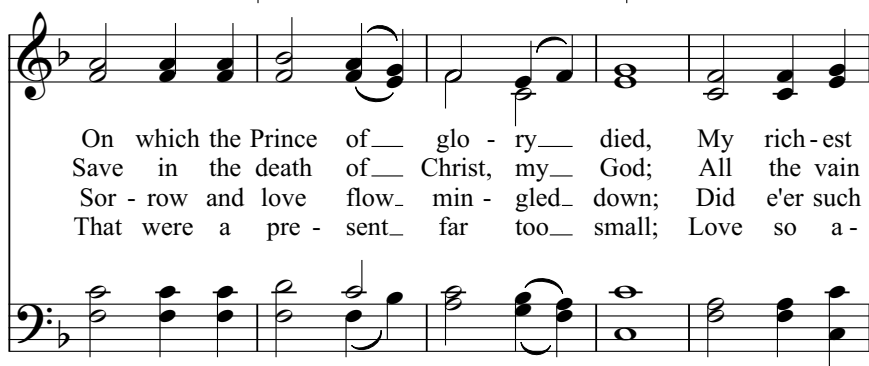


When I Survey the Wondrous Cross



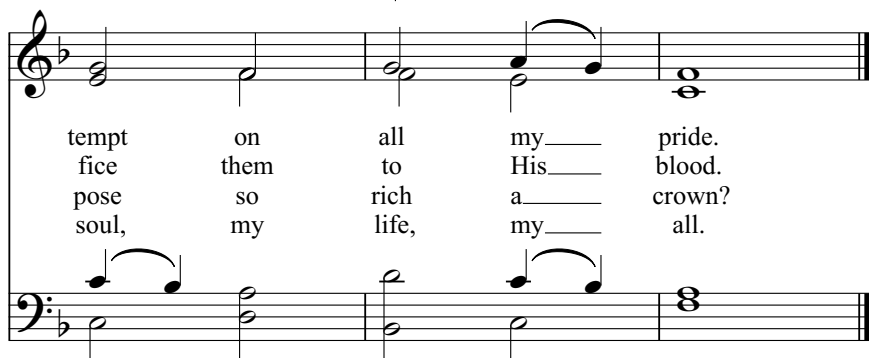
1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast,
3. See, from his head, His hands, His feet,
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,



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 pre - sent 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 -
ma - zing, so di - vine, De - mands my



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