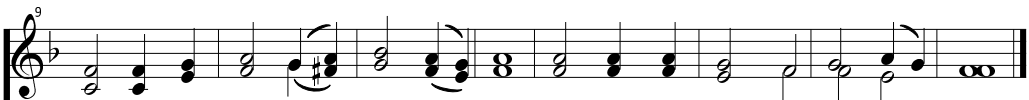
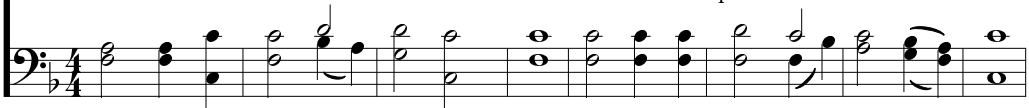


# When I Survey the Wondrous Cross



1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God!
3. See from His head, His hands, His feet Sor-row and love flow min-gled down!
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small:



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.  
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.  
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?  
 Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

