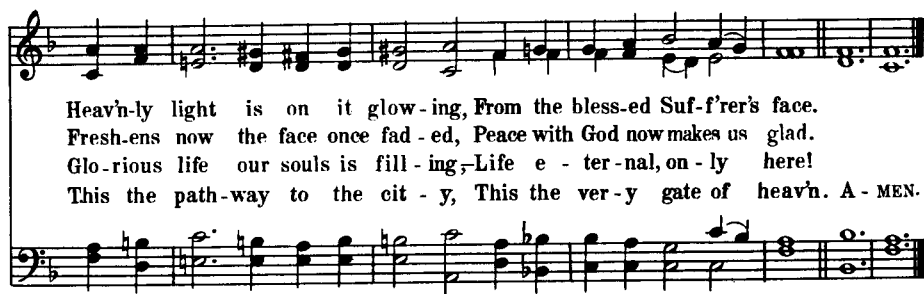


HIS DEATH



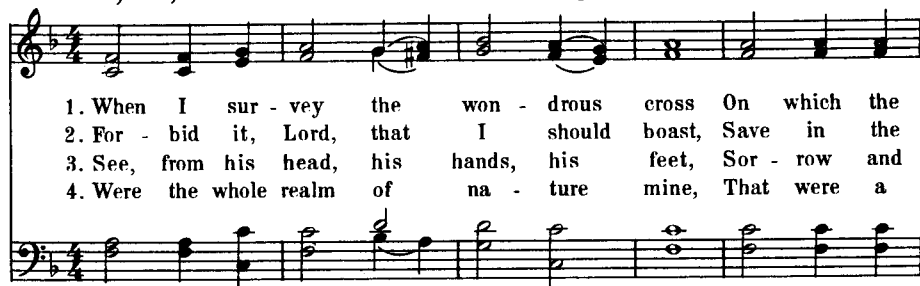
Heav'n-ly light is on it glow-ing, From the bless-ed Suf-f'rers' face.
 Fresh-ens now the face once fad-ed, Peace with God now makes us glad.
 Glo-rious life our souls is fill-ing, Life e - ter-nal, on - ly here!
 This the path-way to the cit - y, This the ver-y gate of heav'n. A - MEN.

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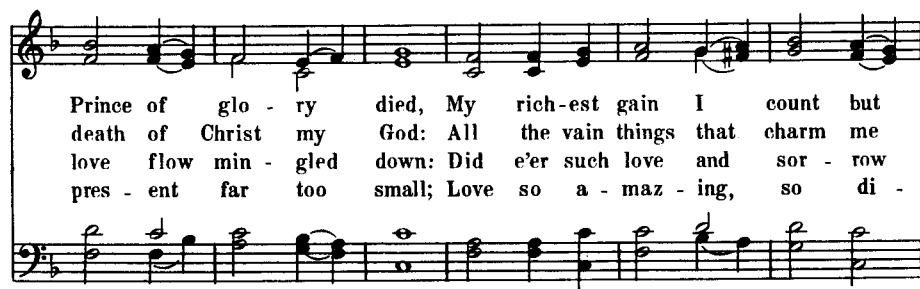
God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world. Gal. 6:14

Isaac Watts, 1707, text of 1709

HAMBURG L. M.
 Arr. from a Gregorian chant by Lowell Mason, 1824



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 count but
 death of Christ my God: All the vain things that charm me
 love flow min - gled down: Did e'er such love and sor - row
 pres - ent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing, so di -



loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
 meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all. A - MEN.