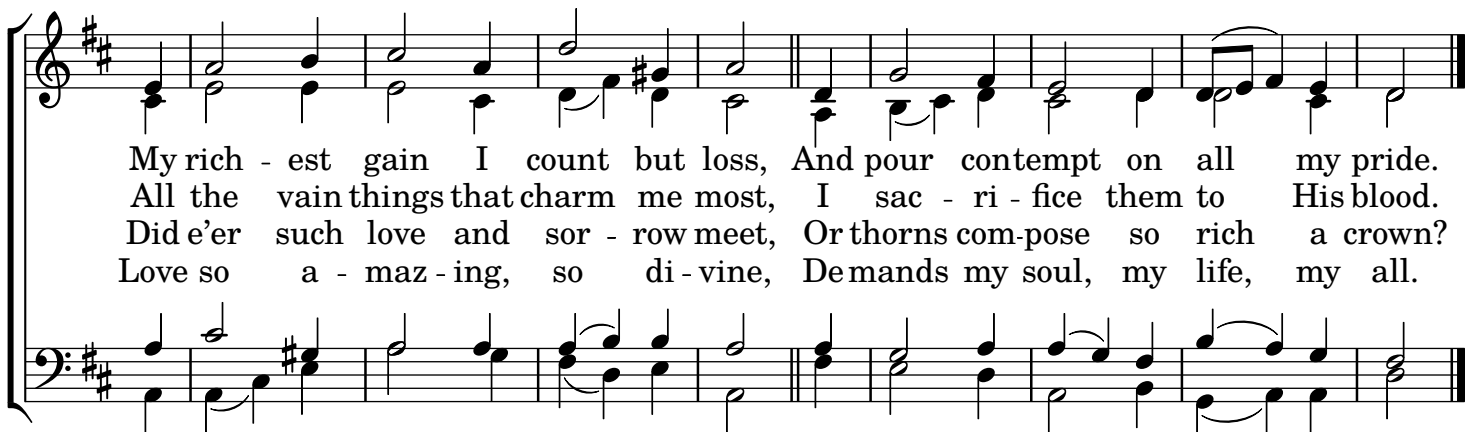


1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God!
3. See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down!
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pre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



My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt 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, Demands my soul, my life, my all.