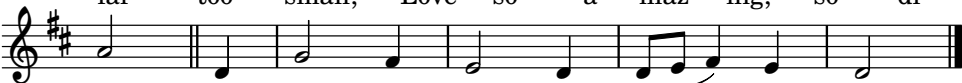




1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of
3. See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pre-sent



glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I count but
 Christ my God! All the vain things that charm me
 min - gled down! Did e'er such love and sor - row
 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.