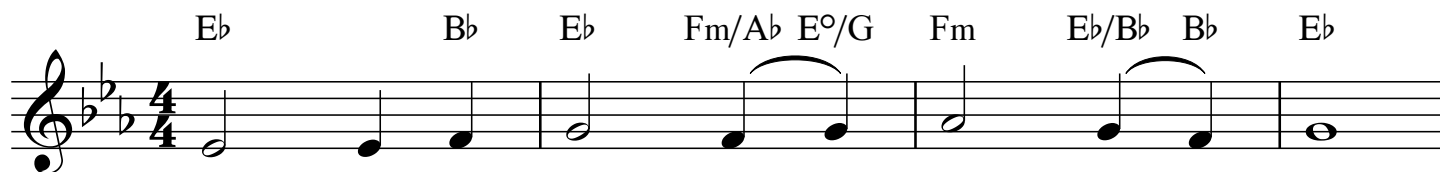




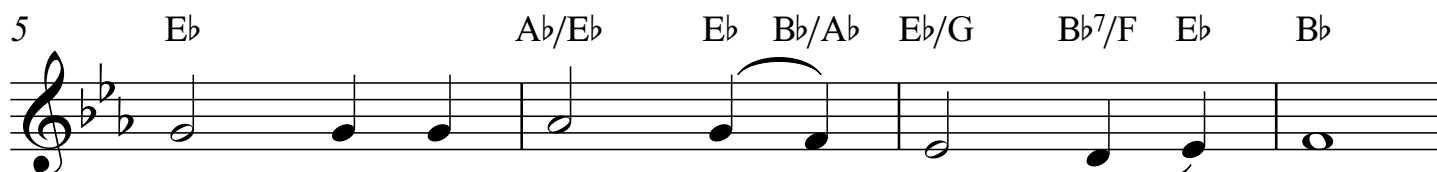
When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

Lowell Mason

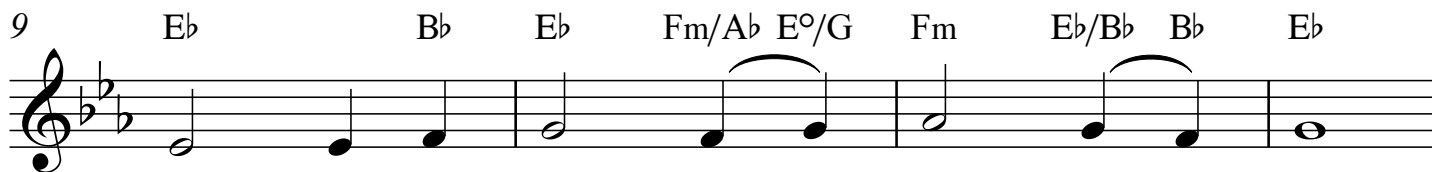
Isaac Watts



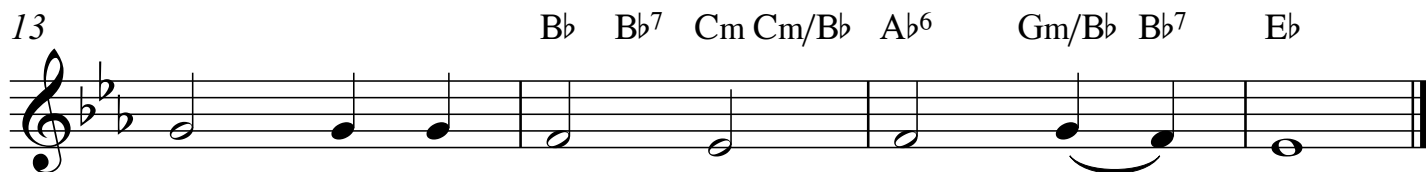
When I sur - very the won - drous cross
For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast,
See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,



On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;
That were a pres - ent far too small;



My rich - est gain I count but loss,
All the vain things that charm me most
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet,
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine,



And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
De - mands my soul, my life, my all.