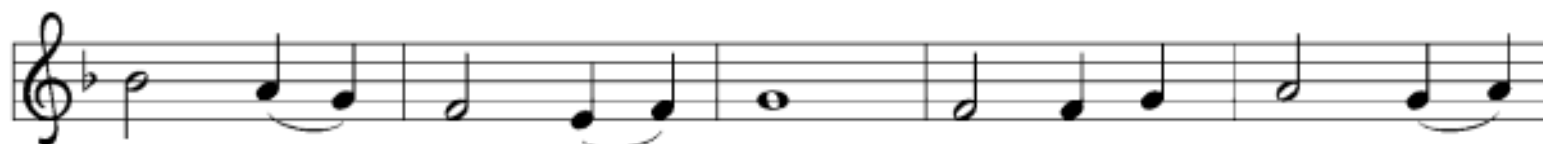


## When I Survey the Wondrous Cross



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  
 death of Christ, my God; all the vain things that  
 love flow min - gled down. Did e'er such love and  
 pres - ent far too small; love so a - maz - ing,



count but loss and pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.  
 sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
 so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748

Music: HAMBURG, Lowell Mason, 1792–1872