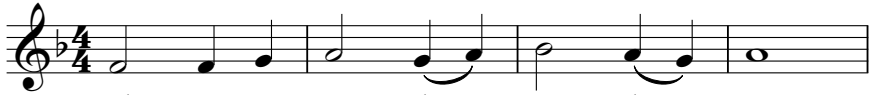


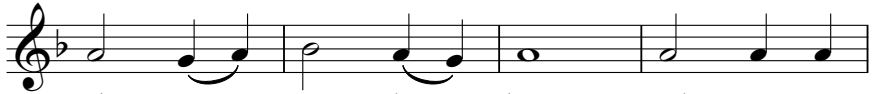
# When I Survey the Wondrous Cross



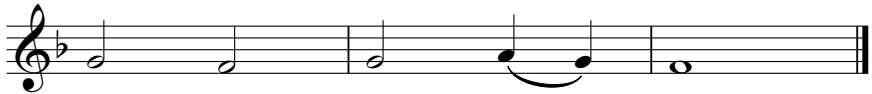
1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross  
2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,



on which the Prince of glo - ry died, my rich - est  
save in the death of Christ, my God; all the vain  
sor - row and love flow - min - gled down. Did e'er such  
that were an of - fering far too small; love so a -



gain I count but loss, and pour con -  
things that charm me most, I sac - ri -  
love and sor - row meet, or thorns com -  
ma - zing, so di - vine, de - mands my



tempt on all my pride.  
fice them to his blood.  
pose so rich a crown?  
soul, my life, my all.