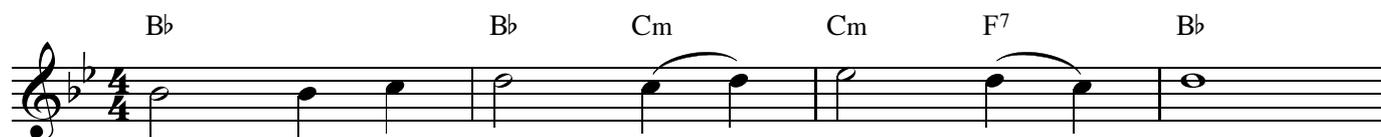


When i survey the wondrous cross

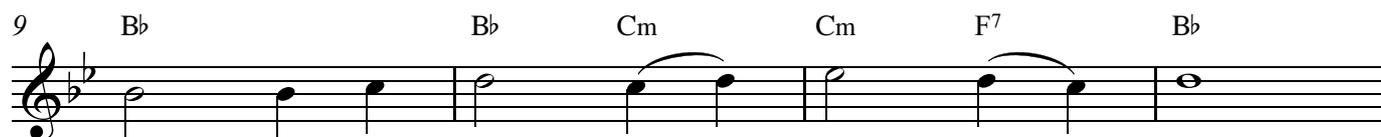
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1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 3. See from His head, His hands, His feet,
 4. His dy - ing crim - son, like a robe,



On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
 Save in the death of Christ my God!
 Sor - row and love flow min - gled down!
 Spreads o'er His bo - dy on the tree;



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,
 Then I am dead to all the globe,



And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 And all the globe is dead to me.

5. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

6. To Christ, Who won for sinners grace
 By bitter grief and anguish sore,
 Be praise from all the ransomed race
 Forever and forevermore.