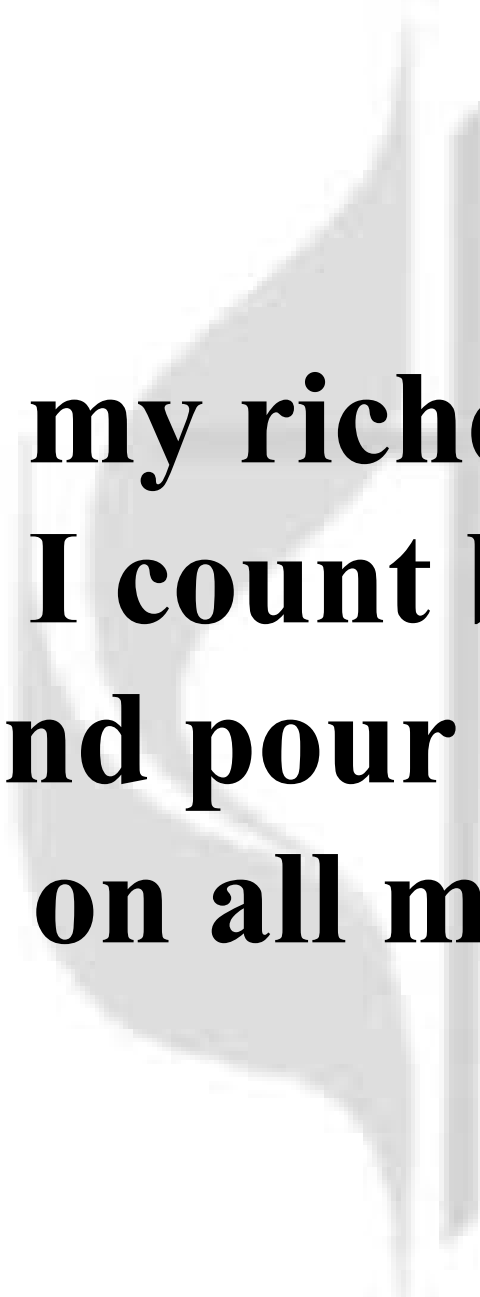


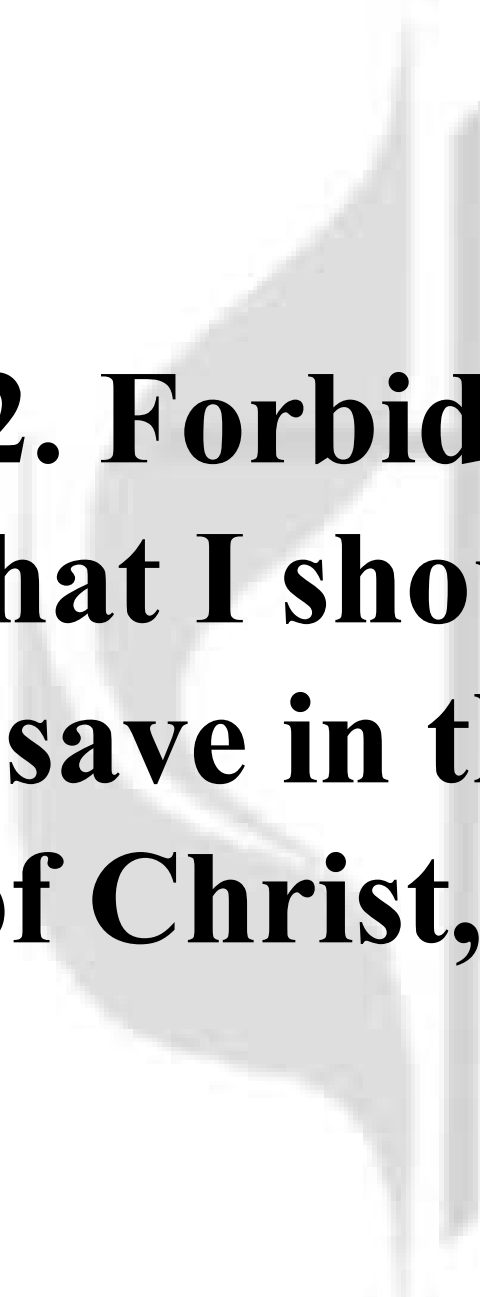
When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

WORDS: Isaac Watts, 1707 (Gal. 6:14)

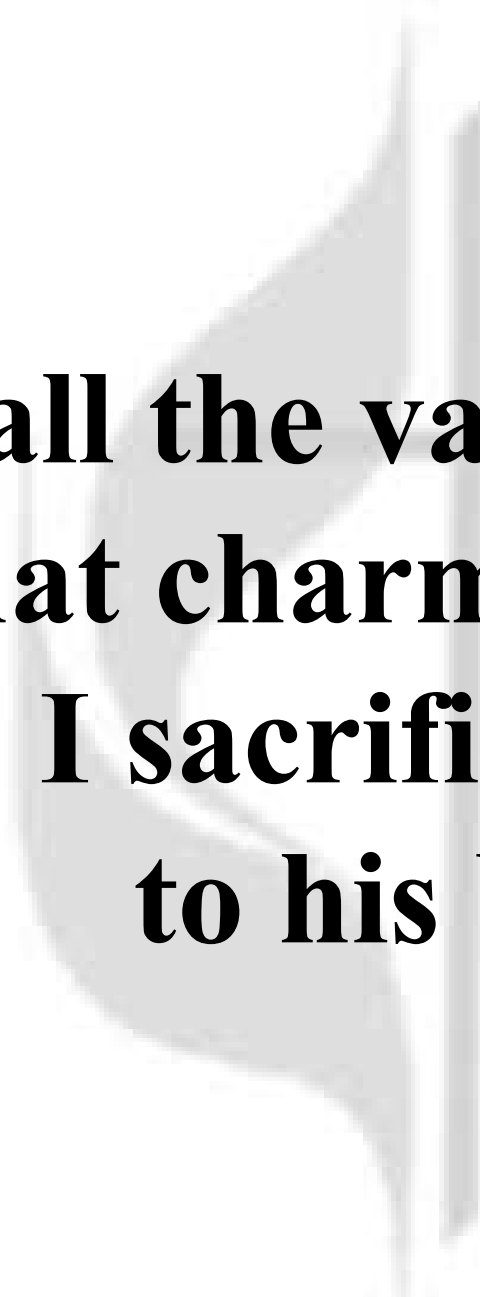
**1. When I survey
the wondrous cross
on which the
Prince of Glory died,**




**my richest gain,
I count but loss,
and pour contempt
on all my pride.**




**2. Forbid it, Lord,
that I should boast,
save in the death
of Christ, my God;**



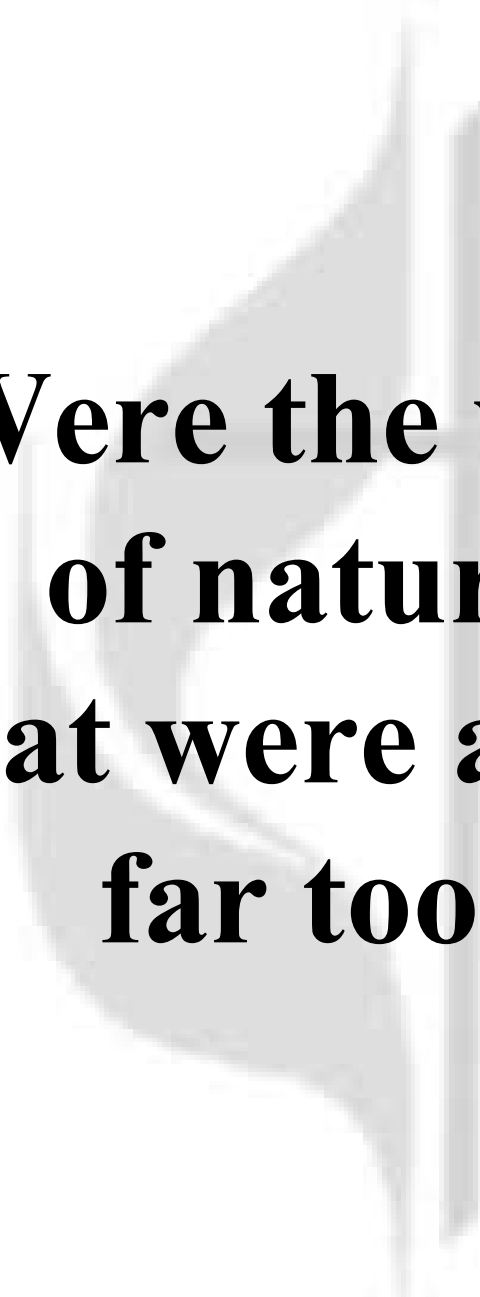
**all the vain things
that charm me most,
I sacrifice them
to his blood.**




**3. See, from his head,
his hands, his feet,
sorrow and love
flow mingled down.**



**Did e'er such love
and sorrow meet,
or thorns compose
so rich a crown?**



**4. Were the whole realm
of nature mine,
that were an offering
far too small;**



**love so amazing,
so divine,
demands my soul,
my life, my all.**