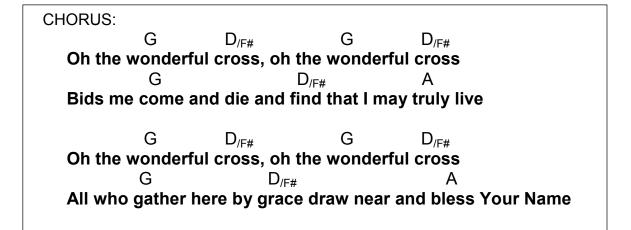
When I Survey/The Wonderful Cross

"When I Survey" by Isaac Watts, "Wonderful Cross" by Reeves/Tomlin/Walt

- D G D 1. When I survey the wondrous cross D G D A On which the Prince of glory died, D G D My richest gain I count but loss, D A D And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 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?



- 3. 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!
- 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.