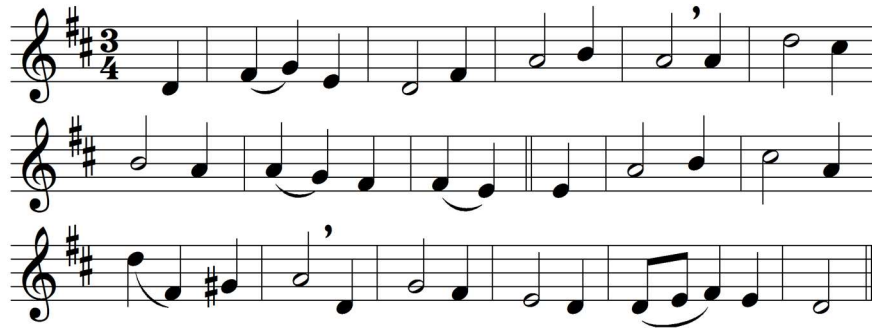


When I survey the wondrous Cross AMNS 67 Melody: Rockingham L.M.



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.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
save in the Cross of Christ my God;  
all the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
sorrow and love flow mingling down;  
did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
or thorns compose so rich a crown?

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.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Music: Adapted by Edward Miller (1735-1807)