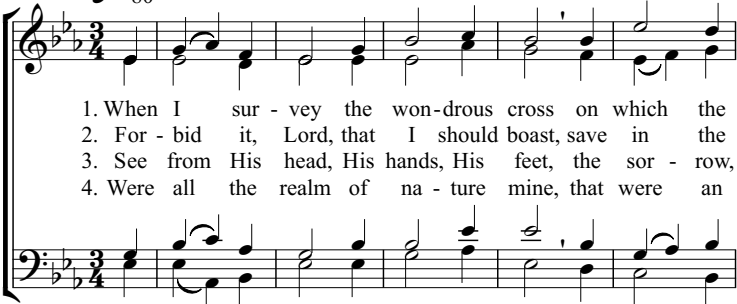


502 When I survey the wondrous cross

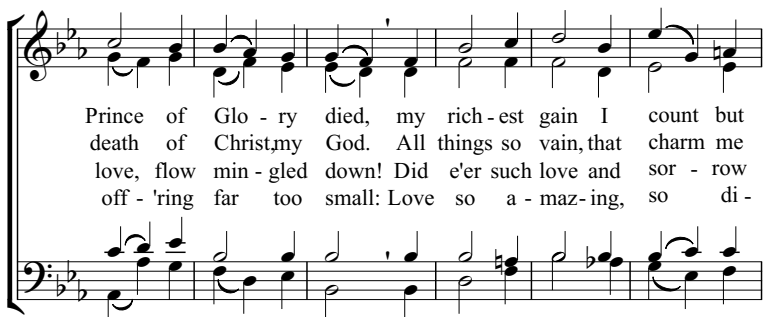
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Composer unknown
arr. Edward Miller (1731-1807)

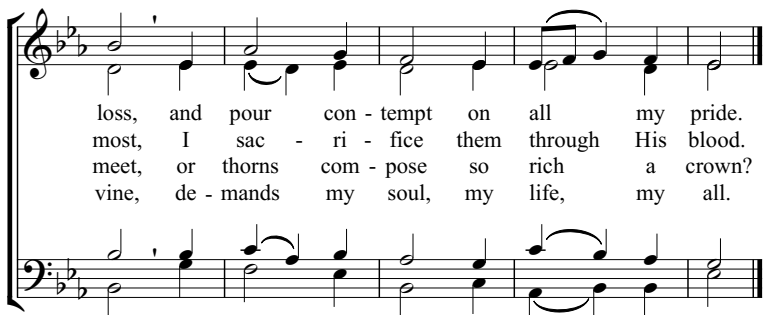
$\bullet = 80$



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross on which the
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the
3. See from His head, His hands, His feet, the sor - row,
4. Were all the realm of na - ture mine, that were an



Prince of Glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I count but
death of Christ, my God. All things so vain, that charm me
love, flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and sor - row
off - 'ring far too small: Love so a - maz - ing, so di -



loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.
most, I sac - ri - fice them through His blood.
meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.