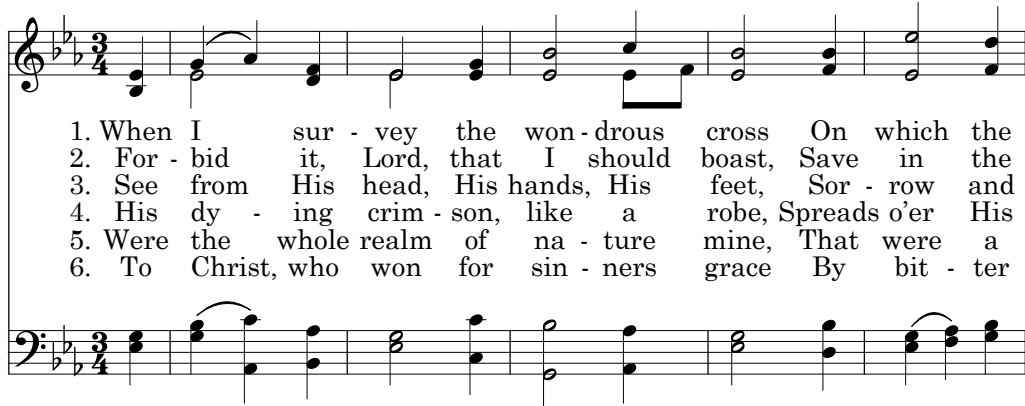


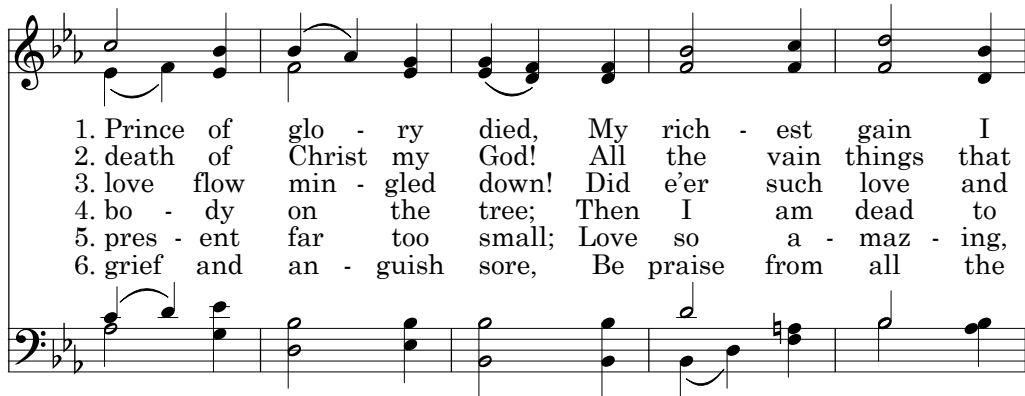
When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Isaac Watts, 1707

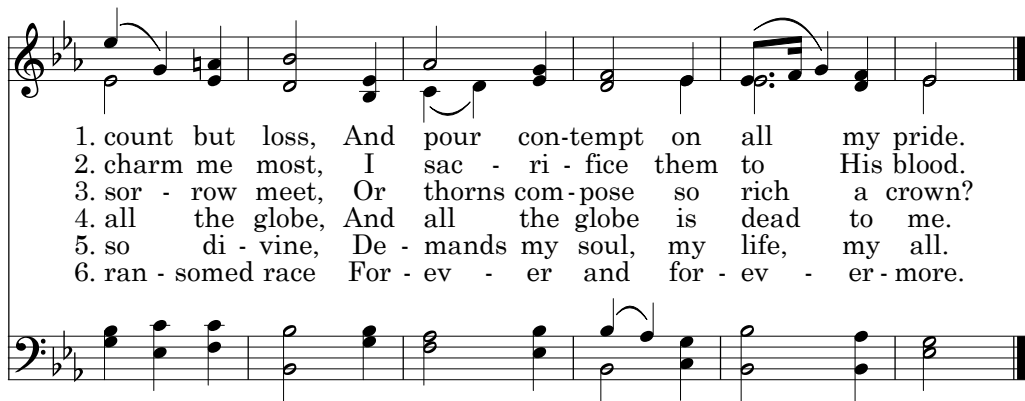
C. P. E. Bach, arr. by Edward Miller, 1790



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, Sor - row and
4. His dy - ing crim - son, like a robe, Spreads o'er His
5. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a
6. To Christ, who won for sin - ners grace By bit - ter



1. Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
2. death of Christ my God! All the vain things that
3. love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and
4. bo - dy on the tree; Then I am dead to
5. pres - ent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing,
6. grief and an - guish sore, Be praise from all the



1. count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
2. charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
3. sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
4. all the globe, And all the globe is dead to me.
5. so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.
6. ran - somed race For - ev - er and for - ev - er - more.