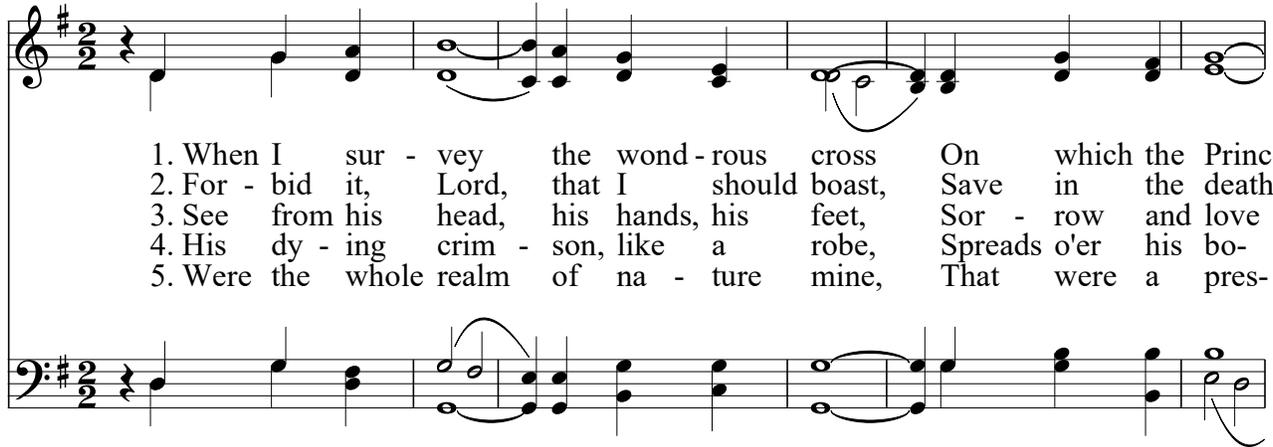


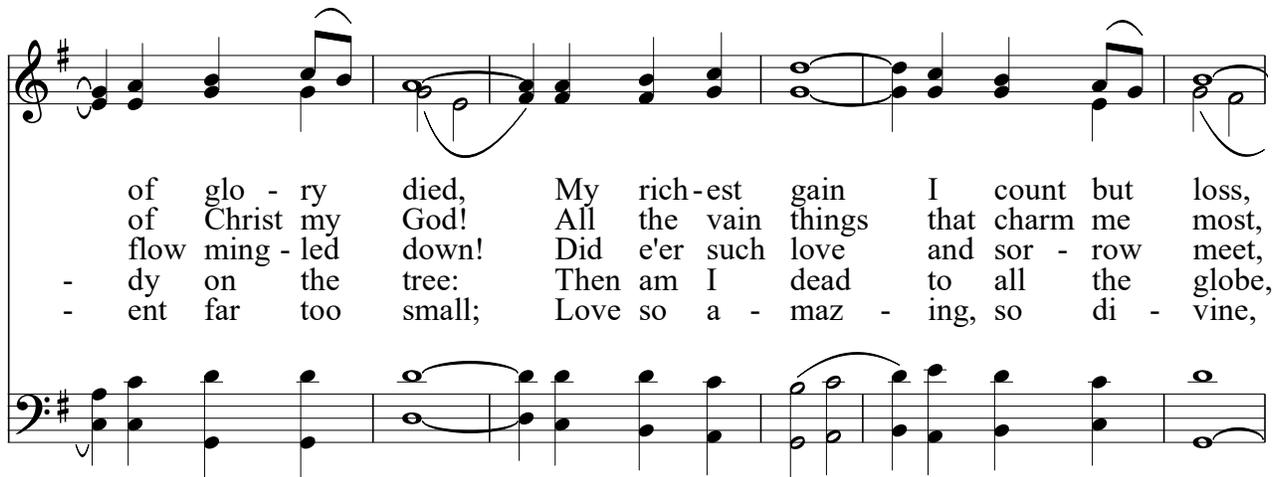
When I Survey the Wonderous Cross

Traditional: 'Water Is Wide'

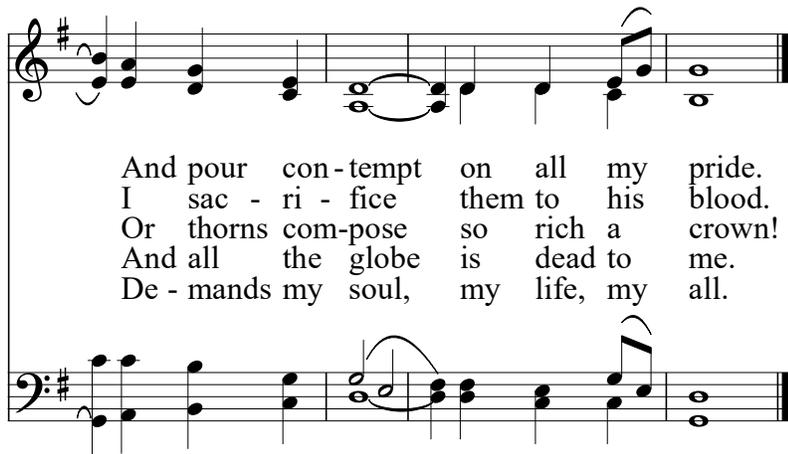
Isaac Watts



1. When I sur - vey the wond - rous cross On which the Prince
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death
3. See from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor - row and love
4. His dy - ing crim - son, like a robe, Spreads o'er his bo -
5. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres -



of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I count but loss,
of Christ my God! All the vain things that charm me most,
flow ming - led down! Did e'er such love and sor - row meet,
- dy on the tree: Then am I dead to all the globe,
- ent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine,



And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown!
And all the globe is dead to me.
De - mands my soul, my life, my all.