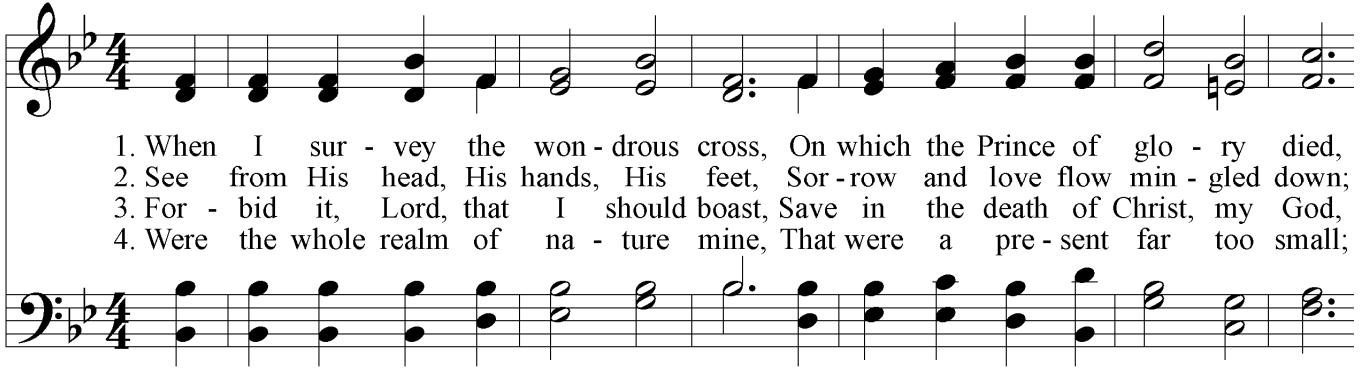
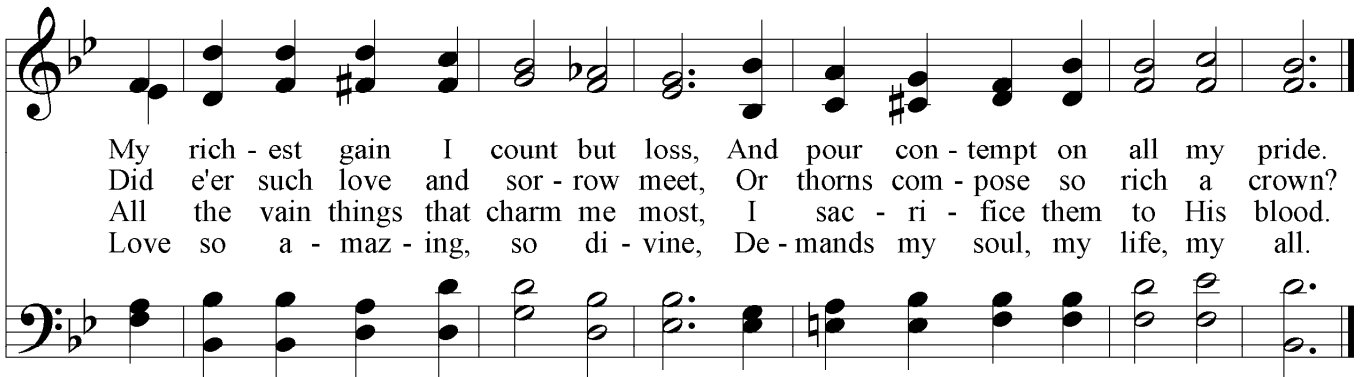


# When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

MILDRED L. M.



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,  
2. See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;  
3. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God,  
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pre - sent far too small;



My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.  
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.