

# When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

*With the introit for Holy Thursday and Holy Cross*

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 pain and  
4. Were ev - 'ry realm of na - ture mine, My gift would  
*Introit.* Let us a - dore that no - ble tree, And glo - ry

Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I count but  
death of Christ, my Lord; The vain things that now tempt me  
love flow min - gled down; Did e'er such love and sor - row  
still be far too small: Love so a - maz - ing, so di -  
in the Cross of Christ, On which He died to set us

loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.  
meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.  
free, Through whom we rise from death to life.