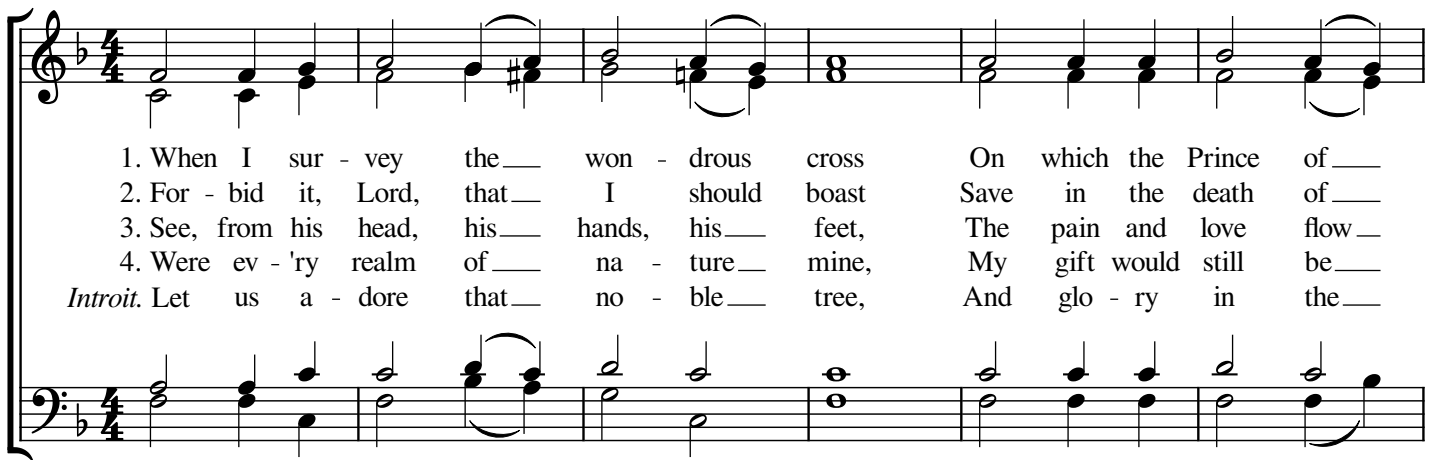
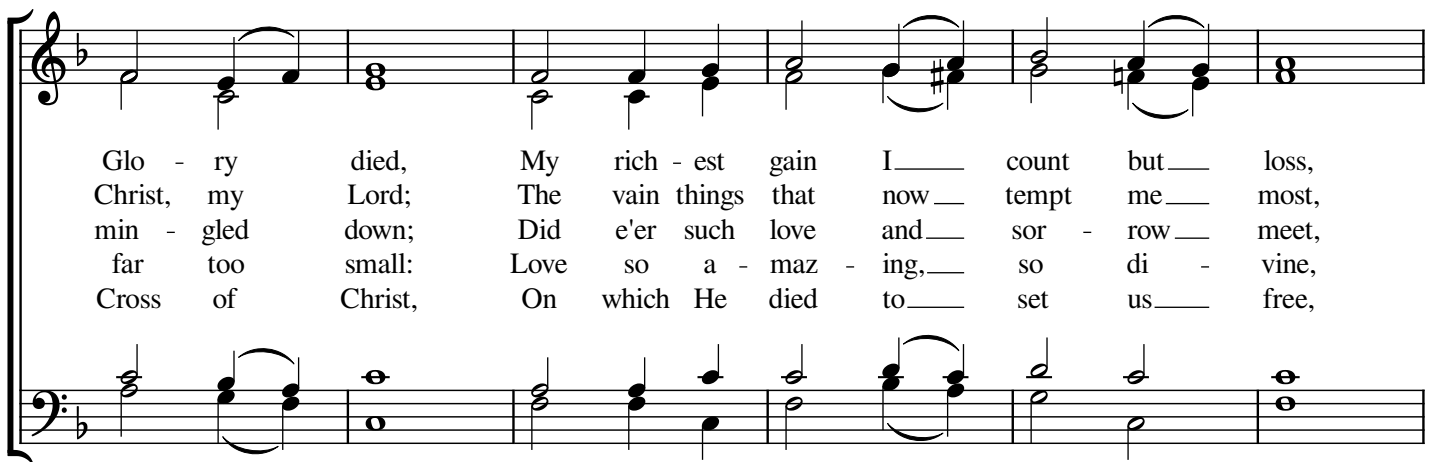


When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

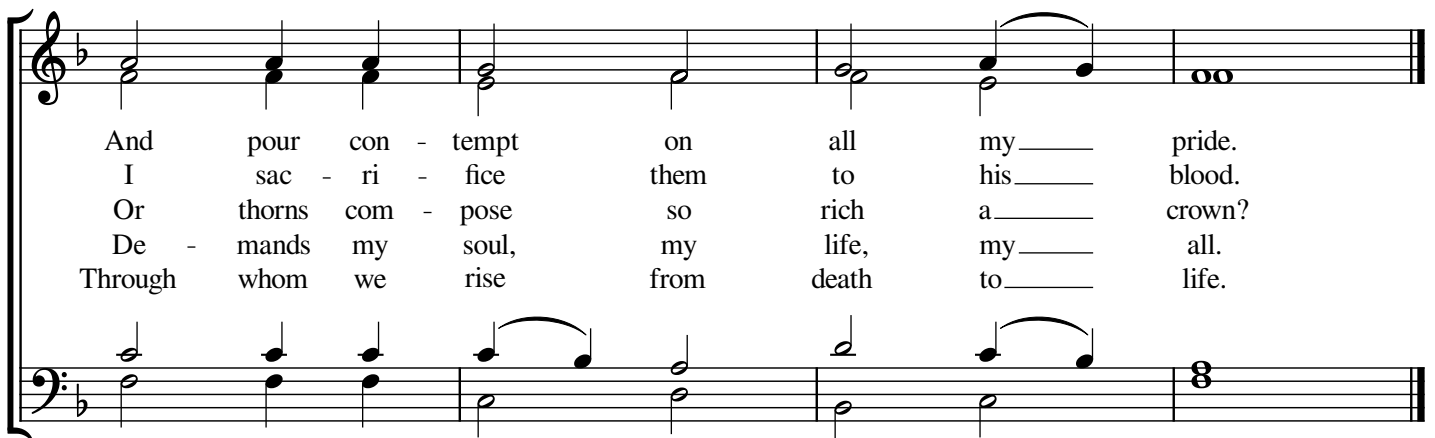
With the introit for Holy Thursday and Holy Cross



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, The pain and love flow
4. Were ev - ry realm of na - ture mine, My gift would still be
Introit. Let us a - dore that no - ble tree, And glo - ry in the



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



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