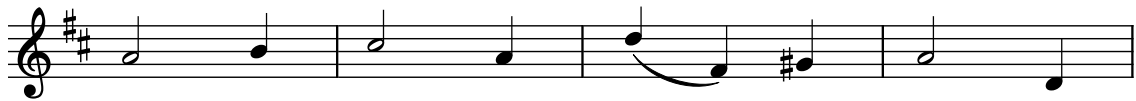




1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, The
4. Were ev - 'ry realm of na - ture mine, My
Introit. Let us a - dore that no - ble tree, And



which the Prince of Glo - ry died, My
in the death of Christ, my Lord; The
pain and love flow min - gled down; Did
gift would still be far too small: Love
glo - ry in the Cross of Christ, On



rich - est gain I count but loss, And
vain things that now tempt me most, I
e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or
so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De -
which He died to set us free, Through



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

*Text: Isaac Watts (1674-1748); Introit, Galations 6: 14 Nos autem gloriari.
for Holy Thursday & Exaltation of the Holy Cross; adapted Luke Massery © 2020
Tune: ROCKINGHAM*