

PASSIONTIDE

107

CATON OR ROCKINGHAM. (L. M.)

Very slow $\text{♩} = 68$.

Adapted by E. MILLER, 1731-1807.

Harmony chiefly from S. WEBBE

(A Collection of Psalm Tunes, 1820).

NOTE.—A different harmonization of this tune will be found at Hymn 320.

I. Watts, 1674-1748.

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood.
See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4 His dying crimson like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the Tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
5. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Webbe's original
version of this
passage is: