

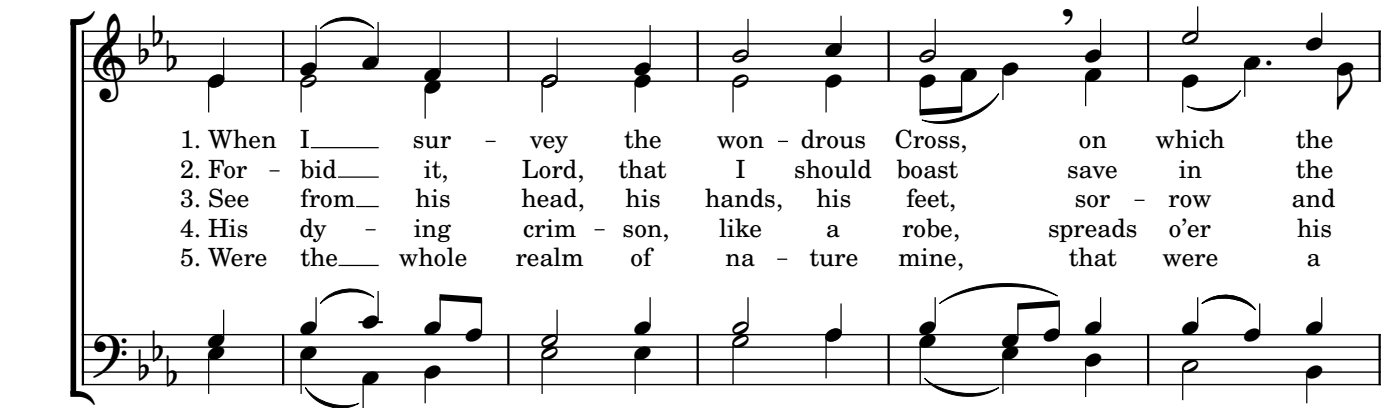
When I survey the wondrous cross

ROCKINGHAM LM

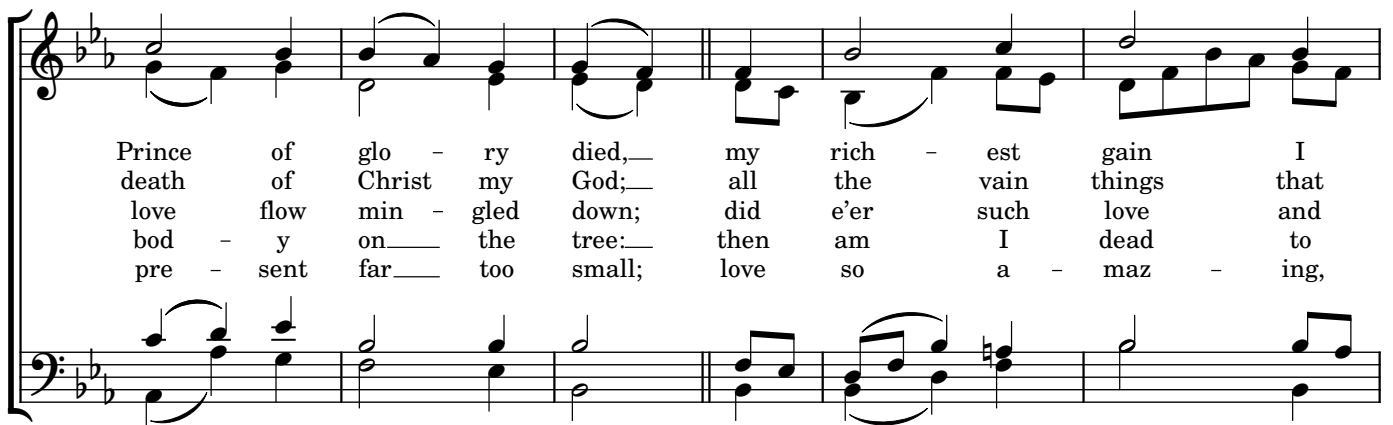
Melody adapted by Edward Miller (1731-1807)

Harmony: Webbe

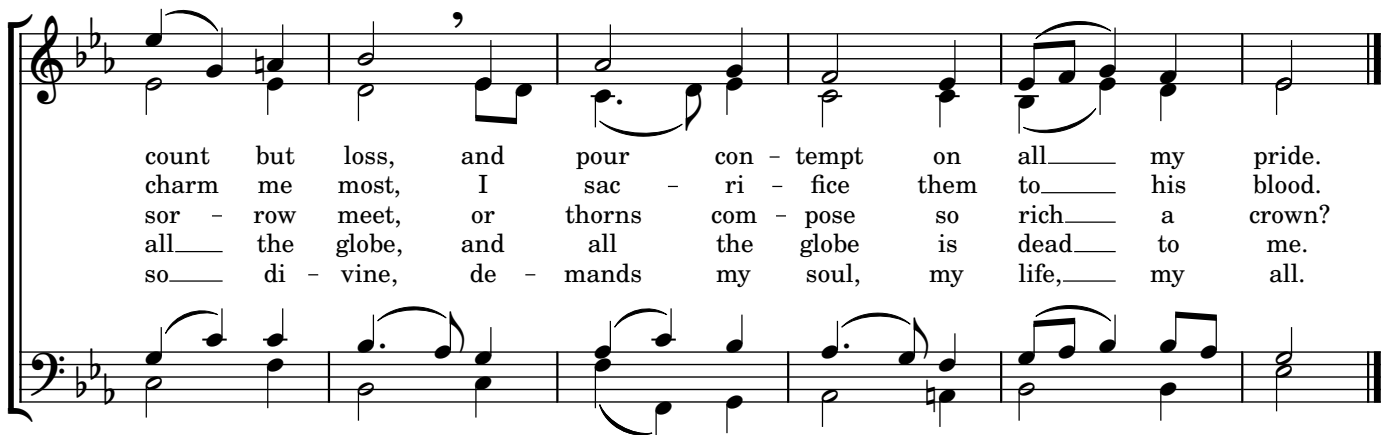
Isaac Watts (1674-1748)



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, sor - row and
4. His dy - ing crim - son, like a robe, spreads o'er his
5. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were a



Prince of glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I
death of Christ my God; all the vain things that
love flow min - gled down; did e'er such love and
bod - y on the tree: then am I dead to
pre - sent far too small; love so a - maz - ing,



count but loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
all the globe, and all the globe is dead to me.
so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.