

Tr.
T.
B.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. My
2. 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. All
3. 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! Did
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small; Love so a-ma-zing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all. Love

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2017
Measure 12, *Tenor*: note changed from E to G; obvious misprint.