When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Ed. G.A.C. Braginetz

W.A. Mozart

When I survey the wondrous Cross,
My soul with wonder, praise, and love
Is filled with joy and peace.

2. See from his hands, his head, his feet
Which the Prince of glory died;
My richest boast.

3. Forbid it, Lord, that I should
Save in the Cross of Christ, my God;
All the vain gestures of the earth.

Bass

Piano

Pno.
gain I__ count but loss,___ and pour con tempt on___ all my
love and_ sor row meet,___ or thorns com pose so__ rich a
things that_ charm me most___ I sac ri fice them_ to his

Bass

pride,___ and pour con tempt on all my pride.
crown,___ or thorns com pose so rich a crown?
Blood___ I sa cri fice them to his Blood.

Bass

Were the whole realm of_ nat ure mine,_ that were an