

Could give the guilt - y con - science peace, Or wash a - way the stain.
 A sac - ri - fice of no - bler name And rich - er blood than they.
 While like a pen - i - tent I stand, And there con - fess my sin.
 When hang - ing on th'ac - curs - ed tree, And knows her guilt was there.
 We bless the Lamb with cheer - ful voice, And sing His bleed - ing love.

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross 137

HAMBURG • L.M.

Gregorian Chant

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

Arr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872

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. 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
 pres - ent 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?
 so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

