

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross 315

F/F

Whatever was to my profit I now consider loss. – Philippians 3:7

Descant

4. Were the whole realm of all na - ture mine That were a

•1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
p 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and
f •4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine That were a

pres - ent far too small; Oh, it's love, love so a - maz - ing,

Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
 death of Christ, my Lord; 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,

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

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.

WORDS: Isaac Watts (w. 1707)

MUSIC: Gregorian Chant, arr. Lowell Mason (w. 1824), Descant by Pam Stephenson (w. 1993)

Descant © Copyright 1993 by Howard Publishing Co., Inc. All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.

END OF CROSS MEDLEY

HAMBURG

LM