

WONDROUS CROSS. L.M.D.

"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross. . ." -- Gal. 6:14.

E Minor Isaac Watts, 1707.

Paine Denson, 1932

1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

For
Were

For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,

2. 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.

For - bid it, Lord, that
Were the whole realm of

For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,

bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Save That in the death were a pres - ent far too small; of Christ, my God; All Love so the vain things that charm me most, di - vine,

I should boast na - ture mine, Save in the death of Christ, my God; That were a pres - ent far too small; All Love so the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood. Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Save That in the death of Christ, my too God; All Love so the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood. De - mands my soul, my life, my all.