Free Music resources from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for personal education purposes only

When I survey the wondrous Cross

When I survey the wondrous cross
where the young Prince of Glory died,
my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
save in the cross of Christ, my God:
all the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

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?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were an offering far too small;
love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748), 1707
Music: Rockingham (adapted by Edward Miller, 1735-1807)
Meter: LM

Free Music resources from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for personal education purposes only