

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

as found in the 1982 Hymnal #474

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Music: *Rockingham*, from *Second Supplement to Psalmody in Miniature*, ca. 1780

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.

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?