WHEN I SURVEY
THE WONDROUS CROSS

Words by Isaac Watts
Traditional American Folk Tune

3. 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

4. Were the whole realm
of nature mine,
That were a present
far too small
Love so amazing, so divine
Demands my soul,
my life, my all

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