

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross (VU 149)

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.

Forbid it Lord that I should boast save in the death 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 a present far too small:
love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all.

Beneath the Cross of Jesus (VU 135)

Beneath the cross of Jesus I fain would take my stand: the shadow of
a mighty rock within a weary land, a home within the wilderness, a rest upon the way,
from the burning of the noon-tide heat and the burden of the day.

Upon the cross of Jesus my eyes at times can see the very dying form of one
who suffered there for me; and from my smitten heart, with tears, two wonders I confess,
the wonder of his glorious love, and my unworthiness.

I take, O cross, your shadow for my a biding place; I ask no other sunshine than
the sunshine of his face, content to let the world go by, to know no gain nor loss,
my sinful self my only shame, my glory all, the cross.

What Wondrous Love Is This (VU 147)

What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul, what wondrous love is this, O my soul?
What wondrous love is this that caused the Lord of bliss to bear the dreadful curse for my
soul for my soul, to bear the dreadful curse for my soul.

What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul, what wondrous love is this, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this, that caused the Lord of life to lay aside his crown for my soul,
for my soul, to lay aside his crown for my soul.

To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will sing, to God and to the Lamb I will sing;
to God and to the Lamb, who is the great I Am, while millions join the theme I will sing,
I will sing; while millions join the theme I will sing.

And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on, and when from death I'm free, I'll sing on; and when
from death I'm free, I'll sing and joyful be, and through eternity I'll sing on,
I'll sing on, and through eternity I'll sing on.