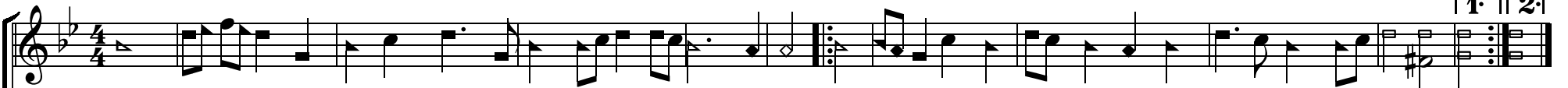
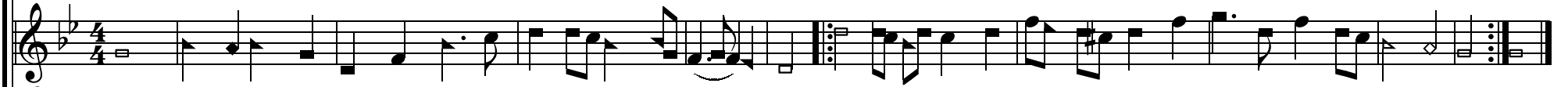


# Gardner. L.M.

1. 2.



1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the king of glo-ry died, My rich-est gain I count but loss and pour con-tempt on all my pride pride.



2. For 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 blood

3. See from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down, Did e'er such love and sor-row meet Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown? crown



4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine That were an off'ring far too small Loveso a-ma-zing, so div-ine De-mands my life, my soul, my all. all.