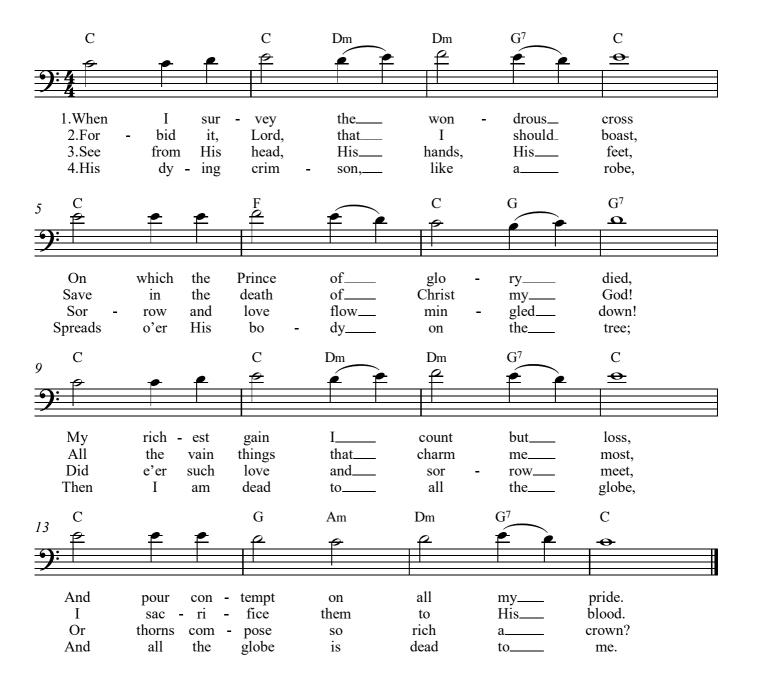
## When i survey the wondrous cross

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5. 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.

6.To Christ, Who won for sinners grace By bitter grief and anguish sore, Be praise from all the ransomed race Forever and forevermore.