

**When I Survey the Wondrous Cross** (239~)

**Vs 1** 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.

**Vs 2** 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.

**Vs 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?

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**I Am Thine, O Lord** (473~)

Vs 1 I am Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice,  
And it told Thy love to me.  
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,  
And be closer drawn to Thee.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,  
To the cross where Thou hast died.  
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,  
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

Vs 2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,  
By the power of grace divine.  
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,  
And my will be lost in Thine.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,  
To the cross where Thou hast died.  
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,  
To Thy precious, bleeding side.

Vs 3 O the pure delight of a single hour  
That before Thy throne I spend,  
When I kneel in prayer and with Thee, my God,  
I commune as friend with friend!

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,  
To the cross where Thou hast died.  
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,  
To Thy precious, bleeding side.