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When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

McCabe. L.M.
(Second Tune)

ISAAC WATTS, 1707

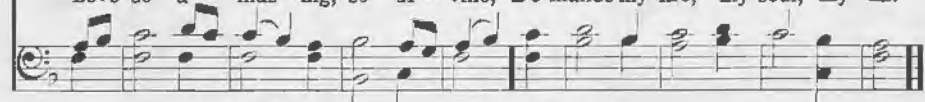
E. S. WIDDERMER



1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
 2. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow mingled down;
 3. Since I, who was un-done and lost, Have pardon through His name and word;
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a trib - ute far too small;



My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet? Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 For - bid it, then, that I should boast, Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord.
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De-mands my life, my soul, my all.



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'Tis Midnight; and on Olives' Brow

Olives' Brow. L.M.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN, 1822

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1853



1. 'Tis mid-night; and on Ol - ives' brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone;
 2. 'Tis mid-night; and from all re - moved, The Sav-iour wrestles lone with fears;
 3. 'Tis mid-night; and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of Sor-rows weeps in blood;
 4. 'Tis mid-night; and from eth - er plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;



'Tis mid-night; in the gar - den, now, The suf-fering Saviour prays a - lone.
 E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not His Mas-ter's grief and tears.
 Yet He who hath in an - guish knelt, Is not for-sak - en by His God.
 Un - heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweet-ly soothe the Sav-iour's woe.

