

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

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.

A MOST UNLIKELY KING

(Isaiah 53)

**A righteous branch from David's royal line
He came without a sound
A tender shoot, a holy root
Out of dry parched ground
No stately form or majesty for us to look upon
And so we hid our face from Him
And called Him not our own**

CHORUS:

**Who hath received our report
About the Son of God, Yeshua
He suffered willingly for us to live eternally
A servant of the house of Israel
And we will seek redemption, call on Him
Oh, call upon Him and believe
Oh believe our report**

**As a sheep to the slaughter led
He went without a sound
A silent sheep; He did not speak
But willingly was bound
A mystery He was to us; a most unlikely King
Royalty clothed in humility
Salvation for to bring**

