Rhen I Survey the Wondrous Eross.



- 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?
- 4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were an offering far too small; Love so amazing, so Divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

