

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.

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?

Faith Is the Victory!

Encamped along the hills of light, Ye Christian soldiers rise,
And press the battle ere the night Shall veil the glowing skies;
Against the foe in vales below Let all our strength be hurled;
Faith is the victory, we know, That overcomes the world.

Chorus:

Faith is the victory! Faith is the victory! O glorious victory, That overcomes the world.

To him that overcomes the foe, White raiment shall be giv'n;
Before the angels he shall know His name confessed in heav'n;
Then onward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love aflame,
We'll vanquish all the hosts of night, In Jesus' conqu'ring name.

Chorus:

Faith is the victory! Faith is the victory! O glorious victory, That overcomes the world.