

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

Verse 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.

Verse 2

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

Verse 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?

Verse 4

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.