

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 God
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