

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross on which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the cross of Christ my God:
3. See from His head, His hands, His feet, sor-row and love flow min-gled down:
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were an of-fering far too small;



My rich-est gain I count but loss, and pour con-tempt on all my pride.  
All the vain things that charm me most, I sa - cri-fice them to His blood.  
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?  
Love so a - ma- zing, so di - vine, de-mands my soul, my life, my all!

