

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDEROUS CROSS

**When I sur-vey the won-drous cross
On which the Prince of Glo-ry died
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour con-tempt on all my pride**

**For-bid it Lord, th-at I sho-uld boast
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things th-at charm me most
I sac-ri-fice them to His blood**

**See, from His head . . . His ha-nds . . . His feet
Sor-row and love flow min-gled down
Did, e'er such love a n d sor-row meet
Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?**

**We-re the whole realm of na-ture mine
That were a pres - ent far too small
Love so a-ma - zing, so di-vine
De-mands my soul, my life, my all**