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.
- 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.
- 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?
- 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.