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.

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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.

