

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
 2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a

Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
 death of Christ, my God: All the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and
 pres - ent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing,

count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 sor - row meet? Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.