

GHS 82 – When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

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.

2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God:
And 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 met,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.