

## 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;  
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. His dying crimson like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the Tree;  
Then am I dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.
5. 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.

