

The Wonderful Cross

Verse 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

Verse 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

Verse 3

See from His head His hands His feet
Sorrow and love flow mingled down
Did ever such love and sorrow meet
Or thorns compose so rich a crown

Verse 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