# When I Survey the Wonderous Cross 350

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. Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
   that were an off'ring far too small;  
   love so amazing, so divine  
   demands my soul, my life, my all.

TEXT: Isaac Watts (1707)

TUNE: Lowell Mason (1824)

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