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 through 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 a
  present 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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