When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

1 When I survey the wondrous cross on which the
Prince of glory died, my richest gain I

2 For I bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the
death of Christ, my God; all the vain things that

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sorrow and
love flowed mingle down. Did e'er such love and

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were an
count but loss, and pour contempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.
sorrow meet, or thorns compose so rich a crown?
so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all.

Text: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)
Tune: Lowell Mason (1792-1872)

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