

When I Survey (The Wondrous Cross)

**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**

**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**

**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**

**Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a off'ring far too small
Love so amazing, so divine
Demands my soul, demands my soul
Love demands my soul my life my all**