

# When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Public Domain. Words: Isaac Watts. Music: American folk tune.

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## 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 a present far too small:  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.