When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world. Gal. 6:14

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.
   All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood.
   Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
   Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God!
   And pour contempt on all my pride.
   I sacrifice them to His blood.
   Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
   Demands my soul, my life, my all.

3. See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrows and love flow mingled down!
   And pour contempt on all my pride.
   I sacrifice them to His blood.
   Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
   Demands my soul, my life, my all.

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small;
   And pour contempt on all my pride.
   I sacrifice them to His blood.
   Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
   Demands my soul, my life, my all.