



When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Isaac Watts & Lowell Mason

Verse 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.

Verse 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.

Verse 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?

Verse 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.