

# *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 present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all.