

# When I survey the wondrous cross

**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 through 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.

**Text:** Isaac Watts (1707)

**Melodie:** Robert Edward Miller (1790)

**Bibelstelle:** Galater 6,14