

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
 2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor - row and

Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
 death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and

count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
 sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown? A-men.

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demand's my soul, my life, my all.