When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

1 When I survey the wondrous cross on which the
prince of glory died,

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast save in the
death of Christ, my God; all the vain things that

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sorrow and
love flow mingled down. Did e’er such love and

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were a
present far too small; love so amazing,

count but loss and pour contempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.
sorrow meet, or thorns compose so rich a crown?
so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1674–1748
Music: HAMBURG, Lowell Mason, 1792–1872