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; I sacrifice them to his blood.
   all the vain things that charm me most, I or thorns compose so rich a crown?

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sorrow and love flow mingled down. Did e'er such love and so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all.
   my God; Did e'er such love and so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all.

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were a present far too small; love so amazing,
   on which the prince of glory died, my richest gain I count but loss and pour contempt on all my pride.

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