

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross where the young  
 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  
 cross of 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?

4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were an

of - - fering far too small; love so a - maz - ing,

so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.