

# When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Watts

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;  
the vain delights that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
3. See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
what grief and love flow mingling down;  
when did such love and sorrow meet,  
or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
that were an off'ring far too small;  
love so amazing, so divine,  
demands my soul, my life, my all.

Lyrics: 88.88; Isaac Watts, 1674-1748, in "Hymns and Spiritual Songs", 1707.