When I Survey The Wondrous Cross (Isaac Watts 1674-1748)

Verse 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.

Verse 2

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,

Save in the cross of Christ, my God;

All the vain things that charm me most,

I sacrifice them to His blood.

Verse 3

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,

Sorrow and love flow mingled down.

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,

Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Verse 4

Were the whole realm of nature mine,

That were an offering far too small;

Love so amazing, so divine,

Demands my soul, my life, my all.