



1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
 3. See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and
 4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a



Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
 death of Christ my God! All the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and
 pre - sent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing,



count but loss, And pour contempt 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?
 so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.