

The wonderful cross

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
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?

Chorus:

Oh, the wonderful cross, oh, the wonderful cross
bids me come and die and find that I may truly live
Oh, the wonderful cross, oh, the wonderful cross
All who gather here by grace draw near and bless
Your name

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!
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