

The Wondrous 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.
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God,
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.
O the wondrous cross, O the wondrous cross,
Bids me come and die and find that I may truly live,
O the wondrous cross, O the wondrous cross,
All who gather here by grace draw near and bless Your name.