

# PEOPLE WHO SING TOGETHER

## WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDEROUS CROSS

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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.

See from His head, His hand, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down,  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small,  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demand my soul, my life, my all.

