

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.

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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?

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

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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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Bless Your name.

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