When I survey the wondrous Cross AMNS 67 Melody: Rockingham L.M.



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 Cross of Christ my God;

all the vain things that charm me most,

I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,

sorrow and love flow mingling 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 an offering far too small;

love so amazing, so divine,

demands my soul, my life, my all.

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

Music: Adapted by Edward Miller (1735-1807)