

# When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

Cliff Richard

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 sacrificed them to His blood

See from His head His hands His feet  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down  
Did ere 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  
Demands my soul my life my all