

# The Wonderful Cross

Matthew West

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.

Oh the wonderful cross!  
Oh the wonderful cross!  
Bids me come and die and find,  
that I may truly live.

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?

Oh the wonderful cross  
Oh the wonderful cross  
All who gather here  
By grace draw near  
And bless your name  
Bless Your Name  
Bless Your Name

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

Oh the wonderful cross!  
Oh the wonderful cross!  
Bids me come and die and find,  
that I may truly live.  
Oh the wonderful cross!  
Oh the wonderful cross!  
All who gather here  
By grace draw near  
And bless your name  
Bless Your Name  
Bless Your Name