

# The Wonderful Cross

Michael W. Smith

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

See from His head, His hands, His feet  
Sorrow and love mingled down  
Did ever such love and sorrow meet  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown

Oh the wonderful cross  
Oh the wonderful cross  
Bides 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 here and bless Your name

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

Oh the wonderful cross  
Oh the wonderful cross  
Bides 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 here and bless Your name

Life so amazing, so divine  
Demands my soul. My life, my all  
And the beauty and the shame  
In the glory of his name  
Oh the wonderful cross

Oh the wonderful cross  
Oh the wonderful cross  
Bides 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 here and bless Your name