

**HYMN 392**

**When I survey the wondrous cross**

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.

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?

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.