

47. (A. & M. 108.)

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 ?

Where 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 !

To CHRIST, Who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
For ever and for evermore. Amen.