

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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?
- 4 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.

- 1 There is life for a look at the Crucified One,  
There is life at this moment for thee;  
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,  
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

## REFRAIN.

Look! look! Look and live!  
There is life for a look at the Crucified One,  
There is life at this moment for thee.

- 2 Oh! why was He there as the Bearer of Sin,  
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?  
Oh! why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,  
If His dying thy debt has not paid?
- 3 It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,  
But the *Blood* that atones for the soul;  
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once  
Thy weight of iniquities roll.