When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

I. 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.

II. 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.

III. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sorrow and love flow
far too small; love so amazing so divine
meet, or thorns compose so rich a crown?

IV. Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were a present
were a present
mine, that were a present

Isaac Watts
Gregorian chant Arr. Lowell Mason

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