When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

“IT read: Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.” (John 19:19)

ISAAC WATTS

1. When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a

PRINCE of glory died, My richest gain I
Death of Christ my God; All the vain things that
Love flowed mingled down; Did ever such love and
Present far too small; Love so amazing,

COUNT but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride,
Charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood,
Sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown.
So divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

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Pr. Marcelo Augusto de Carvalho