**When I Survey the Wondrous Cross**

By Isaac Watts

Glad: The A Cappella Project II

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’re such love and sorrow meet

Or thorns compose so rich a crown.

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.

Amen.

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Of this anthem.