

Words: Isaac Watts (1674-1748) Music: Rockingham, from Second Supplement to Psalmody in Miniature, ca. 1780; harm. Edward Miller (1731-1807)

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross where the young 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 cross 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 an offering far too small; love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all.

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