

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  
my God;

**He Is Risen!** of Christ  
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'er 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.