1. 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.
2. 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.
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?  
     
   Oh, how you love us  
   Jesus, you died for us  
   Jesus, forgiving us  
   On the cross, your pain  
   Love in our brokenness   
   Love in our hopelessness  
   Love in pure awesomeness  
   That we’d know life again
4. 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.