

## When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

Gaither Vocal Band

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

See from His head, His hands, His feet  
So much sorrow and love flow mingled down  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet  
Or thorns compose so rich, so rich a crown

Were this whole realm of nature mine  
That were a present far too small  
Love so amazing, so divine  
Demands my soul, my life, my all  
My life, my soul, my all