

When I Survey

Tim Hughes

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
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 an offering far too small
Love so amazing, so divine
Demands my soul, my life, my all, hey

Singing, thank You for the cross
I thank You for the cross
I thank You for the cross, my Lord

I love You for the cross
I love You for the cross
I love You for the cross, my Lord

Thank You for the cross
I thank You for the cross
I thank You for the cross, my Lord

I love You for the cross
I love You for the cross
I love You for the cross, my Lord, yeah, oh, whoa

Thank You for the cross, oh, yeah, oh, yeah