

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

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