

Matt Pryor

"The Wonderful Cross"

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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 ever such love and sorrow meet
Or thorns compose so rich a crown

Oh the wonderful cross, Oh the wonderful cross
Bids me come and die and find that I may truly live
Oh the wonderful cross, Oh the wonderful cross
All who gather here by grace draw near and bless Your
name

Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were and offering far too small
Love so amazing, so divine
Demands my soul, my life, my all

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