

Matthew Sweet

"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

Forbid it Lord that I should boast
Safe in the death of Christ my guide
All living things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to his blood

O the wonderful cross, O the wonderful cross
Bids me come and die and find that I may truly live

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

O the wonderful cross, O the wonderful cross
All who gather here by grace draw near and bless
Your name

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

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

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