

Michael W. Smith

"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 mingled down
Did ever such love and sorrow meet
Or thorns compose so rich a crown

Oh the wonderful cross
Oh the wonderful cross
Bides 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 here and bless Your name

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

Oh the wonderful cross
Oh the wonderful cross
Bides 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 here and bless Your name

Life so amazing, so divine
Demands my soul. my life, my all
And the beauty and the shame
In the glory of his name
Oh the wonderful cross

Oh the wonderful cross

Oh the wonderful cross
Bides 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 here and bless Your name

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