

Overcast

"Thorns Compose"

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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 poor contempt on all my pride
Forbid it Lord
That i should coast
Save in the death of Christ
My God
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them
To his blood
See from his head
His hands
His feet
Sorrow and love flow mingled down
Did e're such love and sorrow meet
Or thorns compose to rich a crown?
Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small
Love so amazing
So divine
Demands my life
My soul
My all
When I survey
The wondrous cross on which my savior died for me
When i survey I'm willing to give up my life for thee

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