When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

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, 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'er such love and sorrow meet, or thorns compose so rich a crown.

Were the whole realm of nature mine, that were an offering far too small; love so amazing, so divine, demands my soul, my life, my all.



384 Love Divine, All Loves Excelling



Lord, I Want to Be a Christian

Lord, I want to be a Christian in my heart, in my heart,

Lord, I want to be a Christian in my heart.

In my heart, in my heart,

Lord, I want to be a Christian in my heart.

Lord, I want to be more loving in my heart, in my heart;

Lord, I want to be more loving in my heart.

In my heart, in my heart,

Lord, I want to be more loving in my heart.

Lord, I want to be more holy in my heart, in my heart;

Lord, I want to be more holy in my heart.

In my heart, in my heart,

Lord, I want to be more holy in my heart.

Lord, I want to be like Jesus in my heart, in my heart;

Lord, I want to be like Jesus in my heart.

In my heart, in my heart,

Lord, I want to be like Jesus in my heart.