

# Overcome, Thorns Compose

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