

When I survey the Wondrous Cross
#742 PFTL

1
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.

2
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.

3
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?

4
His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5
Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were a present far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.

La cruz excelsa al contemplar

1
Al contemplar la_excelsa cruz
En que murió de gloria_el Rey,
Ganancias quedan sin valor,
Y_arrojo_al polvo mi_altivez.

2
Toda jactancia_arranca,_O Dios,
Salvo_en la muerte de Jesús;
Las cosas que me_encantan más
Las sacrifico a Su cruz.

3
Pena confluye con amor
De Su cabeza, manos, pies;
Nunca_habrá otra_unión así,
Ni_espinas que_honren más a_un Rey.

4
Cual manto,_envuelve, en la cruz,
Su cuerpo sangre carmesí;
Y_entonces muerto_al mundo_estoy,
Y_el mundo muerto_está a mí.

5
La tierra_entera no será
Dádiva digna de_ofrecer;
Tal máximo, divino_amor
Exige mi_alma, vida_y ser.