

MIRABILEM videns crucem,  
 Qua Rex pependit gloriae,  
 Lucrum meum damnum puto,  
 Superbiam temnens meam.

Ut glorier, absit, Deus!  
 Si non de morte Domini;  
 Deliciarum omnium  
 Jactura fiat pro cruce.

Amor dolorque defluunt,  
 (Amans dolor, dolens amor),  
 Ex artubus pallentibus,  
 Spinis caput cingentibus.

Si totus orbis sit meus,  
 Donum foret hoc parvulum;  
 Meipso, vitâ, mente, vi,  
 Tantus amor dignissimus.

WATTS, 1709.

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 a present far too small;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all!

WATTS, 1709.