

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.

*Singing wonder wonder wonder
while I wander wander wander
Oh wonder wonder wonder
You're wonderful.*

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.

*Wonder wonder wonder
while I wander wander wander
Oh wonder wonder wonder
You're wonderful.*

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul,
Demands my soul,
my life, my all.