

RETIREMENT L.M.

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ my God; All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.

3. See from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor - row and love flow mingled down! Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thornscompose so rich a crown!

4. His dy-ing crimson like a robe, Spreads o'er his bo - dy 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 na - ture mine, That were a pre-sent far too small; Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.