

When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

Isaac Watts & Lowell Mason

C F C
When I survey the wondrous cross

G7
On which the Prince of glory died,

C F C
My richest gain I count but loss,

G7 C G7 C
And pour contempt on all my pride.

C F C
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,

G7
Save in the death of Christ my God!

C F C
All the vain things that charm me most,

G7 C G7 C
I sacrifice them to His blood.

C F C
See from His head, His hands, His feet,
G7

Sorrow and love flow mingled down!

C F C
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,

G7 C G7 C
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

C F C
His dying crimson, like a robe,

G7
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;

C F C
Then I am dead to all the globe,

G7 C G7 C
And all the globe is dead to me.

C F C
Were the whole realm of nature mine,
G7

That were a present far too small;

C F C
Love so amazing, so divine,

G7 C G7 C
Demands my soul, my life, my all.