

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

D
Verse

When I sur - vey the won - drous cross
 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,

5

on which the Prince of glo - ry died,
 save in the death of Christ, my God!
 sor - row and love flow min - gled down,
 that were a pres - ent far too small.

9

my rich - est gain I count but loss,
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet,
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine,

13

A7 Bm G6 A7 D

and pour con - tempt on all my pride.
I sac - ri - fice them through his blood.
or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
de - mands my soul, my life, my all.