When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

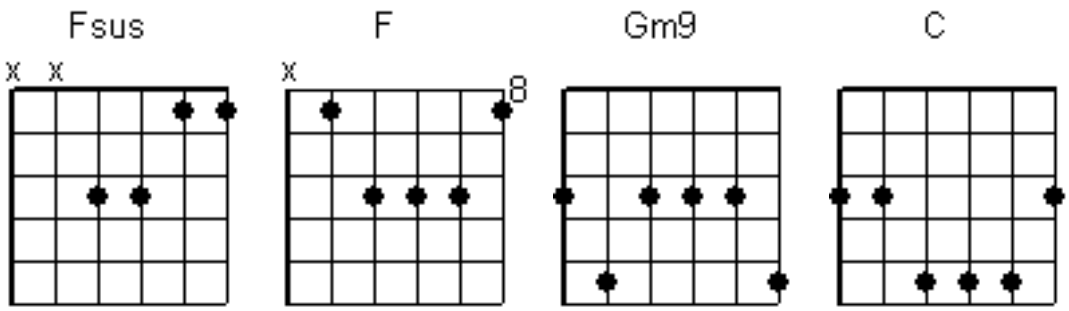
Fsus F Gm9 F/A
When I survey the wondrous cross,
Fsus/Bb F/A Fsus/BbC
On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
Fsus F Gm9 F/A
My richest gain I count but loss,
Fsus/Bb C Fsus
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbit 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 comprise 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.

Lyrics: Isaac Watts, 1707
Tune: Based on plainsong melody; Lowell Mason, 1824



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