

## When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

139. Public Domain. Words: Isaac Watts. Music: American folk tune.

E                    A E            Esus E    B/D#

1. When I survey the wondrous cross

C#m                F#m B            B/A

On which the Prince of glory died,

G#m            A G#m            A

My richest gain I count but loss,

E                    B E            Esus

And pour contempt on all my pride.

2. 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.

3. See from His head, His hands, His feet,

Sorrow and love flow mingled down;

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,

Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4. 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.