

# When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

*He Himself bore our sins in His body on the cross... for by His wounds you were healed. 1 Peter 2:24*

*F* *B $\flat$ /F* *F*

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross on which the  
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the  
 3. See from His head, His hands, His feet, sor - row and  
 4. His dy - ing crim - son, like a robe, spreads o'er His  
 5. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were a

*B $\flat$ /F* *F* *C* *F* *B $\flat$ /F*

Prince of Glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I count but  
 death of Christ, my God! All the vain things that charm me  
 love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and sor - row  
 bod - y on the tree; then I am dead to all the  
 pre - sent far too small; love so a - maz - ing, so di -

*F* *C* *Dm* *Csus* *F*

loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
 most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.  
 meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
 world, and all the world is dead to me.  
 vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.

TEXT: Isaac Watts, 1709

MUSIC: Lowell Mason, 1824

HAMBURG

LM