

# When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

Isaac Watts

Lowell Mason

Choir

When I sur - very 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,

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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;

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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,

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And pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.  
Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
De - mands my soul, my life, my all.