


When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

Isaac Watts


Lowell Mason

B \flat F B \flat Cm/E \flat B \circ /D Cm B \flat /F F B \flat




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,

5 B \flat E \flat /B \flat B \flat F/E \flat B \flat /D F 7 /C B \flat F




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 B \flat F B \flat Cm/E \flat B \circ /D Cm B \flat /F F B \flat



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 F F 7 Gm Gm/F E \flat^6 Dm/F F 7 B \flat



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.