


# When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

Isaac Watts


Lowell Mason

C G C Dm/F C#°/E Dm C/G G C




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 C F/C C G/F C/E G<sup>7</sup>/D C G



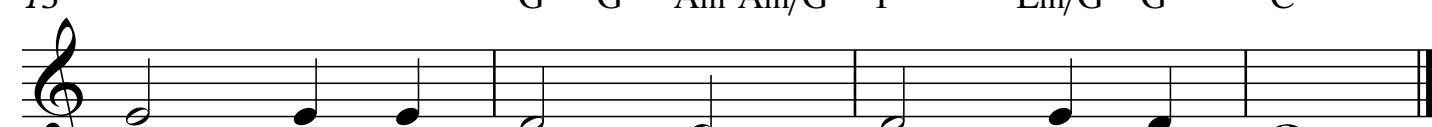
On which the Prince of glo - ry died,  
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
 Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;  
 That were a pres - ent far too small;

9 C G C Dm/F C#°/E Dm C/G G C



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 G G<sup>7</sup> Am Am/G F<sup>6</sup> Em/G G<sup>7</sup> C



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.