



When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

Isaac Watts

Lowell Mason

A E A Bm/D A#°/C# Bm A/E E A

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 A D/A A E/D A/C# E7/B A E

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 A E A Bm/D A#°/C# Bm A/E E A

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 E E7 F#m F#m/E D6 C#m/E E7 A

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.