

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Words by Isaac Watts and Music by Lowell Mason

D G A D
When I survey the wondrous cross,

 G D A
On which the Prince of glory died

D G A D
My richest gain I count but loss,
Bm Bm/F# G A D
And pour contempt on all my pride

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.