When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Words by Isaac Watts and Music by Lowell Mason

D G Α D When I survey the wondrous cross, G D Α On which the Prince of glory died A D D G 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.