

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Capo 3: F(D) C(A) F(D) Gm(Em) D(B) Gm(Em) F(D) C(A) F(D)

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross on which the
 2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast save in the
 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sor - row and
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were a

B^b(G) F(D) C⁷(A⁷) F(D) C⁷(A⁷) F(D) C(A) F(D) C(A) F(D) Gm(Em) D(B)

Prince of glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I
 death of Christ, my God! All the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down. Did e'er such love and
 pres - ent far too small. Love so a - maz - ing,

Gm(Em) F(D) C(A) F(D) C⁷(A⁷) Dm(Bm) Gm⁷(Em⁷) C⁷(A⁷) F(D)

count but loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them through his blood.
 sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1707
 Tune: Lowell Mason, 1824



LM
 HAMBURG
www.hymnary.org/text/when_i_survey_the_wondrous_cross