

HYMN

When I survey the wondrous cross

D G A⁷ D (Bm) D G D A Bm F^{#m}

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

G D A⁷ D A E A A⁷

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

D (Bm) E⁷ A D Em D A⁷ Bm G D A⁷ 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?

- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were a present far too small.
Love so amazing, so divine,
demands my soul, my life, my all.