

HYMN

# # When I survey the wondrous cross

D (G) A<sup>7</sup> 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 A (A<sup>7</sup>) D A E A (A<sup>7</sup>)

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) E<sup>7</sup> A D Em D A<sup>7</sup> Bm G D A<sup>7</sup> 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.

Text: Isaac Watts, 1707  
 Tune: Arr. Edward Miller, 1790

LM  
 ROCKINGHAM  
 Alternative tune: O WALY WALY, 119:161