

HYMN

When I survey the wondrous cross

D G A⁷ D G D (E^m 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
 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
 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

LM

Tune: *Second Supplement to Psamody in Miniature*, 1780; adapt. Edward Miller, 1790 ROCKINGHAM