

## When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

Hymn by Isaac Watts, 1707

HAMBURG: Lowell Mason, 1824

**D A D A D G D A D**

When I survey the wondrous cross

**D G D A D A**

On which the Prince of glory died

**D A D A D G D A D**

My richest gain I count but loss

**D Em D Em 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?

His dying crimson, like a robe,

Spreads o'er his body on the tree;

Then am I dead to all the globe,

And all the globe is dead to me.

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