

# 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<sup>b</sup>(G) F(D) C<sup>7</sup>(A<sup>7</sup>) F(D) C<sup>7</sup>(A<sup>7</sup>) 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) C<sup>7</sup>(A<sup>7</sup>) Dm(Bm) Gm<sup>7</sup>(Em<sup>7</sup>) C<sup>7</sup>(A<sup>7</sup>) 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



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 HAMBURG  
<http://www.hymnary.org/hymn/PsH/384>