

Hymn - When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

(Chris Rice (2019))

{ lyrics: Isaac Watts (1707) }

F C F Gm D7 Gm F C F
When I sur- vey the won- drous cross,
Forbid it Lord, that I should boast,
See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Were the whole realm of na- ture mine,

Bb F C7 F C7 F C
On which the Prince of glo- ry died,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
Sorrow and love flow min- gled down;
That were a pres- ent far too small:

F C F Gm D7 Gm F C F
My rich- est gain I count but loss,
All the vain things that charm me most,
Did e'er such love and sor- row meet,
Love so a- maz- ing, so di- vine,

C7 Dm Bb C7 F
and pour contempt on all my pride.
I sac- ri- fice them to His blood.
or thorns compose so rich a crown?
de- mands my soul, my life, my all.