

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

Trinity Hymnbook, Page 252; Hymn Fake Book, Page 472, same key (F)

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 C7 Dm Bb C7 F
My rich-est gain I count but loss, and pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, de-mands my soul, my life, my all.