

# When i survey the wondrous cross

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G G Am Am D7 G

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

5 G C G D D7

On which the Prince of glo - ry died,  
Save in the death of Christ my God!  
Sor - row and love flow min - gled down!  
That were a pre - sent far too small;

9 G G Am Am D7 G

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 - ma - zing, so di - vine,

13 G D Em Am D7 G

And pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.  
Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
De - mands my soul, my life, my all.