

When i survey the wondrous cross

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Ab Ab Bbm Bbm Eb7 Ab

1. When I sur - vey the___ won - drous_ cross
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that___ I should boast,
 3. See from His head, His___ hands, His___ feet,
 4. His dy - ing crim - son,___ like a___ robe,

5 Ab Db Ab Eb Eb7

On which the Prince of___ glo - ry___ died,
 Save in the death of___ Christ my___ God!
 Sor - row and love flow___ min - gled___ down!
 Spreads o'er His bo - dy___ on the___ tree;

9 Ab Ab Bbm Bbm Eb7 Ab

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,
 Then I am dead to___ all the___ globe,

13 Ab Eb Fm Bbm Eb7 Ab

And pour con - tempt on all my___ pride.
 I sac - ri - fice them to His___ blood.
 Or thorns com - pose so rich a___ crown?
 And all the globe is dead to___ me.

5. 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.

6. To Christ, Who won for sinners grace
 By bitter grief and anguish sore,
 Be praise from all the ransomed race
 Forever and forevermore.