

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Verse

When I sur - vey the won - drous cross on which the
 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the
 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sor - row and
 Were the whole realm of nat - ure mine, that were a

Prince of glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I count but
 death of Christ, my God! All the vain things that charm me
 love flow min - gled down. Did e'er such love and sor - row
 pre - sent far too small. Love so a - maz - ing, so di -

loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 most, I sac - ri - fice them through his blood.
 meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.

For - bid it,
 See, from his
 Were the whole