

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Words: Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

Music: Isaac B. Woodbury, 1819-1858

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Verse 1: When I survey the wondrous cross

A D E A

On which the Prince of glo-ry died,

D G D

My rich-est gain I count but loss,

G D A D

And pour con-tempt on all my pride.

Verse 2: Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

Verse 3: See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Verse 4: 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.