

When I survey the wondrous cross

Isaac Watts

Brian Millar Jan. 2014

$\text{♩} = 60$

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 na - ture mine, That were a

Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est
death of Christ my God! All the vain
love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such
pre - sent far too small; Love so a -

gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
things that charm me most, I sa - cri - fice them to His blood.
love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
ma - zing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.