

When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

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♩ = 110

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WITH A FOLKY LILT

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should
3. See from His head, His hands, His
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture

cross on which the Prince of glo-ry died, my rich-est
boast save in the death of Christ - my All the vain
feet, sor-row and love flow ming- led down. Did e- ver such
mine, that were a 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 sac - ri- fice them to His blood.
love and sor- row di- vine or thorns - com- pose so rich a crown.
maz- ing, so di- vine de- mands - my soul, my life, my all.

1.2.3. 4. Em Em Bm

all. De- mands - my soul, my life, my

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Em

Em

all.

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