

# When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

Words & Music by Isaac Watts



When I sur - vey the won - drous cross  
 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 See from His head, His hands, His feet;  
 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,



on which the Prince of Glo - ry died,  
 save in the death of Christ, my God.  
 sor - row and love flow - ming - led down,  
 that were an off - 'ring far too small.



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,  
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine,



And pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
 I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.  
 or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
 de - mands my soul, my life, my all.