

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS

Isaac Watts, 1707

Time Signature: 4/4

Presentation V1 V2 V3 V4 V4B

Verse 1

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Verse 2

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord;
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.

Verse 4b

Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

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