

# When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Isaac Watts

Lowell Mason

1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross  
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 3. See from His head, His hands, His feet,  
 4. 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 min - gled down;  
 That were a pres - ent 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?  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all. A - men.