When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

Isaac Watts

Appalachian folk melody

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?
De – mands my soul, my life, my all.