

# 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 contempt 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.