When I Survey (Words: Isaac Watts / Music: traditional)

Intro: Bb C Dm Bb Bb When I survey the wondrous cross 1. C Dm Bb C On which the Prince of Glory died, Bb Dm My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. F Bb 2. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Dm Bb Save in the death of Christ my God! Bb C Dm All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood. F Bb F See from his head, his hands, his feet, 3. C Dm Bb Sorrow and love flow mingled down! F Bb C Dm Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Bb F Or thorns compose so rich a crown? F Bb Were the whole realm of nature mine, 4. Dm Bb C That were an off ring far too small; F Bb Love so amazing, so divine, F F Bb

Demands my soul, my life, my all.