

When I Survey

WORDS BY ISAAC WATTS

IRISH MELODY

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

