

When I survey the wondrous Cross

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Isaac Watts

Edward Miller

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
 3. See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and
 4. His dy - ing crim - son, like a robe, Spreads o'er His
 5. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a

Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
 death of Christ my God! All the vain things that
 love flow min - gled down! Did e'er such love and
 bod - y on the tree; Then I am dead to
 pre - sent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing,

count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - cri - fice them to His blood.
 sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 all the globe, And all the globe is dead to me.
 so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.