

# When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

CHRIST, THE REDEEMER:  
CRUCIFIXION & DEATH

They shall look on Him whom they pierced. John 19:37

F C F

When I sur - vey the won - drous cross  
For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Were the whole realm of na - ture mine,

F G m B<sup>b</sup> C

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:

F D m G m A

My rich - est gain I count but loss,  
All the vail things that charm me most -  
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet,  
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine,

B<sup>b</sup>Maj F/A G m D m G m C7 F

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.

TEXT: Isaac Watts  
MUSIC: Gregorian chant; arr. by Sergey Khashchuk

HAMBURG  
Когда я поднимаю взор