

"When I Survey" Round

Isaac Watts, lyrics. Ralph Merrifield, music

(♩ = 104) D Em D A D Em D A

When I sur - ve y the won - drous cross on which the Prince of Glo - ry

D Em D A D Em D A

died, my rich - est gain I count but loss, and pour con - tempt on all my

D Em D A D Em D A

pride. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the death of Christ, my

D Em D A D Em D A

God. All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His

D Em D A D Em D A D

blood. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, sor - row and love flow min - gled down. Did

Em D A D Em D A D

e'er such love and sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?' Were

Em D A D Em D A D

the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were a pres - ent far too small. Love

Em D A D Em D A D

so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.