

The Wonderful Cross

Chris Tomlin; The Wonderful Cross

D

When I survey the wondrous cross

D

On which the prince of glory died,

D

My richest gain I count but loss,

D

And pour contempt on all my pride.

See from his head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down.
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown.

D G D/F#

O the wonderful cross,

G D/F#

O the wonderful cross

G

Bids me come and die

D/F# A

and find that I may truly live.

G D/F#

O the wonderful cross,

G D/F#

O the wonderful cross

G

All who gather here

D/F# A

By grace draw near and bless your name.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far to small.
Love so amazing so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.