

When I Survey

Tim Hughes; When I Survey

C(G) F(C) C(G)

When I survey the wondrous cross

Am(Em) F(C) G(D)

On which the Prince of glory died,

C/E(G/B) F(C) Am(Em) F(C)

My richest gain I count but loss,

C(G) F(C) G/B(D/F#) C(G)

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?

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

C(G)

Thank You for the cross

F(C)

I thank You for the cross

C/E(G/B) F(C)

I thank You for the cross my Lord x2

C(G)

I love You for the cross

F(C)

I love You for the cross

C/E(G/B)

F(C)

I love You for the cross my Lord x2