THE WONDROUS CROSS

D A G A
When I survey the wondrous cross
D A G A
On which the Prince of glory died
D A G A
My richest gain I count but loss
D A G D
And pour contempt on all my pride

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

Were the whole realm of nature mine

D
A
G
A
That were an offering far too small

D
A
C
A
Love so amazing, so divine

D
A
G
D
Demands my soul, my life, my all