

THE WONDERFUL CROSS

Verse.1: ^D When I survey the wondrous cross,
on which the Prince of glory ^A died,
^D my richest gain I count but loss,
and pour contempt on ^A all my ^D pride.

Verse.2: ^D See from His head, his hands his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled ^A down.
^D Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich ^A a ^D crown.

Chorus: Oh the ^G wonderful ^D cross, oh the ^G wonderful ^D cross,
bids me ^G come and ^D die and ^G find that ^D I ^A may truly ^A live.
Oh the ^G wonderful ^D cross, oh the ^G wonderful ^D cross,
all who ^G gather ^D here by ^G grace ^D come in ^A confess ^A your ^D name.

Verse.3: ^D Were the whole realm of nature mine,
that were an offering far too ^A small.
^D *love so amazing,* *so divine,*
demands my soul, my ^A life, my ^D all.

Chorus:

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