WHEN I SURVEY

(CELTIC VERSION)

V1	When I survey the wondrous cross
	On which the Prince of Glory died
	My richest gain I count but loss
	And pour contempt on all my pride
V2	Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast C/E Dm Bb Csus C
	Save in the death of Christ, my God
	All the vain things that charm me most
	I sacrifice them to His blood.
V3	See, from His head, his hands, His feet C/E Dm Bb Csus C
	Sorrow and love flow mingled down
	C/Bb F/A Bb Dm Bb Did e'er such love and sorrow meet
	F/C Csus F Bb/F F Am7 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
V4	Were the whole realm of nature mine
	That were a pre sent far too small
	D/C G/B C Em C Love so amazing, so divine (repeat 3 times)
	G/D Dsus G C/G Domands my soul my life my all
	Demands my soul, my life, my all.