## 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
	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  A/C# Bm G Asus A
	Sorrow and love flow mingled down
	A/G D/F# G Bm G  Did e'er such love and sorrow meet
	D/A Asus D G/D D F#m7 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
	•
V4	Were the whole realm of nature mine  B/D# C#m A Bsus B
	That were a pre sent far too small  B/A E/G# A C#m A
	Love so amazing, so divine (repeat 3 times)
	E/B Bsus E A/E  Demands my soul, my life, my all.
	Domailao iny doar, iny ino, iny am