The Wonderful Cross

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


       G         D              G         D
Oh the wonderful Cross, oh the wonderful Cross
        G                 D               A
Bids me come and die and find that I may truly live

       G         D              G         D
Oh the wonderful Cross, oh the wonderful Cross
        G              D
All who gather here by grace draw near
    A
And bless Your name
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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!