235 - When I Survey the Wondrous Cross (O WALY WALY) Key: F major Meter: 4/4 APPALACHIAN FO

ISAAC WATTS

APPALACHIAN FOLK MELODY arr. Bruce Greer

INTRO	Dm7	C	Dm	Gm7	7 (4)	F	Csu	s	Gm	C7sus	F		
VERSE 1	C When	B ♭	C sur-	F vey			B ♭ 6	e wond	rous	F2			
	F On which the			Dm Prince				Gm7 of glory			C7sus died,		
	C7 My richest			Am7 gain				C Gm I count but			F2 loss,		
	Dm7	C And	Dm pour con	Gm7 n- tempt	(4)	F	Csus on	Gm all	C7s	us F pride	9.		
TURN- AROUND	Dm7	c	Dm	∣ Gm7	' (4)	F	Csu	S	Gm	C7sus	F		
VERSE 2	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.												
VERSE 3	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?												
VERSE 4	That were Love so ar	a *pres nazing my sou	ealm of nate sent far too s , so divine, al, my life, n ffering	small;									

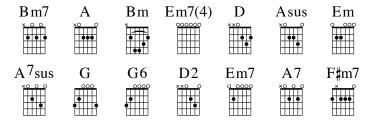
235 - When I Survey the Wondrous Cross (O WALY WALY) Original Rey: F major APPALACHIAN FO

ISAAC WATTS

Capo 3: D major Meter: 4/4

APPALACHIAN FOLK MELODY arr. Bruce Greer

INTRO	Bm7	A	Bm	Em7(4)	D	Asus	Em	A7sus D	
VERSE 1	A Whe	G n I	A sur-	D I vey		G6 the wor	ıdrous	D2 cross,	
	On which the A7 My richest			Bm Bm7 Prince F#m7 D gain		Em7 of glor	A7sus died, D2 loss,		
						A G I count			
	Bm7	A And	Bm pour con-	Em7(4) - tempt	D	Asus En	n A7 my	sus D pride.	
TURN- AROUND	Bm7	A	Bm	Em7(4)	D	Asus	Em	A7sus D	
VERSE 2	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.								
VERSE 3	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?								
VERSE 4	That were Love so ar	a *pres nazing, my sou	l, my life, my	nall;					



235 - When I Survey the Wondrous Cross (O WALY WALY) APPALACHIAN FO

ISAAC WATTS

APPALACHIAN FOLK MELODY arr. Bruce Greer

Meter: 4/4

INTRO	1 1		I				
VERSE 1	When I st	ır-	l vey	I	the wond	rous	l cross,
	On which the		Prince	l	of glory		died,
	My richest	l gain	I	I count bu	t	l loss,	
	And po	ur con	- tempt	I	on all	my	pride.
TURN- AROUND	1 1		1				
VERSE 2	Forbid it, Lord, that I Save in the death of C All the vain things th I sacrifice them to Hi	Christ, m at charn	y God;				
VERSE 3	See, from His head, I Sorrow and love flow Did e'er such love an Or thorns compose s	mingle d sorrov	d down; v meet,				
VERSE 4	Were the whole realm That were a *present Love so amazing, so Demands my soul, m *original text: an offeri	far too s divine, ıy life, m	mall;				