

## When I Survey the Wondrous Cross 223

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross on which the  
 2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, save in the  
 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet, sor - row and  
 4 Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, that were a

Prince of glo - ry died, my rich - est gain I  
 death of Christ my God; all the vain things that  
 love flow min - gled down; did e'er such love and  
 pres - ent far too small; love so a - maz - ing,

count but loss, and pour con - tempt on all my pride.  
 charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.  
 sor - row meet, or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
 so di - vine, de - mands my soul, my life, my all.

This familiar text from the beginning of the 18th century grew out of Isaac Watts's desire to give Christians the ability to sing about gospel events. It is set here to a very restrained tune from the early 19th century inspired by the patterns of Gregorian chant.

# God, Whose Giving Knows No Ending 716

Capo 3: (D) (Bm) (G)  
F Dm B $\flat$

1 God, whose giv - ing knows no end - ing, from your rich and  
2 Skills and time are ours for press - ing toward the goals of  
3 Trea - sure, too, you have en - trust - ed, gain through powers your

(D) (Bm)  
F Dm

end - less store, na - ture's won - der, Je - sus' wis - dom, cost - ly  
Christ, your Son: all at peace in health and free - dom, rac - es  
grace con - ferred: ours to use for home and kin - dred, and to

(G) (D) (A)  
B $\flat$  F C

cross, grave's shat - tered door: gift - ed by you, we turn  
joined, the church made one. Now di - rect our dai - ly  
spread the gos - pel word. O - pen wide our hands in

(Bm) (F $\sharp$ m) (Bm) (G) (A) (D)  
Dm Am Dm B $\flat$  C F

to you, of - fering up our - selves in praise; thank - ful song shall  
la - bor, lest we strive for self a - lone. Born with tal - ents,  
shar - ing, as we heed Christ's age - less call, heal - ing, teach - ing,

(Bm) (G) (D)  
Dm B $\flat$  F

rise for - ev - er, gra - cious do - nor of our days.  
make us ser - vants fit to an - swer at your throne.  
and re - claim - ing, serv - ing you by lov - ing all.

*Guitar chords do not correspond with keyboard harmony.*

This text on stewardship was one of about 450 submissions in a search for such hymns conducted by the Hymn Society of America in 1961. These words are well grounded by their musical setting, an early American shape note tune named for a Baptist church in Harris County, Georgia.