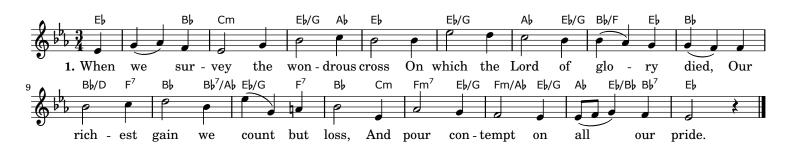
When we survey the wondrous cross

Praise of the Lord — His Suffering

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- 2. Our God forbid that we should boast, Save in the death of Christ, our Lord; All the vain things that charm us most, We'd sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3. There from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flowed mingled down; Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4. His dying crimson, from His head Spreads o'er His body on the tree; To all the world then am I dead, And all the world is dead to me.
- 5. Were the whole realm of nature ours, That were an offering far too small; Love that transcends our highest pow'rs, Demands our heart, our life, our all.