

# When we survey the wondrous cross

Praise of the Lord — His Suffering

101

1. When we sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Lord of glo - ry died, Our  
rich - est gain we count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all our pride.

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Chords: Eb Bb Cm Eb/G Ab Eb Eb/G Ab Eb/G Bb/F Eb Bb Bb/D F7 Bb Bb7/Ab Eb/G F7 Bb Cm Fm7 Eb/G Fm/Ab Eb/G Ab Eb/Bb Bb7 Eb

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.