

When we survey the wondrous cross (Alternate Tune)

Praise of the Lord — His Suffering

101b

(Guitar: Capo 3)

D					A	A ⁷	D
1. When	we	sur - vey	the		won -	drous	cross
D					A		
On	which	the	Lord	of	glo -	ry	died,
D					A	A ⁷	D
Our	rich - est	gain	we		count	but	loss,
D					A	A ⁷	D
And	pour	con - tempt	on	all		our	pride.

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.