

When we survey the wondrous cross.

- When we survey the wondrous cross
On which the Lord of glory
died,
Our richest gain we count but
loss,
And pour contempt on all our
pride.

- 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.

- 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?

- 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.

- 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.