

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.*

*Forbid it Lord that we should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, our God;
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?*

*The tomb is empty, the stone rolled away.
There lie the grave clothes that bound Him that day.
Our Lord is risen and living again.
We give Thee glory, Lord Jesus. Amen.*

*Were the whole realm of nature ours,
That were an offering far too small;
Love that transcends our highest powers,
Demands our soul, our life, our all.*

#283, Hymns for the Little Flock,
Watts/ V.4 added, F. Pratt