



1. When we sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the Lord of glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that we should boast, Save in the death of Christ, our God;
3. There from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flowed min - gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture ours, That were an off - 'ring far too small;



Our rich - est gain we count but loss, And pour contempt on all our pride.
 All the vain things that charm us most, We'd sac - ri - ficethem to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 Love that transcends our high - est pow'rs Demands our soul, our life, our all.



Alternate tune: No. 11.