



1. My song is love un - known, My Sa-viour's love to
 2. He came from His blest throne Sal - va - tion to be -
 *3. Some - times they strew His way, And His sweet prais-es
 *4. Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and



me; Love to the love - less shown, That they might
 stow; But men made strange, and none The longed-for
 sing; Re - sound-ing all the day Ho - san - nas
 spite? He made the lame to run, He gave the



love - ly be. O who am I, that
 Christ would know: But O! my Friend, my
 to their King: Then "Cru - ci - fy!" is
 blind their sight, Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet



for my sake My Lord should take frail flesh and die?
 Friend in - deed, Who at my need His life did spend.
 all their breath, And for His death they thirst and cry.
 they at these Themselves dis-please, and 'gainst Him rise.

- *5. They rise and needs will have
 My dear Lord made away;
 A murderer they saved,
 The Prince of life they slay,
 Yet cheerful He to suffering goes,
 That He His foes from thence might free.

- *6. In life, no house, no home
 My Lord on earth might have;
 In death no friendly tomb
 But what a stranger gave.
 What may I say? Heav'n was His home;
 But mine the tomb wherein He lay.

7. Here might I stay and sing,
 No story so divine;
 Never was love, dear King!
 Never was grief like Thine.
 This is my Friend, in Whose sweet praise
 I all my days could gladly spend.