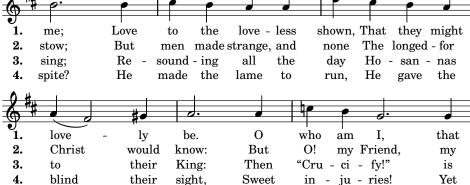
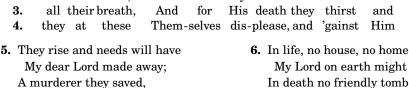


done? Why, what hath my What makes this rage and 4. Lord





sake

mv

2.

Friend in - deed,

The Prince of life they slay,

Yet cheerful He to suffering goes,

My

Who

at

What may I say? Heav'n was His home: That He His foes from thence might free.

Lord should take frail

my need His

flesh

life

thirst

My Lord on earth might have;

But what a stranger gave.

and

did

and

Him

But mine the tomb wherein He lay.

die?

spend.

cry.

rise.

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.

Text: Samuel Crossman (1623-1683), 1664 Music: LOVE UNKNOWN 12 12 88, John Ireland (1879-1962), 1918