



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.