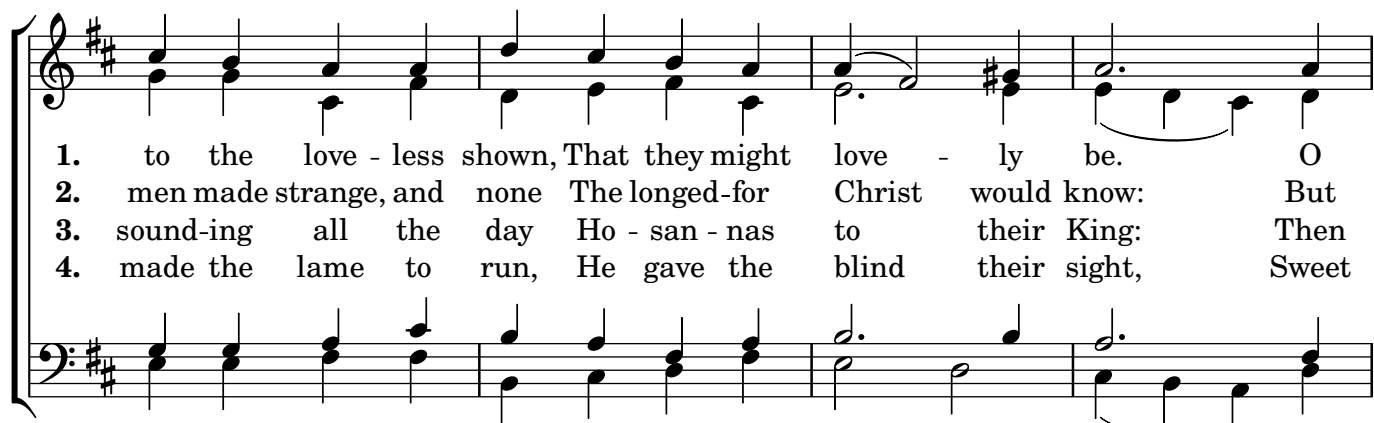
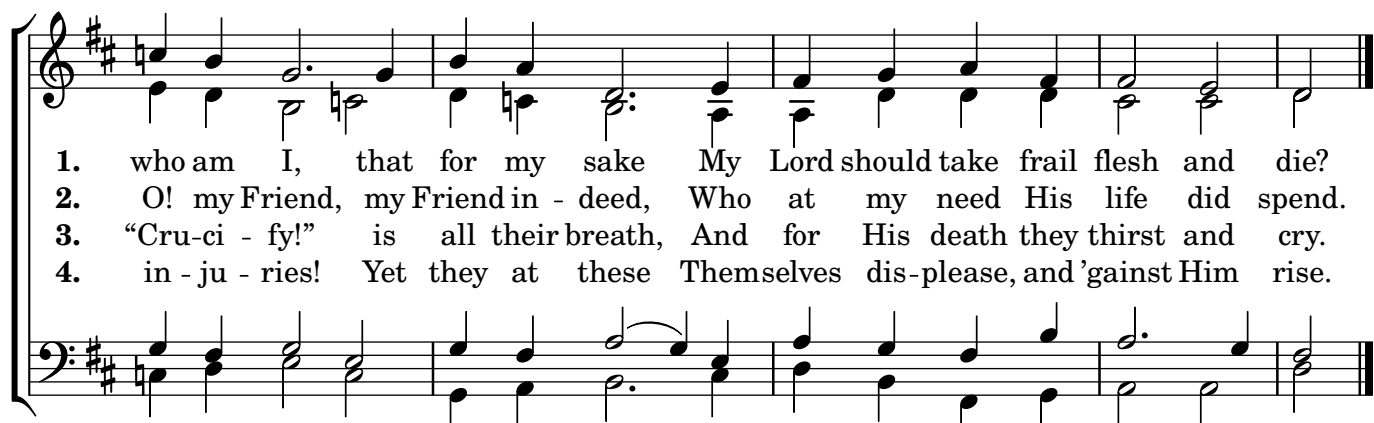




1. My song is love un - known, My Sa-viour's love to me; Love
 2. He came from His blest throne Sal - va - tion to be - stow; But
 3. Some - times they strew His way, And His sweet prais-es sing; Re -
 4. Why, what hath my Lord done? What makes this rage and spite? He



1. to the love - less shown, That they might love - ly be. O
 2. men made strange, and none The longed-for Christ would know: But
 3. sound-ing all the day Ho - san - nas to their King: Then
 4. made the lame to run, He gave the blind their sight, Sweet



1. who am I, that for my sake My Lord should take frail flesh and die?
 2. O! my Friend, my Friend in - deed, Who at my need His life did spend.
 3. "Cru-ci - fy!" is all their breath, And for His death they thirst and cry.
 4. in - ju - ries! Yet 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.