



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



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



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



1. for my sake My Lord should take frail flesh and die?
2. Friend in - deed, Who at my need His life did spend.
3. all their breath, And for His death they thirst and cry.
4. they at these Them-selves 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.