

1. My song is love un - known, My Sav - ior'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
 5. They rise, and needs will have My dear Lord made a - way; A
 6. Here might I stay and sing, No sto - ry so di - vine: Nev -

6

to the love - less show, That they might love - ly be. O
 men made strange, and none, The longed - for Christ would know. But
 sound - ing all the day, Ho - san - nas to their King. Then
 made the lame to run, He gave the blind their sight. Sweet
 mur - der - er they save, The Prince of life they slay. Yet
 er was love, dear King, Nev - er was grief like Thine! This

10

who am I that for my sake My Lord should take frail flesh and die?
 O my Friend, my Friend in - deed Who at my need His life did spend.
 "Cru - ci - fy" is all their breath, And for His death they thirst and cry.
 in - ju - ries! yet they at these Them - selves dis - please, and 'gainst Him rise.
 cheer - ful He to suff - ring goes, That He His foes from thence might free.
 is my Friend, in whose sweet praise I all my days could glad - ly spend.