

*Unison or harmony*

1 My song is love un - known, my Sa - vior'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 strong 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

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  
 5 mur - der - er they save, the Prince of Life they slay. Yet

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 them - selves dis - please, and 'gainst him rise.  
 5 stead - fast he to suf - fering 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?  
 Heaven 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.