

Unison

1. My song is love un - known, My Sav - ior'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 love - ly
 stow; But men made strange, and none The longed - for Christ would
 sing; Re - sound - ing all the day Ho - san - nas to their
 spite? He made the lame to run, He gave the blind their

be. O who am I, That for my sake
 know. But O, my Friend, My Friend in - deed,
 King. Then "Cru - ci - fy!" Is all their breath,
 sight. Sweet in - ju - ries! Yet they at these

My Lord should take Frail flesh and die?
 Who at my need His life did spend!
 And for His death They thirst and cry.
 Them - selves dis - please, And 'gainst Him rise.

5. They rise and needs will have
 My dear Lord made away;
 A murderer they save,
 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!