

I have a Friend, whose faithful love

Praise of the Lord — His Love

156

(Guitar: Capo 2)

A⁷	D	A	D	A	D		
1. I have a Friend,	whose faith - ful	love	Is more than all	the world to me:	'Tis high - er		
G	F[#]	Bm	Em	Bm	F[#]	Bm	A
than	the heights a - bove,	And deep - er	than the sound - less	sea;	So old, so		
D	G	D	G	D	A⁷	D	A⁷
new,	So strong, so true;	Be - fore	the earth re - ceived	its	frame,	He	
D			G	D	A⁷	D	
loved	me—	Bless - ed	be	His	name!		

2. He held the highest place above,
 Adored by all the sons of flame,
 Yet such His self-denying love,
 He laid aside His crown and came
 To seek the lost,
 And at the cost
 Of heavenly rank and earthly fame
 He sought me—Blessed be His name!

3. It was a lonely path He trod,
 From every human soul apart;
 Known only to Himself and God
 Was all the grief that filled His heart,
 Yet from the track
 He turned not back,
 Till where I lay in want and shame,
 He found me—Blessed be His name!

4. Then dawned at last that day of dread,
 When desolate, yet undismayed,
 With wearied frame and thorn-crowned head,
 He, God-forsaken, man-betrayed,
 Was then made sin
 On Calvary,
 And, dying there in grief and shame,
 He saved me—Blessed be His name!

5. Long as I live my song shall tell
 The wonders of His dying love;
 And when at last I go to dwell
 With Him His sovereign grace to prove,
 My joy shall be
 His face to see,
 And bowing there with loud acclaim
 I'll praise Him—Blessed be His name!