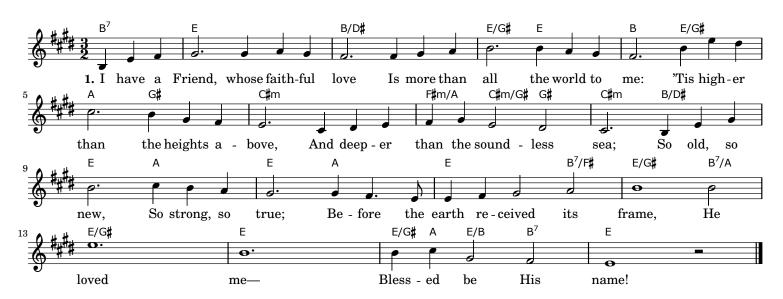
## I have a Friend, whose faithful love

Praise of the Lord — His Love

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- 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!