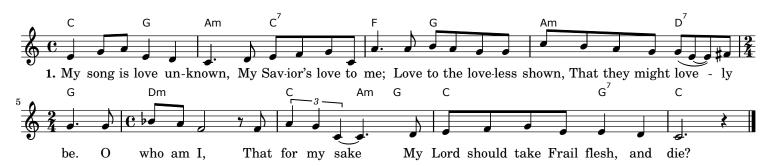
(Guitar)



- 2. He came from His blest throne
 - Salvation to bestow;

But men made strange, and none

The longed-for Christ would know:

But oh, my Friend,

My Friend indeed,

Who at my need

His life did spend.

- 3. Sometimes they strew His way,
 - And His sweet praises sing;

Resounding all the day

Hosannas to their King:

Then "Crucify!"

Is all their breath,

And for His death

They thirst and cry.

- 4. 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.

- 5. 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.
- 6. 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.